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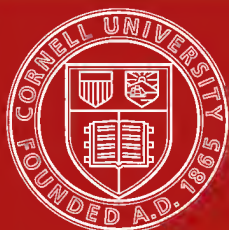
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A Diary

AND REMINISCENCES PORTRAYING THE
LIFE AND TIMES OF THE AUTHOR

William Van Duzer Lawrence



U. B. Lawrence

A DIARY

AND REMINISCENCES PORTRAYING THE
LIFE AND TIMES OF THE AUTHOR

William Van Duzer Lawrence

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This book I dedicate to my children,
grandchildren, and to their posterity.

May they live in peace.

INTRODUCTION

IT WAS about the middle of the nineteenth century that a report was circulated that an immense fortune was awaiting claimants in England which belonged to the heirs of the Lawrence and Townley families in America, and would be surrendered to the rightful claimants on production of the necessary proof.

This caused quite a commotion at the time in the Lawrence and Townley families, and my grandfather, Thomas Lawrence, the son of David, together with other members of the Lawrence and Townley families started out to obtain the required proof of heirship to the supposed fortune. During their examination old records were searched, family history uncovered, and church yard secrets laid bare, while agents were sent to England to examine records there in the effort to trace the family history down from the arrival of the three brothers, John, William and Thomas Lawrence, who arrived in America in the year 1635. A considerable amount of money was expended in this work, and though the supposed fortune was never realized or discovered a great amount of good work was done by which a most complete genealogical history was obtained of the Lawrence family, which was afterwards published in a volume edited by Thomas Lawrence of Providence, R. I., in 1858. This Thomas being a son of Thomas Lawrence of Geneva, New York.

It is to this early publication that we are much indebted for the early history of our family, a history of which I think we may well be proud, and which should be cherished and handed down to our children's children to stimulate them to higher planes in the realm of human activity. Not that I would wish them to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before, or pride themselves too much on the dead past, but to feel the responsibility of the present and to build well for the future. While I feel a pride and deep interest in these early forefathers, I feel a much greater

interest in my immediate ancestry. I often think that I would like very much to know more of them, more than has come down to me from the family gossip and occasional reference to them by my parents and friends. I would like to know something of their characters and qualities as I see and understand these things to-day; how they occupied their time and what they accomplished during their sojourn on earth. Not that I ever thought that a better knowledge of their affairs would add materially to my personal welfare, or that I thought them very different from the rest of mankind, or other people whom we do know all about; but they were my ancestors and were responsible, to a certain extent, for my existence, and if I, as it has been written, am the heir to the sins of four generations that have preceeded me, then it seems to me that I should of necessity feel a special interest in these ancestors of mine, who to me are a special class of people whom I have a right to know about. It is this thought that leads me to think that generations following me may also have a similar curiosity about their ancestors, and inspires me to write this little sketch of my own career, and a few things that I have learned about those who have immediately preceeded me, for the benefit or amusement of my grand-children, who may perhaps follow my example and write additions from time to time. It may serve at least to enable them to form some judgment of us who have gone before, and, if they are charitable and fair, future generations may find something in us to admire and to stimulate them toward a higher and better life when we may have become a memory to them, as is the way of the world.

THE LAWRENCE FAMILY GENEALOGY

THE first ancestor of this family, of which we have any knowledge, was Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall, in Lancashire, England. It may perhaps be interesting to this family to know that there is a marriage recorded between a grandson of this gentleman and the Washington family, Sir James Lawrence and Matilda Washington,. Lawrence Washington purchased the property at Mount Vernon about 1743, after his return from the expedition to Carthage, where he had served under the celebrated Admiral Vernon, in honor of whom he named his country seat. General Washington inherited Mount Vernon from his half-brother, Lawrence Washington, with whom he was a favorite. Lawrence Washington died at the age of thirty-four years, and was interred in the old vault on his estate.

Sir Robert Lawrence accompanied Richard Coeur de Leon in his famous expedition to Palestine, where he signalized himself in the memorable siege of Acre, in 1119, by being the first to plant the banner of the cross on the battlements of that town, for which he received the honors of knighthood from King Richard, and also at the same time a coat of arms; this coat of arms is still preserved impressed on the seal appended to a document of William Lawrence 1680, and also Richard Lawrence 1711, preserved in the surrogate's office, New York City. After this the family became eminent in England, so much so, that Sir John Lawrence, the ninth in lineal descent from the above Sir Robert Lawrence, possessed thirty-four manors, the revenue of which amounted, in 1491, to £6,000.00 sterling per annum. Having, however, killed a gentleman-usher of King Henry VII, he was outlawed, and died an exile in France issueless, when Ashton Hall and his other estates passed by royal decree, to his relatives, Lord Monteagle and Gerard.

Henry Lawrence, one of the patentees of land on the Connecticut

River, granted in 1635, with Lords Say, Seal and Brooke, Sir Arthur Hasselrigg, Richard Saltonstall, George Fenwick and Henry Darley, commissioned John Winthrop, jr., as Governor over this territory, with the following instructions: "To provide able men for making fortifications and building houses at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and the harbor adjoining; first for their own present accommodation, and then such houses as may receive men of quality, which latter houses we would have to be builded within the fort." This was the same expedition in which Lion Gardiner was appointed chief engineer. The above individuals intended to accompany John Winthrop, jr., to America, but were prevented by a decree of Charles I.

The above Henry Lawrence was of some considerable distinction in England during Cromwell's time. He was born in the year 1600, entered a fellow-commoner at Emanuel College, Cambridge, 1622, retired to Holland to escape the persecution of bishops and their courts; was a member of parliament for Westmoreland in 1641, but withdrew when the life of the king began to be in jeopardy from the Independents. In a curious old pamphlet, printed in the year 1660, entitled, "The mystery of the good old cause is briefly unfolded in a catalogue of the members of the late Long Parliament that held office, both civil and military, contrary to the self-denying ordinance," is the following passage: "Henry Lawrence, a member of the Long Parliament fell off at the murder of his majesty, for which the Protector, with great zeal, declared that neutral spirit was more to be abhorred than a cavalier spirit, and that such men as he were not fit to be used in such a day as that, when God was cutting down Kingship root and branch." Yet he came into play again, and contributed much to the setting up of the Protector, for which worthy service he was made and continued Lord President of the Protector's Council, being also one of the Lords of the other House. In 1646, he published, at Amsterdam, his book, entitled, "Book of our Communion and Warre with Angels," and a "Treatise on Baptism," the same year. He married Amy, daughter of Sir Edward Peyton, Bart, of Isel-

ham, in Cambridgeshire. He leased his estates at St. Ives, from the year 1631 to 1636, to Oliver Cromwell, to whom he was a second cousin. He was twice returned as a member of Parliament for Hertfordshire, in 1653 and 1654; and once for Colchester Borough in Essex, in 1656; his son Henry representing Caernarvonshire the same year. He was president of the Council in 1656, and gazetted as "lord of the other house" in December, 1657. He proclaimed, after the death of Cromwell, his son Richard as his successor. In a Haarlem manuscript, No. 1460, there is a drawing of all the ensigns and trophies won in battle by Oliver, which is dedicated to his councillors, and ornamented with their arms; amongst these are those of Henry Lawrence, the Lord President. The motto "Nil Admirari," appears to have been assumed by the President during the revolutionary troubles, probably on his being a councillor. A picture of the President is inserted in Clarendon's history of the rebellion. His gravestone, not yet effaced, is in the chapel of St. Margaret's, alias Thele, in Hertfordshire. There may be clearly traced on it the arms, viz., a cross, raguly gules, the crest a fish's tail or demidolphin. A letter directed by him to Sir Simon d'Ewes, is sealed with a small red seal, cross raguly gules, the same crest, and a Lion in the Chief, as borne by the St. Ives family.

While the Dutch were prosecuting their settlements on Long Island and in New York the English settlers slowly infused themselves among the Dutch population of the island; among which were three brothers, *John, William and Thomas Lawrence*, ancestors of a numerous enterprising family in this country. These three brothers, as well as the above Henry Lawrence were all descended from John Lawrence, who died in 1538, and was buried in the Abbey of Ramsey. In corroboration of the relationship between Henry Lawrence and the above named brothers, we find on the seals appended to their wills, now on file at New York, and on old plate still possessed by their descendents, the same crest and arms as those upon the tomb of the Lord President.

It is to William Lawrence, the second brother, who was born

at St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, in 1623, that we trace our line of ancestry, he having embarked, together with his elder brother John, on the ship *Planter*, for America in 1635 when he was twenty-two years of age, and having become associated with his brother John, as patentees of Flushing, Long Island, in which town he resided during the remainder of his life. His correspondence, during the years 1642-3, with Governor Stuyvesant, which may be found among the archives at Albany, is ably written, evincing his energy and decision of character, and is evidently the production of a man of superior mind and liberal education. He was the largest landed proprietor at Flushing. He resided upon Lawrence's or Tew's Neck (so called), of which he was the owner, and seemed to be a gentleman of affluence; his sword, plate and personals alone being valued at £4,430 sterling (see inventory of his estate, on file in the Surrogate's office, City of New York, recorded in 1680, in Liber No. 22, page 24). He was a magistrate under the Dutch government at Flushing, in 1655, and also held, under the English government, a military commission. He was also in the magistracy of the North Riding of Yorkshire, on Long Island. He was twice married. By his first wife he left issue.

Joseph Lawrence, eldest son of the first William Lawrence and Elizabeth Smith, his second wife, afterwards Lady Cartarett, married Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Townley, son of Charles Townley, who fell at Marston Moor. At the restoration he was under the necessity of selling a very valuable estate at Necton near Leicester, in consequences of losses sustained by sequestration. His daughter, Dorothy, the youngest sister of Mary, married Francis Howard, of Corby, afterwards Baron Howard of Effingham, and who, on the 8th day of December was created first Earl Effingham. He died 1743. The aforesaid Joseph Lawrence was intimate with the above named Lord Effingham, who had married his wife's sister, and who commanded a British frigate, at that time anchored in the offing, opposite his mansion, which he frequently visited. His grandson was named in compli-

ment to this earl (see Holgate's Genealogy of Distinguished Families). He died about 1758.

John Lawrence, the son of Joseph, who was the son of first William and Elizabeth Smith, afterwards Lady Carterett, before-mentioned, was born at Flushing, Long Island, New York, 1703; emigrated in early life to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and was proprietor of a tract of land covering its present site, and which title he never conveyed away. On the incursion of the British the records were taken away or destroyed, but the title to the said tract of land still remains in the family. He married about 1728, for his first wife, Mary Woodbury, (of whose issue presently), and shortly after removed to Newport, Rhode Island, where he resided many years and brought up his large family. He was an extensive ship owner and engaged in the shipping business. One of his vessels built at Newport, a ship, called the *Three Brothers*, after the three brothers, John, William and Thomas Lawrence, this ship was bound on an European voyage, and was never heard from after leaving port. In advanced life he removed to Providence, Rhode Island, and there married for his second wife, Elizabeth Little, the widow of a British officer. By her he had no issue. He died on the tenth day of November, 1781, age seventy-eight, and was interred in his family lot next west of Nicholas Browne's burial place, in the Old North Burial Ground, Providence, Rhode Island. By his first wife, Mary Woodbury, he had issue, eleven children, eight sons and three daughters.

David Lawrence, the seventh son of John, who was the son of Joseph, who was the son of the first William and Elizabeth Smith, afterwards Lady Carterett, as before mentioned, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, the eighteenth day of February, 1738. At an early period of his life he went to reside at Providence, Rhode Island, and there married about 1739, Sybil, daughter of Robert Sterry, Esq., a gentleman of high standing; entered into commerce, and by industry, business tact, and perseverance, accumulated a handsome competency. He was a zealous and

patriotic cooperator in our glorious Revolution, the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and named one of his sons after the patriot Samuel Adams. In 1783, he removed with his family to Hudson, in the State of New York, of which town he was one of the thirty founders and proprietors; he was for many years recorder and mayor, and held other places of public trust in that city. He died at his own residence in the City of Hudson, New York, on the eighteenth day of October, 1809. He was exceedingly fond of *belles lettres* and the fine arts, possessed rare powers of reading and elocution, and was "a man of great personal respectability, keen observation, ready wit, and strong sense." By his wife Sybil, he had issue of four sons and five daughters.

His eldest son Thomas, my grandfather, was born at Providence, Rhode Island, the eleventh day of June, 1764; he died at Geneva, New York, January 22, 1852. He married, 1793, Ann, daughter of John Andrews, of Hudson, New York, and became widely known as Captain Thomas Lawrence. He left four sons and three daughters.

My father, Robert David, the son of Thomas was born on Staten Island on February 25, 1808; he died at Dayton, Ohio, April 8, 1891. He married my mother, Katherine Van Duzer, October 15, 1833, and left four children: Thomas, William Van Duzer, James Armitage and Sarah.

William Van Duzer, the second son of Robert David, was born on a farm in the town of Veteran, Chemung County, New York, on February 12, 1842; married Sarah E. Bates, daughter of Alfred Gould Bates and Betsy Ann Elliott, in Monroe, Michigan, on the twenty-second day of August, 1867, and had issue five children, three girls and two boys: Alice M. died at the age of ten months and was buried in Mount Royal Cemetery, Montreal, Canada; Louise who married Ferris J. Meigs; Anna who married Pressley E. Bisland; Arthur who married Virginia Heppe; and Dudley Bates who married Kate Birch; all of whom have issue.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY PATERNAL GRANDFATHER

CAPTAIN THOMAS LAWRENCE was an old man when I was born. At this period he lived in Geneva, New York, in a substantial old house on the main street of the village. I remember seeing him on several occasions before I was eight years old, and, of course, I remember him as a child remembers. He was a heavy-set man, not corpulent, of a good figure even at this period when he was nearly eighty years of age. He had a well rounded head and carried himself quite erect, walked with a cane which he held firmly in his hand. He walked but little as he was afflicted with the gout, which made him in these later days rather cross and irritable, but I was a child and possibly annoyed him with boisterous play, as children often do when in the presence of old people, and in this way got the impression that he was cross and rather to be avoided. My grandmother Lawrence had died many years before (long before I was born) so he lived alone, or rather he lived with my aunt, Polly Andrews, the sister of Grandmother Lawrence, who upon the death of my grandmother took her place in the family, kept house for Grandfather and brought up the family of four sons and three daughters. When I knew Grandfather he had retired from business after a busy life in New York or neighborhood. He had spent most of his career in the shipping and brewery business, chartering vessels, fitting them out for long voyages at sea, etc., and, if I remember right, was somewhat interested in the Hudson River navigation, and had to do with ferries between New York City and Staten Island. He acquired the title of Captain Lawrence in this way. I do not know if he ever served as captain of any craft in his life or not. He was a contemporary and neighbor of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, and being engaged in similar business and in competition with each other were well acquainted and good friends. In business

he amassed what was considered in his day a large fortune before retiring to live in Geneva, New York. This fortune was divided up from time to time between his sons and daughters in his efforts to give them a start in the world, and a few years before his death he lost a large part of the residue by endorsing notes for some business friends in Albany, New York, in whom he had no personal interest or prospect of profit, who were engaged in the lumber trade. He lost in this way about \$75,000.00 which made a big inroad into his capital after he had retired from business, and reduced his income to such an extent that he was in his latter days obliged to live modestly and economically. During his busy life he resided at New Brighton, Staten Island. His family was young and received but little of his personal attention for his whole life and energies were devoted to the large and prosperous business he was carrying on. As a consequence of this his children grew up without that father's companionship and example that is so necessary for their development and future welfare, and without education or even a business training, and the consequence of this was that his four stalwart sons, all large athletic men, were without ambition or even the ability to earn their own livelihood.

Sons of rich men always labor at a disadvantage in the race for a position on the world's great stage of action. Stern necessity is not theirs to prod and push them on, to temper their qualities and mould their characters; there seems no incentive to make them toil, while luxury and plenty is all about them. They are neglected by those who should lead and advise and kindle ambition in their growing natures. This is what Grandfather Lawrence did not do; he made a business success of life, but a failure in the rearing of his family. This might have been otherwise had Grandmother lived to see her children through those early years of their lives, when character is being formed, but she died and left Aunt Polly their bringing up and she was poorly adapted, as time proved, for such an arduous task. From all I have ever been able to learn Grandfather Lawrence was a most conservative, kind and generous man, upright and temperate in every walk of life; greatly esteemed and

loved by all who knew him. He always had wine on his table and sideboard, but never drank to excess. He smoked only moderately. Grandfather died at his home in Geneva on January 23rd, 1854 at the age of eighty-eight years, and is buried in the family lot in Geneva, New York, where also lie at rest many of his family.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MATERNAL GRANDFATHER

WILLIAM VAN DUZER, when I was yet a child, lived upon a farm up in the Town of Veteran, Chemung County, New York, about nine miles north of Elmira. He was a very well-to-do farmer who had come there in the early days from Orange County, New York, where the Van Duzers had lived since old Dutch times.

Grandfather Van Duzer was a tall thin man, of rather a peremptory manner, decided and fixed in his ideas, and not easily influenced one way or another. He was a man carrying considerable weight in his conversation, and commanded much influence in the community where he lived. He was a man of strong principles, and lived up to them.

My grandmother was a petite little body, who wore colored blue glasses, and my memory of her is that she was sweet and attractive. My personal acquaintance with Grandfather and Grandmother Van Duzer was all before I was eight years old (when I went West to live in Michigan), but as my early life was so intimate with them, my father's house being so near that we met almost daily, I feel much better acquainted with them than with Grandfather Lawrence whom I saw so rarely.

Grandfather Van Duzer when he first came into this country was a farmer, kept a country hotel, ran the post office and filled many public positions round about where he lived. He had been selected by the people of that section, on one occasion to go on a mission to England for them, to clear up, if I remember right, some flaw in the title to their lands. This in those early days was a great event, as he was obliged to go on a sailing vessel which took months to go over and back. His mission, I believe, was successful, and a memento which existed in my day, of the great adventure, was an old trunk covered with horse's skin and full of

brass tacks, which he purchased in England and brought back with him. This trunk was a most inspiring thing to me for it made this great voyage abroad very clear to my youthful mind.

Grandfather Van Duzer brought up a family of two sons and three daughters, all were married and brought up families who lived comparatively happy and prosperous lives. Grandfather Van Duzer died in his own home in Veteran, where he had lived for so long a period, on October 12th, 1860, and was buried in the family lot in the country churchyard there beside grandmother Sarah M. Van Duzer, who went to her rest a few years before on November 12th, 1851.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER

ROBERT D. LAWRENCE was born on Staten Island on February 25, 1808. He was the son of Thomas, and as explained in my Grandfather's sketch, was brought up by his Aunt Polly, his mother having died when he was quite young; his father who was a busy business man gave very little time or attention to the children, and as a consequence they grew up on the streets, so to speak, of New York and thereabouts. My father had no desire or ambition for an education, and acquired only a mediocre one in the common schools of Staten Island, which were poor enough in his day. Neither had he a taste for business, and I think he was considerable of a problem to my grandfather, and on that account was allowed to drift along until he was nearly grown before any definite action was taken in his case. At last Grandfather did rise to the emergency, and did, I now firmly believe, the very worst thing he could have done, and that was to bind him out to a trade. He made a contract with a firm doing business at #7 Maiden Lane, New York, when Father was still a boy, for a period of five years. This business was distasteful to Father and he was not consulted in it at all. He remained in the place only a short time when he ran away and left it. Grandfather was angry of course and for a time would do nothing for him, but he was a man who, while quick to anger, could not remain angry long. The episode soon passed, and the next move, a few years later, was to place father on a farm at, or near, Hudson, New York. Grandfather bought everything necessary to farm with, horses, oxen, utensils and tools, and he began farming with considerable enthusiasm, but Father knew nothing about farming or farm work, and it was all Greek to him. He had never had the first lesson to fit him for such an occupation, and, of course, his farming was a failure from the start, and after a year or two of this the farm was sold and the business closed.

He drifted for a time again. Grandfather could not get him into anything that suited him, in fact there was no occupation that he was fitted for. But for farming he thought he had a natural bent, and persuaded Grandfather to set him up again; saying that his Hudson farm was poor land and that that was the cause of his failure there. So Grandfather bought a farm in the northern part of Elmira, (now inside the city), stocked and fitted it up in good condition, and Father was invited to try again. He started in with considerable confidence, the land was rich and the place well furnished, and things at first promised well. He courted and married my mother about this time, and they settled down on this farm where they had two children born to them, Thomas and Sarah. But prosperity did not continue long with them; Father's want of training or energy or something else began to show results, and they were obliged to sell out and buy a less desirable farm up in Veteran about eight or nine miles north of Elmira.

Grandfather continued to help Father, assisting him in many ways to keep his debts paid, but that was almost an impossible thing, as they would, as soon as once cleared up by Grandfather, begin to accumulate again. This Veteran home promised well at the start; the land was very fertile and crops large, but everything seemed to slip through Father's fingers so that the end of each year found him poorer than the year before. It was in this old Veteran home that I and my brother Henry were born, and here we lived until 1850, when my father, in debt and discouraged, decided to move, with the consent of Grandfather, to Monroe, Michigan, where he bought, assisted by Grandfather, a farm on the River Raisin, about four miles north of Monroe. In this change Grandfather paid off all Father's old debts and started him on the Michigan farm, free and clear, with liberal herds of cattle, horses and other stock. He also gave him tracts of wild lands, which Grandfather had bought in early days out in Michigan and had held for years. This Michigan farm, was, at the time he purchased it, a paradise of a place, a perfect garden; everything grew there in the greatest abundance, and under good management

the farm should have supplied every want such a family as ours required. But in less than ten years Father, by neglect and shiftless management, had let it run down, the flocks and herds were dissipated until there was nothing left of the beautiful place to support the family upon. Fortunately, Grandfather had so fixed this Monroe farm that father had only a life lease upon it, and the creditors could not take it. We children had then all grown up, except James, who was born on this farm, and when this crisis in the farm affair occurred, in 1861, we were quite able to take care of ourselves, and it was well that this was so for Grandfather was now dead and could not again come to our relief.

The great Civil War broke out about this time, and Father seeing no especial future resolved to go and join the army, and was enlisted in the Michigan Light Artillery, December 24th, 1863, although he was at this time about fifty-four years old, and ill adapted for a soldier's life. He was received in the army where he remained until the close of the war, when he was honorably discharged, and afterwards was received into the Soldiers Home at Dayton, Ohio, given a pension, and there he remained until he died on April 8th, 1891, and now lies buried in the National Cemetery at Dayton, Ohio.

When father decided to abandon the farm and go to the army, by agreement with the children the farm was sold, he receiving one-fifth, or an equal share with each of the children, amounting to \$1,466.00 each in full for his life interest.

Father's life was what might have been expected from the early training he received. It was adventure he sought and change from beginning to end.

In 1861, when the farm was abandoned, and Father was unable to support her longer, my mother left him and went to live with her relatives first in the East, and afterwards with my oldest brother Thomas, and she continued until her death to make her home with her children. Father loved ease and would not apply himself to any steady work. He was a social man, fond of society, not the society of the best, but of those he could lead or dominate.

He was no business man and seemed to lack every qualification for it.

He had very little regard or care for the future of his family, and took little or no interest in their education or comfort, and in that respect exhibited the saddest side of his character. He was selfish to the extreme, and this lost to him the respect and affection of those upon whom he was dependent for a happy old age, which was denied him, and with which he was unable to provide himself.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER

KITTY VAN DUZER was the oldest child of William Van Duzer, born in Orange County, New York, on August 20th, 1809. Her father moved to Chemung County in the year 1830, when Kitty was only twenty-one years of age. They traveled all the way on horseback, while the family furnishings were carried on wagons hauled the entire distance by oxen. This was long before the event of railroads or even canals. They moved into a new country, into a log house, and upon a government grant of land which they set out to improve and to make into their future home. Mother, like her mother before her, was petite, weighing not over one hundred pounds in her younger days, or at the time she was married, and she scarcely exceeded this during her long life. She was considered the belle of the town at her marriage, was very handsome and winning. She was naturally delicate and all the early years of her life it was thought she would be a short lived woman, and was given the very best care and most careful attention. She was the family pet and favorite, much of which was due to the condition of her health. She married Father on October 15th, 1833. It was thought at the time a happy and successful alliance. Father was owner of one of the best farms in the country, the son of a wealthy New York merchant, and was living as few farmers lived in that section of the state.

Mother was naturally ambitious, and would have liked to have filled an important position and been a leader in social affairs, but it was not to be. She was too delicate, her children and household cares, and domestic troubles bore her down while she was yet young, and it is a wonder that they did not crush out of her little body all the pride and ambition she possessed. She was surrounded by her mother, father, sisters and brothers, and these made her life more endurable, for after the first few years of married life she found but little comfort in her husband, who was so neglectful of her.

She was always happy and contented in the company of her children, who had her entire confidence, and she had theirs. She encouraged them to cultivate good and wholesome acquaintances and friends, and always pointed out a high standard for them to follow.

When I now look backward over her life, as it appeared to me at that time, and as it appears now many years after she has been laid away in her grave, I can only admire the bravery and strength she displayed under all circumstances in meeting the adversities and storms that seemed to beset her. Her little body did not seem shaped for such a career but she bore it out to the end. She outlived all her family, brothers and sisters all were called before her, and she lived to the ripe old age of eighty-six years and then died at the old Sayer Van Duzer homestead in Horse Heads, New York, May 29th, 1896. This homestead which now belongs to her nephew, J. S. Van Duzer in Horseheads, New York, is situated in the very centre of her life's activities, and here she was visiting at the time of her death. She passed away in this place satisfied to go from a world that had seemingly brought her more trouble than joy. She was buried in the village cemetery at Horseheads, New York, where rest her oldest son Thomas and youngest son James by her side.

A LITTLE SKETCH OF MY EARLY LIFE

I WAS born on February 12th, 1842, on a farm near Watkin's Glen, New York. From that time until my parents took me to Michigan at the age of eight years, it seems to me there is little of interest to note. This was in the autumn of 1850. Railroads at that time were not complete farther west than Buffalo, where we were obliged to leave the cars and go by steamboat to Detroit and Monroe.

I remember it as a long, tiresome voyage, attended by seasickness on the lake, and that Grandfather Van Duzer accompanied us, and Nero, a large Newfoundland dog who had long been a family pet. I remember, too, the pleasure of landing at the Monroe pier (since destroyed) on the shore of Lake Erie, several miles south of Monroe. We were met there by my father with horses and wagon, and conducted to the farm he had just purchased. The country at this time literally flowed with milk and honey. The orchard was full of ripened apples and peaches, which covered the ground beneath the trees. The river abounded with fish, and the woods with game of every kind. It was a perfect paradise to me, and, as I think of it now, it must have been at this period a most remarkable country to live in. I quickly learned to fish in the river and to hunt in the nearby fields and woods with an old long-barreled, muzzle-loading shot gun. It was an easy matter to get a basket of fish or a bag of squirrels and birds, if I could not kill a deer or wild turkey. At the age of nine or ten I was allowed to carry a gun wherever I went. The country was infested with "Blue Racers," a large blue snake, when full grown often ten feet long, which I was permitted to shoot wherever I found them, and it was a lively sport I made of it.

These first few years in Michigan were happy ones and they stand out in my memory as a bright spot in my life. They were years too of constitutional development. I went to school in

winter and worked on the farm in the summer, fishing and hunting every spare moment. It was the right kind of work to develop muscles and strength. My special work in the summer of the first two years was to ride the horse for the man who cultivated the corn and other crops. I often did this from morning till night. My father at this time owned many horses, and they were bred on the farm. I used to ride these colts and break them in to the saddle, or more frequently ride them without the saddle, and many a time I was thrown off their backs only to try over and over again. I became acquainted with a farmer's life, its cares and responsibilities. It teaches a boy to think and act for himself, to be dependent on no one. I am sure this early experience has been of the greatest benefit to me ever since. The two district schools nearest our home were at least a mile away, and very poor country schools they were. We lived about midway between the two. We had to walk to and fro through mud and slush, but that did not dampen our enthusiasm. I always liked to go to school and although I hardly ever stood at the head of my class I would never permit myself to remain at the foot.

It was when I was fifteen that I conceived the idea of going away from home to school and, in company with two or three others of my age and an elderly widow living near by as our adopted mother, I started for Ypsilanti, a town in central Michigan, with horses and loaded wagons of everything necessary to start a home when we should arrive there. We had among us all very little money, but we carried the products of the farm to subsist on, and Mrs. King, our Lady Superior was a good manager; and we soon found ourselves cozily settled in a little house not far from the Michigan State Normal school which we were to attend. It meant a great deal for me to go away from my home, my mother and sister, and begin such an entirely new life.

This was the fall and winter of 1857, the year of the great comet, which will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. The nine months at the Normal School made a deep impression on me. The seed of ambition which my mother had planted in my breast

here received a great impulse. Certainly in this institution one gained a thirst for education, and every influence was in that direction. I worked well but did not progress very fast, and I think now that I was a rather dull country boy, very slow to "catch on."

When the June vacation arrived I hastened home, and was soon busy at work on the farm, a place where I had time to think over the period of independence I had found in Ypsilanti at school. The poverty in which we had lived at Ypsilanti was such that, as I now think of it, was far better than anything else we had; for it taught not only frugality and temperance but diplomacy and independence, for Mrs. King, our housekeeper, turned out a most disagreeable, if not a cruel old woman.

All summer, or until the fall term commenced, I toiled very hard on the farm, and did everything possible to lay aside money for the next school session. I joined my small savings with those of a neighbor's lad, John Snedikor, and we resolved to go up and hire a room or two, furnish them as best we could and keep house. We found two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen, at a cost of \$8.00 per month. We took from our homes the necessary furniture, cooking utensils, etc., (which were very few) and provisions for several months; and so we started housekeeping, at the same time keeping up with our classes. We took turns doing the house work. Our food was plain but wholesome. We bought our bread and milk, but about everything we used came up from home, and we received occasionally baskets of fruit and luxuries, such as they were. At times we tried our hands at some of the higher products of the culinary art. I recollect most perfectly on one occasion when I was making bread, I had the dough well mixed, my hands still covered with it, when I walked Elliott Bates (afterwards the General), much to my chagrin; he came unannounced as the fashion was then in Ypsilanti. This cooking one's own food was, however, such an ordinary proceeding with Ypsilanti boys that it was unnecessary to offer an apology. My school life here extended over three school years, at the end of

which I returned to the farm; the last year I worked as hard as any of the men. I was only seventeen years old, and I felt that I must earn the money necessary to continue my education.

My father gave me a small piece of land, about an acre, to work for myself. I planted it to corn. My mother in some way obtained for me a brood of five pigs, which I fed and cared for and made pets of all summer. I found several other outside jobs by which I could earn some money. Our neighbor, an old bear of a German, who had no sons but plenty of daughters who could do almost any kind of farm work, seemed to turn readily to me for help. He had a field of wheat he wished cut, and I agreed to do it, after due consideration, for \$16.00; with a farmer's cradle I began it and for several days I toiled at it, and I wonder now that I ever accomplished this heavy job at that age. It was done, however, to his satisfaction, and when he brought me my pay to my great surprise it was all in silver twenty-five cent pieces, the sight of which spread out to view I shall never forget. This money I prized very highly, for it was the first I had ever earned, and I kept it safely put away for the next school year.

My field of corn ripened and bade fair to be a sufficiently large crop to fatten my pigs in the fall. They had grown to be large hogs and promised a big return in cash when they began to be corn fed, and the time had just arrived to begin feeding them for the market. I had often calculated how much they would sell for, and thought I could see a small fortune in them; but disappointment seemed to be in store for me. As I went out one morning to feed them as usual, I found four of the five lay dead of cholera, which was at that time prevalent in that section. The other one for some unaccountable reason survived, and I afterwards sold it for enough to buy a new pair of boots and a cap, both of which I needed very much. Corn in those days was practically an unsaleable article, and could only be fed to get anything out of it. I therefore received nothing from my corn, upon which I had worked so faithfully all summer. It was now time to go to Ypsilanti, and my arrangements were nearly all

made, when a letter came from the East (it was about September 15th, 1861) saying that a position would be made for me with my mother's cousin in New York if I would come on and take it. This was doubtless due to the efforts of my good old mother, who was just at that time on a visit to my uncle Henry Van Duzer, who resided in Horseheads, New York. It was the most unexpected thing that could possibly have happened to me. For a few days and nights I dreamed of nothing else but the wonderful opening. I had envied the other boys whom I knew who had obtained positions in Detroit, and even in the retail grocery stores in little old Monroe. I disliked the farm and everything it stood for; and I think this dislike was caused purely and simply by the shiftless system which was called farming by my father and the neighbors about. To go, therefore, to New York city into the wholesale drug store of S. R. Van Duzer & Co. (he was considered one of the merchant princes of the day) to me was simply dazzling, and surpassed all my most ambitious expectations.

This was a great epoch in my life: the packing up of my meagre hand bag (only a telescope bag), the starting for the East, and the beginning of a new life of complete separation from my family and old associates.

I was to stop on my way to New York at Horseheads to make a short visit to my uncles and aunts and my mother who was with them. I had been there about one week when a letter came from New York saying that owing to the disturbed condition of affairs (it was in the fall of 1861 just as the Civil War broke out) they wanted me to wait a while, and they would send me word when to come. This was a serious blow to me, and I did not at first know what I was to do; but Uncle Henry Van Duzer came to my rescue. He said I might stay with him and work on the farm, which I did for several weeks, when he proposed to send me to the academy at Alfred, New York, where I could take a course to prepare me for teaching school. This I did, and was there for a few months, but I was not happy there and I do not think I profited by it; and I was glad when the time came to return to

Uncle Henry's, where I spent the following spring and summer doing all kinds of farm work, but mostly driving horses and performing easy work as Uncle's assistant.

During the summer the first call for soldiers came from President Lincoln, and I had resolved more than once to go, but each time I was held back by this new appointment, which was constantly used to keep me at home. Uncle Henry, when he found me determined to join the Southern Tier Regiment in Elmira, told me I would surely get the call to go to New York very soon, and I lost my chance to get into this famous regiment, and so time passed. The fall came and I was offered a position as school teacher way up in the Veteran hills at something like \$20.00 per month and board, which I accepted and started to work. I felt quite out of my element at this, and glad I was, at the end of my first week's teaching to receive a telegram from New York saying that the place I had been waiting for for over a year was vacant and I could come on at once. Abraham Lincoln's first call for 75,000 men had been met; the men had served their three months and returned, and the second call for 300,000 had been made, so the country was all in turmoil and excitement at the time I started for New York city in the fall of 1862. I reached New York without any money or clothes worth speaking of, and reported at the office of S. R. Van Duzer & Co., with my letter from Uncle Henry. Mr. Van Duzer looked me over; I must have presented a very countrified figure indeed, for his first thought seemed to be, "You must go and get a new suit of clothes." After asking me a number of questions about what I had been doing and the like, he told me that he would not pay me a salary, but that I should, whenever I needed money for any purpose, go to the cashier, Mr. Sears, and he would give me what I required; that he had arranged to have Mr. Sears take me to his own home, and that I would board there until I got used to New York and could "get around alone."

He called in Eugene Weir, one of the clerks, to his office and told him to take me up to Devlin's clothing store on Broadway, where I could get a new suit of clothes, and to get the money at

the desk; thus the financial question was settled, and this arrangement lasted for a period of three years, during which nothing was ever said or done to change it or the matter referred to in any way.

At first I was put to work as errand boy, and ran around the city getting price quotations and carrying parcels until the work became tiresome enough, but it was good work for me, and I learned many things during the six months or so that I was upon the street at this work. Great armies came and went daily through the streets to and from the war; excitement ran high during this period, and for a young fellow like me it was interesting and a new experience, following so quickly after my prosaic country life.

I was advanced to the retail counter, where I assisted in waiting on the class of trade, or men, known as the "Jerseymen," who used to call for small parcels of drugs which they would carry with them. This too was manual labor and not at all to my liking, but I was careful to conceal my likes and dislikes about this time. I was rapidly advanced from place to place until some of the boys used to call me "Jacky of all trades," and when sent out, as I often was, on family errands, getting dogcollars and such things, they joked a good deal over it, to my discomfort. After all, Mr. Van Duzer felt a personal interest in me and I believe was helping me along in every way he could, although I could not see that he was in any way responsible for it. The changes were all made by Mr. Sears or others in the company's employ, and rapidly too, until I found myself in Mr. Van Duzer's private office, in the advertising department. It was about one and a half years after starting in New York that I came close to him. I used to remain at the office with him at nights, sometimes almost until midnight. His home was at Newburg-on-the-Hudson, and he used to remain in the city two nights a week; these nights he was fond of working at the office and of having me stay down with him. He used me as his confidential clerk, and intrusted to me much of his detail work which was of an unimportant character. His private letter book, cash book, safe keys, as well as the accounts and business of making Mrs. S. A. Allen's toilet goods by private formula, were

nearly all handled exclusively by me by the end of the second year.

In the beginning of 1864 it became evident that someone must go to London and start a manufactory for Mrs. Allen's goods, which had acquired a big sale there. I was chosen to go, as I was familiar with the manufacture, and on the fourth of June of that year, 1864, I left by the old steamer *Anchoria* of the Glasgow line, for that city. She was a side wheeler of about 3500 tons, and it took about sixteen days to make the passage. It was a great day for me when I was sent upon such an important mission, and it was a big step forward, for I felt cut loose from many apron strings which had bound me up to this time. After events proved it was my first step out and away from the apprentice, into the sphere of independence.

I was in Europe three months, during which time I fitted up the factory, made up the necessary stock, and left the whole in the care of Mr. Van Duzer's agent in England, Mr. Millen, and returned home to New York after a flying trip to Paris of two or three days. On my return Mr. Van Duzer said he had sold a very large lot of his preparation in Canada, and wished me to go to Montreal and start a factory there. It was finally agreed that I should go, and start a branch house and build up a business there, and that I could have a percentage of the profits made out of that business; or he would do exactly by me as he had done by Millen in London.

I had by this time drawn a salary, the first year about \$600.00, and the last year about \$900.00. Now Mr. Van Duzer was to guarantee me the same pay in Canadian money, or \$900.00 in gold, and so I started for Canada in November 1865, arriving there the twenty-fourth, with winter fully set in and good sleighing on the ground. I liked the outlook the cold winter weather seemed to invigorate and strengthen me. I was charmed at first with the novelty of it all, and set immediately to work. Affairs in the United States were settling down after the war, but the customs tariff was a most incomplete and imperfect thing. Mr.

Van Duzer had found a way of importing into the United States alcoholic preparations, such as medicines and tinctures, and by so doing saving a great deal of money, and I had hardly got started at the business which I was there to do, when I received orders to make and ship certain tinctures in barrels to New York. Every week upon order I made and shipped these barrels in large lots to the frontier at St. Albans, where I went and paid the duty through the customs; all of this work was outside and independent of the Canada branch house and I had no financial interest in it. This went on for months until at last it was stopped at Washington by the customs authorities, but in the meantime Van Duzer had made a great deal of money.

As soon as this business was ended Mr. Van Duzer seemed to lose interest in the Canada house and I concluded that it was the alcohol question which had been the real object of the house and factory; when that stopped he had really no use for the factory, and I was in somewhat of a false position. Especially so, when I discovered that he had sold, and I was asked to deliver, a stock of Mrs. Allen's preparations to John F. Henry, a big wholesale drug house in Montreal, sufficient to supply the whole Canada market for two or three years, at a price giving them control of that market, and putting me in a position where I could not sell at all. I was greatly annoyed by it, and wrote the firm that there was after this sale nothing left for me to do and I might as well return to New York and stay there. They answered, telling me to come down and talk it over. I went down, about May first, 1866, and walked into Mr. Van Duzer's office. He remarked, "Well, Will, you appear dissatisfied; what is the matter?" I undertook to explain matters, when he said something very irritating, I hardly know what, as I felt I had been so badly treated. I answered that I had come to New York to resign my position. He answered "Very well," and in a hurry picked up his hat and coat and walked out of his office.

Since I had been in Canada I had drawn very little money and there was a balance due me, upon our agreement, of about \$800.00,

which was worth nearly double that in our paper currency. This amount I abandoned and never asked for, and it was never paid. I saw Mr. Sears about it, but he could not pay me nor advise me what to do. Mr. Van Duzer gave me no work to do, and there seemed nothing left for me but to leave at once. I had just received the year before from my grandfather's estate a certain interest in the Monroe farm, which had been sold, \$1466.00 in all. This was the only money that I ever received from any source that I did not earn myself. As I had no money at all this inheritance came in very handy just then and made me comparatively independent for the time. Mr. Van Duzer was not acquainted with the fact that I had it and thought I was quite dependent.

I was out of a situation only two or three days when I received a letter from Mr. George Curtis, the head of Jeremiah Curtis & Son, asking me to call as he wanted to see me. As he was a great personal friend of Mr. Van Duzer, I felt sure that he had been asked to do this. I called; he offered me a place in his office at the same salary that Mr. Van Duzer had paid me. I did not see any future before me and told him so, but said I would hold the offer open for a few days. I then saw Mr. Hall of Hall and Ruekel. I had become acquainted with him in my errand boy days, and I had a pleasant interview there. He too offered me a position, and was willing to make some special inducements for me to go into his Sozodont work. That too was held open for me to think about. I had just received a telegram from Mr. Stanton, an old friend of mine who was in the employ of Perry Davis & Son and who was aware of my leaving Van Duzer, asking me if I would go to Canada for Perry Davis & Son if asked. I answered that I would if satisfactory arrangements could be made, and the next day I received a wire from the Providence people to come down and see them. It was the fifth of June, 1866, that I left for Providence by boat to see Perry Davis & Son and find out what they had done for me. I arrived there at an early hour the next morning, too early to go to their office. The morning was bright, and all nature seemed to me in a radiant mood, and as I

left my room on the steamer, dressed in a new suit of very light summer clothes, and a tall stove pipe hat (a light gray) I felt quite in harmony with the beautiful June morning. It was a queer sensation that I felt as I walked up the Main Street, asking the way to the office of Perry Davis & Son. I felt it was another turn in my life, perhaps a sharp turn from boy to man, and this afterwards turned out to be the case.

I found on arriving at the office that I was expected there, and that Mr. Davis was already in his chair, while his lieutenants, Messrs. Smith and Hall, were with him. A few minutes' conversation with them satisfied me that they were not as brilliant or as able men as I had often met in New York, and I felt quite at ease from the start. I noted too that I made a good impression on them all, and that particularly Mr. Davis was ready and willing to do anything I wanted, and at the same time he seemed to be making a study of my new hat, which he took up and examined carefully. He was no business man, simply a kind, indulgent father and friend, fond of good living and cigars and the ease which his large fortune gave him. In a few hours I arranged and signed a contract to go on their behalf to Canada and there open an office and factory in their name, to have full charge of the same and of the entire Canada business with a guaranteed salary of \$800.00 gold per annum, or one-third of the net profits of the business, if I preferred to take that in lieu of salary. This contract was dated June sixth, 1866. I started almost immediately for Canada, and was soon located in a small store on St. Paul Street, Montreal, adjoining the Lyman, Clare & Co. big drug house. I employed one clerk and a few girls to carry on the business, and started in earnestly. I worked evenings and traveled, giving myself up most completely to starting this enterprise.

When the end of 1866 arrived and I had figured up the results of my work for the first six months' business, I found that my expenses had eaten up nearly all my profit; that with my ideas and methods there could be no profit upon so small a business,

for the expenses must necessarily be large; and that the business might be doubled and trebled without any material increase in overhead expenses. Convinced of this, I sat down and wrote my views to the Providence people, and to my surprise and satisfaction they wrote back that I was manager and could do whatever I liked, if I could do it with the capital I already possessed in Canada, or words to that effect. That was enough for me; I set to work securing American agencies, and I soon had enough of these outside agencies to pay all the expenses of the business, so whatever profit was made on the sale of the original business was clear profit. I readily saw how this was going to work out, and by the end of the first year I decided to accept a third of the profits instead of a fixed salary as provided in my agreement papers. As soon as this was determined upon, I decided to get married and settle down in Montreal. I felt sure I was on safe ground and could rely upon the business for support and a living.

From my old school days in Michigan I had carried till now the memory of a little girl, Sarah Bates, the sister of the Elliott Bates before referred to, fresh and pure as a rose, modest and sweet, who had never been petted, or spoiled by contact with a large city, and my lonely life taught me to turn back to her and seek relief from my present surroundings. I courted and won her, and we were married on the twenty-second day of August, 1867, at her home in Monroe. A short honeymoon and a short stay at the Ottawa Hotel in Montreal, and we then began housekeeping at #4 Wellington Terrace on St. Catherine Street, in a furnished house. And so I abandoned bachelorhood, boarding-house and hotel life, and settled down in a home of my own, and began work with new zest. My business was as yet very small and afforded only a modest living. My inheritance had been expended in getting it started; rather than draw money from the infantile business of which I wished to own a third, I took for personal use none of the company's funds during the first year. This made us careful and saving, so that our total expenses for living and traveling during that first year were less than \$1400.00.

The foregoing, then, is a brief sketch of my early life up to the date of my marriage, when I think I can safely say that my business life began in earnest. I will not attempt in this sketch to give even a poor word picture of the career that followed my *entrée* into business in Montreal and my marriage. The next twenty years were my busy days, the busiest of my life. It was at the beginning of this period that Canada and her sister colonies joined themselves into a confederation called the Dominion of Canada, and this brought about a new condition. Railways were started, linking the Provinces together, and trade found new channels, giving a new impetus to business such as had never been known in the Canadas before. A long period of speculation followed and I found myself being drawn into many enterprises outside of my regular business. New inventions which fairly transformed the old ways into new ones came along in quick succession, such as the telephone, the typewriter, electric light and power, the motor car, and a thousand others of lesser magnitude, all of which, together with Canada's great awakening after confederation, made the period I refer to, the twenty years between 1868 and 1888, perhaps the high tide in the business world over the whole American continent.

I have endeavored in the foregoing to outline my career from babyhood up to the time of my marriage in 1867. I have written several articles descriptive of the high lights in my later career rather than attempt to make it a continuous story and these are hereto attached and represent some of the leading events or, more properly speaking, the interesting undertakings of my business life.

MY FIRST TRIP TO EUROPE

ON THE 4th of June, 1864, I left New York on the S. S. *Anchoria* of the Anchor Line for Glasgow. She was a "side-wheeler" of 3500 tons only and depended upon her sails for motive power, as an auxiliary to the engines, and the engines were but little more than an auxiliary to the sails, neither being efficient in themselves. This type of steamer was just then going out of fashion and the great screw, or double screw, was just coming into vogue, along with the big ships which, about this time, were appearing on the Atlantic. This little craft would roll and slide along on the ocean wave, like a cork—first one wheel would fly out of the water, making a loud, run-away sort of a noise, and soon the other would fly out in the same manner, and as she rolled back and forward the crossbars of the main mast would dip into the sea first one side and then on the other. It would be very exciting work to-day to travel on such a vessel, since we have become so used to traveling on the twenty to thirty thousand ton floating palaces, which ride the rough sea with scarcely a tremor.

I, at the time, was only twenty-two years old. I had been selected by my employer—a large wholesale druggist of New York—to go over to London and there establish a branch office and factory for preparing his toilet specialties for the European market. I was alone on the ship; that is, I did not know a single human being on board when I started on this momentous journey. When my employer first spoke to me about taking this trip, I had felt a slight twinge of doubt and fear, but I would not let him see it, and put on a bold front and expressed myself willing and glad to go and assume all the responsibility of the undertaking. I could not of course allow a faint heart to show itself till I was safely aboard my steamer. When evening came on we were already far away from the Narrows and I retired early to bed and

was soon lost in sleep, for that was always to me a balm for every sorrow as well as every fatigue.

Early next morning I awakened and started to dress and soon found myself very ill with such depressed spirits as I had never had before. The gloomiest thoughts I had ever known dashed to my brain, and I was miserable indeed. I opened my cabin door which opened directly into the dining room. There was a waiter setting the breakfast table, the only person in sight. I enquired, in a subdued and doubtful voice, if the passengers had been to breakfast yet. He answered, "No! Didn't think any of them wanted breakfast." I wanted to know why when he said, "They are all seasick; aren't you?" I confessed I was, but never before had I heard such welcome news—"They are all seasick." That means, I am not the only one, and that makes the whole situation seem brighter."

After two or three days we arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, having been seasick all the way. We stopped for a few hours in the harbor for mails etc., and then went out soon to find ourselves in the midst of a great collection of huge icebergs, some like great cathedrals afloat on the waters, but they were all shapes and sizes and our little ship wound in and out among them for hours before we reached the open sea again. It seemed weeks before we sighted the North Irish coast and soon after "Ailsa Craig," that interesting little mountain in the sea which lies just outside the mouth of the Clyde, and then into the Clyde itself past the great shipyards, and, finally, at the wharf in Glasgow, where I went on shore at the end of sixteen days of miserable existence on board this tiny ship. The water had at frequent intervals broken into our bedrooms and flooded them, and, on one occasion when the ship had slid over into the trough of the sea, the water came down upon the dining room table while we were at dinner in such volume as to pitch the turkey, ready to serve, out of the racks on to the floor, along with the glasses and china, making a sad outlook for those of us able to be at the table and prepared for a good meal.

From Glasgow I went to Edinburgh, spending but a few hours

in each city, which I improved to the utmost by a hurried visit to the principal points of interest. The people dressed so differently and looked so different that to me Scotland was like a new world. It was only a passing glimpse that I caught of these people, but the impression gained was far more lasting and interesting than any obtained in my later visits to this country. In due course, I arrived by rail in London. A feeling of loneliness came over me when I found myself alone in a big near-by hotel; "alone in London," one cannot help but feel at such a time what a little insect he is, but the hour was late and I sought at once that sleep so necessary to cure a tired body and anxious mind.

The following morning I started off to present my letter of introduction to a Mr. Gallup of the Anglo-American Drug Company, whose place of business was located on High Holborne, and whom I had never seen; but my employer had said he would be my adviser and supply me with money during my stay in London.

I was extremely anxious about this man—Would I like him and what sort of a reception would I get! I found him in his little tucked-up disorderly office with a pipe in his mouth (all Englishmen smoked pipes). He was a thick-set, corpulent fellow, with a red face that betokened beer in quantity, but exceedingly friendly and of good nature.

He lived in bachelor apartments over his office and wanted me to take a room adjoining his own while in London, and this I accepted with doubts and fears, but I was satisfied later that this was the best thing I could have done, for he knew the ropes, so to speak, and was disposed to show me about the city during our spare moments. He took me about to all the Bohemian restaurants and eating houses in the neighborhood, (which I was never able to find on my later visits in London) enabling me to get quite a novel view of an Englishman's life in London. I spent about four weeks here getting the factory started and in working order, and near the end of this time, Mr. Millan and his wife arrived from New York, taking charge of the business and relieving me of any further duties. I remained a few days only after he arrived,

showing him how to manufacture and mix the several toilet preparations he was to exploit in Europe for the New York house.

Being thus released, I concluded to run over to Paris for a day or two before I returned home. This was during the period when Napoleon III was at the apex of his glory. Paris was being made into a modern city; grand boulevards were being cut through solid blocks of old buildings and the new mansard roof construction had just come into vogue. I was quite astonished and delighted with the things I saw. I have been to Paris many times since, but it is that visit of two days which I made in 1864 that always looms up most prominently when my mind turns back and I think of the beautiful city as it was at that time, with so much of it in process of new construction.

I returned to London and thence to Liverpool where I boarded an Inman Line steamer, the old *City of Manchester* bound for New York and, after fourteen days at sea, arrived safely at the pier in New York. Since this time I have made many trips to Europe, have been over a large portion of it by automobile, but this first glimpse which I had at the age of twenty-two left a more lasting impression than any of the later ones and stands out in my mind the clearest and best of them all.

THE DAVIS AND LAWRENCE COMPANY

UNDER the heading "A Little Sketch of the Early Life of W. V. Lawrence" is portrayed the beginning of this company which has in reality been the foundation upon which has been built, I might almost say, my entire business life.

During the first five years that I was engaged in this business, I had the satisfaction of seeing a gradual development with annual increases in the net earnings of the company, starting the business under the old name of Perry Davis & Son; it was changed after two or three years, by consent, to that of Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence. Under this name, the business was carried on for a period of ten years or until it became an incorporated company, The Davis & Lawrence Co. (Inc.) about 1882.

My relations with the mother house in Providence, R. I., were always most pleasant and agreeable. They never, to my knowledge, failed to accept my views on all matters of business concern, and always lent me their support whenever asked.

I began to accept agencies for American manufacturers, (mostly in the medicine line) which the high tariff of those days aided me in securing, for it was the policy of the Canadian government to force outside manufacturers to come into Canada and make up their goods. The Canadian provinces had but just bound themselves together into one, the Dominion government of Canada, and this brought about a great and real expansion to all business enterprises which may have been also accelerated by the close of the great Civil War in the United States. At any rate that period between 1865 and 1870 were years of great trade expansion throughout the Dominion of Canada.

About the year 1871 Mr. James I. Fellows came into the office and asked me to accept the agency for his then little known "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites." Before he left, I had bought a half interest in his trade mark, good will, etc., with full

control, for a net sum of \$12,500. Mr. Fellows at the time, was utterly discouraged because of his losses through mismanagement of the business. He was a chemist, or small druggist, in the city of St. John, N. B., had taken up the sale of this article, and, with little capital and less ability in handling this new business, had about failed when he came to me.

The addition of this agency to our already well established business gave it new impetus and after two or three years I found that this Fellows branch of our work was big enough to stand alone; so I resolved to get up an independent corporation to handle and extend our sales into foreign markets where our Canada house was not in a position to work to advantage.

This was done and Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence, together with Mr. Fellows, sold out all of our interests to this newly organized Fellows Medical Manufacturing Co., each making a net profit out of the sale of \$25,000 in addition to a fifth interest in the stock of the new company.

The future of the Fellows Company business is described in a separate sketch in this book. About 1880 John Wyeth & Brothers also came to us and we took the agency of their pharmaceutical preparations for Canada, under a contract for twenty years. During all this period, the Davis & Lawrence Co. manufactured and sold these Wyeth goods in the Dominion. It became a very important branch of their work and much money was made out of their sales.

In 1888, finding the Fellows Company business had grown to world-wide proportion and needed more and more attention, I withdrew from the active management of the Davis & Lawrence Co. in Canada and removed to New York where I could be in closer touch with the Fellows business, leaving the Canada business in charge of Mr. John S. Bates who had been my assistant for twenty years or more and was quite familiar with this company's affairs.

In 1895 the old firm of Perry Davis & Son at Providence, R. I., through death and other causes, had found it desirable to retire

from business and after negotiations I was successful in buying out all their interests, including the old house of J. N. Harris & Co. of Cincinnati, with whom the Providence house had long been allied. This purchase made it necessary for our Canadian concern to come down and open a factory and office in New York City and take up the foreign trade that Perry Davis had so long carried on.

As the business continued to develop and its field of operations widened its gains also increased and the same business that at the end of the first year in 1866, earned a paltry \$1600., had earned as high as \$160,000 at the outbreak of the world war. The company built for itself a large and commodious factory in Montreal and in New York City, from which its varied business is now carried on. The Canadian Company was taken over by a still greater company in the States, and the Canadian business has become a branch of the New York company.

The original business started with a capital of about \$3000 and at the present time, 1922, the capital of the company, inclusive of trade marks, is represented by its stock issue of \$1,500,000. with no debts, and so this concern, born in obscure Canada, fifty-six years ago, with the modest inheritance of \$3000, has in fifty-six years become a familiar institution in every civilized country or market of the world, and like many American enterprises of the day has paid its stockholders large dividends and at the same time, accumulated its million and more.

A LITTLE REAL ESTATE EXPERIENCE

WHICH HAD MUCH TO DO IN SHAPING MY AFTER
BUSINESS CAREER

ONE day in the spring of 1867, almost at the very beginning of my business career, I was overtaken by the desire for building myself a home, the first step to which was of course the acquisition of a building site.

I had taken up my residence in Montreal with the idea of making it my permanent home, and the future at this time looked to me very hopeful; besides, I was optimistic by nature; so, although my resources were extremely limited, I looked all about the city as I went to and fro, examining each and every "For Sale" that I saw posted on the vacant fields or spaces, and mentally discussed the question whether I should like to live in this or that particular spot; until one day I found upon McTavish Street, a little way up the mountainside from Sherbrook Street, a lot that seemed to answer all of my requirements. It faced the McGill College grounds, which promised to remain an open vista for all time. It adjoined on one side the handsome villa of Henry Lyman and was already built up on the other side in a most attractive and expensive manner. It had a hundred foot frontage upon McTavish Street and was (although clothed in a dense growth of underbrush) an ideal site for a modest sized villa, such as I had in my mind's eye for my future home. After studying the site over—its length and breadth, its flower and vegetable garden, and its distance from my office and from my friends, I decided to see the agents whose name formed a part of the inscription on the wooden sign.

I did this on the following day, remarking as I entered the office that I had seen a lot on McTavish Street which they had for sale, and that I should like some information in regard to it—its dimen-

sions, price, terms of payment, etc.; all of which was quickly furnished to me. The interesting feature of the conversation was that the owner wanted \$8500 for the property, but was so anxious to sell that he might do so for a shade less. The wherewithal to pay for it was uppermost in my mind at this particular juncture as quite alarmingly small; I figured out quickly that I had no more than \$250. in the bank, but that in a few months with great care and economy I could get together enough more to pay \$2500., but that was all the capital I could expect, and it must suffice in some way.

I then returned to my office and wrote the agent that I would buy his lot on McTavish Street if, first, he would accept \$7500 for it instead of \$8500; then take \$250 cash down at this time (April 1st), \$2250 on July 1st following, and accept a mortgage payable three years later for the remainder, or \$5,000, secured by the property. The next day, the broker called and informed me that his client had agreed to sell upon my terms and conditions, so we drew up on the spot a regular bill of sale; the owner receipted it, and I handed him the check for \$250; upon which I found myself at the end of my first real estate purchase, the owner (after a fashion) of a villa site upon the slope of "Mount Royal"; and I felt as important, I believe, as Jacques Cartier himself felt when he, discoverer of Canada, first looked down from the mountain top directly over it upon this very spot I had just purchased and upon that great and magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence which stretched itself out at his feet below.

To me it was a great risk and a venture into an unexplored field. A few days later, I was walking down Francis Xavier Street when I was accosted by the same broker who had sold the villa site to me, and he asked, Did I want to sell my lots on McTavish Street? He knew a man to whom he could sell, and he would make me a profit. I looked at him in a rather pitying sort of way, and exclaimed "Sell those lots? Why, I didn't buy them to sell, I bought them to build my future home upon," and I hurried along. Within a few days, I was again accosted in the street by another

real estate agent, who wished me to place in his hands for sale my McTavish Street lots. He was sure he could dispose of them at a good profit, and why not sell? I turned away, but kept thinking, "Some one wants my lots. These inquiries are not quite what they seem. These fellows are not so much interested in making some money for me as they appear—and that is all!"

A week may have passed, when, as I was sitting at my desk one day, Henry Lyman, the gentleman who owned the magnificent villa adjoining my lots, came strolling into my office. I did not like this man for several reasons: one was that though he was by birth an American, he had married a Canadian lady of wealth and aped the English, and had almost forgotten his American birth; and he would have nothing to do with Americans, which made him most unpopular with them. Another reason why I disliked him was that I had, when I first arrived in Canada, rented a store of him, which soon proved too small; and when I wished to lease it to another and find more commodious quarters for myself, he had placed every possible obstacle in my way, and had shown himself unfriendly, as I believed him to be, toward everything American.

"Well," he said after sitting a few moments, "My wife asked me to call and see you relative to that villa lot adjoining her property on McTavish Street. Are you going to build on it, or is it for sale?"

I answered I had no thought of selling, for I intended to build me a home there.

He proceeded to explain that his wife had long contemplated buying these lots and erecting a house there for her son, and explained how convenient it would be for the family to pass back and forth through a gate at the side. I of course thought so too, and at the same time thought that uppermost in her mind was the thought that she didn't want any Americans—she thoroughly disapproved of all of them, this being just at the close of the Civil War—building houses so near her entrance gate.

I told him I had bought the lots to build my home on, and

that they were not for sale. He said, "At no price whatever?" I answered, I would not say that, for I could not afford it. He asked me, if he were to give me \$500 for my bargain, would I be satisfied? I answered no, but if he wanted it badly enough to give me \$2500 cash for it he could take the property. He thought that this was too much, and that I was taking advantage of Mrs. Lyman in asking it. I assured him that I was not asking her to buy, and it was quite immaterial to me whether she bought it or not.

He retired, only to come back in a few hours with a check for \$2500, saying they had decided to buy. I endorsed my bill of sale over to him and accepted the check, so ending my first real estate deal. Having made so easily a net profit of \$2250, at a time when that amount meant a great deal to me, I began to watch and study the real estate sales, and at the same time began a search for another site for my future home. A taste for real estate had been awakened in my mind by this one little deal, and it kept growing from year to year. After a time I found another lot on Simpson Street, which is also on the mountain side, just off Sherbrooke; this was considerably larger than the first; I agreed to pay \$2500 cash down and give a mortgage for the remainder, about \$9,000 more. These two purchases of real estate of mine had evidently attracted the attention of some of the brokers to me; for I was hardly in possession of my Simpson Street lots when O. H. Wood, a wealthy real estate owner in Montreal, asked if I would not join a syndicate of four persons to buy the old Donaggoni property on Dorchester Street, West, which was held at about \$120,000.

I agreed to do this on condition that he buy my Simpson Street lots at an advance of \$2500 over cost to me, which he agreed to do. This gave me a capital of \$5,000 to put into the syndicate purchase, which was the proportion in cash required of me. We bought the Donaggoni place, divided it up, and I was successful during the first year or two in disposing of two-thirds of my holdings, upon which I netted very nearly \$10,000, still holding

a choice building lot for myself. In two or three years, I had made out of my real estate deals about \$14,500, and decided to put it all in the new home I had been working for.

I at once started to build the Edgehill Avenue home, which, with its stable, still remains almost as I built it over forty years ago.

After this I bought and sold other pieces of Montreal real estate, but the boom which followed after the Civil War soon carried prices so high that I withdrew. But since I was so successful in this small beginning, I felt encouraged to go more and more largely into real estate speculation; and I found first in Chicago and afterwards in Toledo, a profitable field for these operations, which I carried on through agents until I left Canada and returned to take up residence in New York in 1888; after which my operations were nearly all confined to this region.

I do not believe in real estate investments, except for early development. To buy vacant property and let it stand for a natural increase in value is hazardous. Be sure the property is in the line where improvements are taking place or towards which they naturally tend, then make their improvement possible by laying out roads, walks, sewers, etc., after which start the ball rolling by building yourself, until others gain confidence, and then the work will be taken up and pushed on by others.

MY RANCHING EXPERIENCE

ONE day in the spring of 18—, a gentleman called at my office in Montreal and introduced himself, saying he had been talking to a mutual friend of his and mine (Mr. Hugh Mc Kay) who had suggested his coming to see me relative to my joining them in a sheep ranching enterprise out in the Canadian northwest, near Calgary. I found by his card that I was talking with Senator Cochrane, a man who was already very prominent in fancy stock and cattle raising and also owner of a large and successful cattle ranch in the neighborhood of Calgary. He explained to me that there was in the valley of the Bow River out in Alberta a tract of about 250,000 acres of rich bottom lands which we could lease from the Canadian Government at a bargain, or at about one cent an acre per annum if we would occupy it for ranch purposes.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad which had just been completed, ran directly through the property and both the government and the railroad were making great efforts to fill up these great prairies and rich agricultural lands with anything and everything that could be attracted there and would make any sacrifice to start it. I knew nothing whatever about ranching or sheep raising but felt rather flattered to have a call from the distinguished Senator and to have him sent to me by Mr. Hugh Mc Kay who was one of Montreal's distinguished and wealthy merchants and on that account received favorably the suggestion that I become one of a syndicate and agreed to take a tenth interest, which it was thought would amount to about \$10,000. to fulfill my part of the undertaking.

The syndicate was formed and the Senator was authorized to sign a lease for the land with the government and purchase the sheep necessary to stock it. Senator Cochrane did not do things by halves for before the summer was half over 5,000 fine Montana

ewe sheep were being distributed upon our new ranch, and long shelter sheds were being erected into which the sheep could go in stormy weather. Ranch houses were also going up near by for the shepherds and ranch manager. The Senator had also cabled to Scotland for several blooded and costly rams which were to be shipped at once along with a half dozen experienced and trained Scotch shepherds. They, too, arrived at the ranch in due time and everything started off in brilliant colors as the autumn approached.

It was about this time, when the ranch had been organized and was in fair working order, that the Senator invited me to go out and look things over with him. I accepted and it was a real pleasure, that trip from Montreal in the early autumn by the Canadian Pacific R. R., then a new-laid track through the wilds of Canada. After leaving Ottawa there were long stretches of travel with few or no stops and even those which we did make were little rough boxes of stations in the woods; then along the shore of Lake Superior to Winnipeg, a small town of 4,000 inhabitants built on the site of old Fort Garry, a place which I knew better by that name, for it had only lately been rechristened and given this new name. From Winnipeg we entered the great prairie beyond. This was occupied only in little settlements scattered along the line of the railroad at great distances apart. The buffalo that had formerly roamed over these great plains had even then disappeared and the only monuments to remind one of their former existence were the great pyramids of bleached bones that had been gathered on the plains and deposited at the station side for shipment to the east. In some places I saw enough horns and bones to load a great many cars, which had been gathered in from the surrounding country.

Besides these were deep winding paths which could be followed with the eye, leading away over the plains in all directions which had been worn by the feet of these long processions of buffalo which formerly traversed these rich pastures, generally from north to south or to drinking pools and streams which nature had provided and scattered all along the route.

Frequently, as the train bore westward on our journey, great herds of antelope could be seen feeding and as the train came in sight, they would stand at attention or startled, would skip away like shadows over the grassy slopes.

Sometimes a huge wild cat or cayote could be seen, not frightened, but deeply interested, as the train came in sight he would stand and watch this strange apparition, this new invader of his native precincts, in a way that would say—"Had I the intelligence and power, I would stop these inventions of the white man from entering my sacred preserves." We arrived at the ranch in due course and were soon settled in the rancher's little log cabin situated just six miles west of Calgary, which was then a little frontier camp or village of about 1,000 inhabitants, Indians included.

In the camp was a big fireplace and a few dry logs that had been picked up along the Bow River—a rapid running, foaming stream that hurried by the door. It was well stocked with fish and speckled trout were most plentiful there, but I found the ranch people cared little for these for the reason that large and beautiful lake trout weighing five to eight pounds each could be so much easier captured in a narrow water course or ditch leading from the river out to some "water hole" in the back country in rear of the camp. These big fish were pitched out of the ditch with a regular four-tined pitchfork, which tool the rancher was an expert in handling.

Next morning, I was up early. The Senator, the ranch manager and I, after breakfast, were off on horseback over the plains in search of the shepherds and their flocks, which we had no difficulty in finding, though they were often miles apart. We rode at times through wide stretches of tall meadow grass, up to the horses' backs, which waved to and fro in the autumn breeze, making a most wonderful pasturage even in winter time after snow had beaten it down, for even then the animals would dig down beneath the covering and find a most nutritious food.

These shepherds follow their flocks around the prairie and, with

their dogs, stay with them day and night. They carry with them a wire netting which they use in making a corral or enclosed yard in the open prairie. Into this corral every night, the sheep are led. The shepherd stretches his little tent in the midst of the sheep and, with his dogs, sleeps and prepares his food, going into town or to the ranch house at stated intervals when relieved by another like himself. It is in this way that the shepherd and his sheep and dog become the best of friends and live in perfect harmony together. Coyotes and other wild animals are always lurking about where the sheep are kept and only constant watchfulness on the part of the shepherd and his dog will keep the sheep from being destroyed. This day's visit with its long ride over the rolling prairie will never be forgotten. It was all new to me—not the sheep and the shepherd only, but the wild fowl, the wolves and birds all were so unlike anything I had ever seen before and then the great open prairie with never a tree in sight, the clouds, the air all seemed so strange and interesting. But all this was excitement for the day only and we returned to camp at night, tired and hungry, ready to retire to bed as quickly as possible when our evening meal was over.

During the night there came a sudden change of weather, a heavy fall of snow, some six inches deep, which was dry and fine as flour. When I looked out in the morning, I almost gave up in despair. I thought that this would surely end our experiences in this new and interesting work and we might as well go home. At breakfast, the rancher remarked this was a good day for grouse hunting. "They will gather together in bunches and are easily shot from a horse's back." So it was agreed that we would try our hand at this, for we could do nothing else. Breakfast over, we were off to the open prairie. The snow spread its white mantle over everything, making a sublime scene as we rode away with the mercury at zero. A strong southerly wind was blowing in our faces and although it was so cold and it was zero weather, we did not mind it. We soon had a number of prairie grouse hanging to our saddle straps and we now were after bigger game. Several

wolves appeared during the day. We fired at them and would see them jump into the air or appear to dodge the bullet, but we did not succeed in capturing any of them and we decided to return early in the afternoon to the camp. As we rode back,—lo and behold! the snow had all left and yet it was still zero weather. Where had it gone and how could it go without melting? The rancher explained that the wind we had felt so warm was the so-called "Chinnook" (the Indian name for it) that it came across the south and western plains and it simply absorbed the moisture as it passed and had really taken up the snow in its flight, making another wonder in this marvelous West.

After another day riding over and around our wonderful western ranch and after visiting the sheep sheds, the stacks of hay that had been cut and placed where it could be fed to the sheep late in the winter in the event of the natural feeding grounds failing, after hearing many weird stories and strange tales about this camp or ranching life, we started on our return journey enthusiastic and exhilarated by our visit to the ranch. We talked of the great future of the business. We calculated the increase, the gain in wool and in mutton which was really to cost nothing to raise out here where the sheep were expected to live out doors the year round. The Senator counted the sheep ranch a safe and sure thing and as he had made much money in cattle ranching, he felt sure that sheep would prove better still.

He also had his mind on horse ranching and believed that would pay best of all and as he unfolded a plan for breeding horses on a grand scale, I soon fell into his way of thinking, for he had high standing in the Dominion Government, and believed we would not only raise the horses required for the government of Canada but also for the English army, and that was a limitless market. We arrived in Montreal to meet the other members of our syndicate and lay before them our plan for adding to our sheep ranch a new branch and that to be horses. Of course, they agreed with us and the Senator was authorized to buy one thousand Western mares, such as could be picked up in Oregon

and Washington and a few of the best thoroughbred studs that could be found in Kentucky blue grass region. Early the following spring this stock arrived and every thing appeared ready for a big and profitable stock raising business. The Senator appointed his son as manager to live out there and take charge of the great business. Before the horses had arrived in the spring we had our first catastrophe. I cannot call it by another name for it was so appalling and surprising. Our Scotch shepherds had carried their flocks through the first long Canadian winter in safety; they had fought off wolves and disease and had suffered a good deal themselves in their strict devotion to the sheep, their friends, when one night the shepherd was awakened by his dog out of a sound sleep and when he looked out, he saw at the north of him, a great fire coming down upon him in a fury, chased by a high wind the winter had left. The green grass had not yet started so that the fire ran like a race horse over the great prairie. The Scotchman had never seen a prairie fire before and did not know which way to turn or what to do. Instead of at once lighting the grass at his feet and taking his sheep to the windward for a moment while the grass nearby burned away, he opened the corral and let the sheep out in the open prairie near the steep bank of the Bow River and let the fire come on. It came, and the panic-stricken sheep climbed over each other and, as the fire reached them, they were smothered and destroyed by the hundred, for those which were not burned jumped in their excitement off the bank into the river and were drowned, so that few escaped of this fine herd of five hundred sheep.

This was our first loss and we were optimistic enough to believe it would never happen again and that now with our horses and sheep and the Cochrane management, all would go well in the future; so with \$17,000. invested as my share in the business, I was satisfied to rest and see the lambs and the colts multiply and grow until they covered a thousand prairie hills, until we should simply astonish the great markets of the world when we began to sell the annual increase.

This loss proved to be only a beginning, for following it came a steady procession of them. Our mares began to disappear in lots of twenties and thirties and the manager was unable to find out where they went to. Our sheep also were driven away and sold by our employees, and as for sales, there was not market for anything. Our sheep had cost us an average of \$4.50 each and now our lambs and young sheep would bring only \$1.50, our horses were utterly unsaleable except to the Canadian government who bought our horses at \$30. each for the mounted police which was only half of what they cost us.

This business went on this way for several years. I visited the ranch the second time about the third year of its existence and I concluded all our troubles were due to bad management; that Senator Cochrane's son was alone responsible for its failure and that we must sell out or get out quickly, or lose all we had invested in it. The Senator agreed with me and the others and, after a great effort, we succeeded in finding purchasers in two young titled gentlemen who had lately arrived from England and whose families had wanted to dispose of them and were willing to invest some money to do it. They bought us out and took over what was left of our great expectations. I received \$3,000 back in return for the \$17,000 put into ranching—the remaining \$14,000 I paid for experience.

MINING

WHILE traveling over the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. in the spring of the year 188— in company with my wife, Mrs. Custer, the widow of General Custer, and others, a young man, whom we will call Mr. B, came on board our car at a place called La Junta—a junction where the road from Denver comes down and meets the A. T. & Santa Fe. I had known Mr. B from his early childhood and held a good opinion of his character and attainments, but knew little or nothing of his business operations since he had left college at Ann Arbor, Michigan, from which he had been graduated a few years before as a civil engineer.

I soon learned that he resided in Denver, Colorado, and was the United States Assayist at that point and that, in the course of his business, he visited the mines in that district, examined and reported on the quality of the ores and was, in fact, an expert in mining.

I also learned that he was *en route* for Albuquerque, New Mexico, and from there was going up into the Magdalena Mountains to examine mines in that region. I asked if he had ever discovered a good rich mine and worked it for himself. He said no, that for want of capital he had never been able to start anything for himself or get ahead very far. He had seen others make huge fortunes in mining and that Colorado was rich in opportunities for those with capital. I thought to myself, "What a pity; he ought to have a chance!" and a little wave or thrill passed over my nervous system which I now think was a touch of "speculative mining fever," for I said to Mr. B, "If in your perambulations round and about these mines you at any time come across a real 'bonanza'—a big and sure thing—and you haven't the necessary capital to take advantage of the situation, write me all about it and may be I can help you." I was thinking then of the Mackey mines in Nevada and the four hundred millions of gold which we

took out of them. Mr. B left the train at Albuquerque and we moved along on our journey to Mexico City, where we were going for a little respite from a long Canadian winter, as we then resided in Montreal. It was not many weeks before our travels had ended and we found ourselves back home and on my desk there was a letter from Mr. B awaiting my arrival. I opened it and sure enough he had found it—had found the bonanza mine—and all that was wanted was the necessary cash, thirty or forty thousand dollars to make it disgorge millions—which was what we wanted. He had found up near the top of one of the Magdalena Mountains an old Spanish excavation or abandoned mine. He had gone down into it, laid bare the mother lode, taken out a piece of ore weighing about 10 lbs., assayed it (or a piece of it) and sent the remainder, about 5 lbs., to me. His analysis showed it to contain about \$4.00 in gold and \$5.50 in silver to the ton, which, while it was considered low grade ore, was very valuable, *providing there was enough of it.*

Of course, the first question that came to our mind was, Why did these old Spaniards abandon it? They had done a lot of work—a great mountain of dirt piled up about the mouth was proof that they had worked the mine for a long time. Several answers were given. One was that the Indians had probably killed them, and so ended the work. Another was, that they had taken out so much wealth that they did not want any more and had gone back to Spain to spend it. But the mine was there and Mr. B endorsed it.

I was unwilling, however, to invest so large an amount on anybody's statement. I must see it with my own eyes and know all about it, before I would believe it. I talked the matter over with my friends. All whom I talked to about it, were willing to invest their "last dollar," but this I would not allow, for had not I had the burden and responsibility myself of its discovery, and why should I let them in to carry away the profits and leave me the *glory only*? I would give them a small percentage, but would hold on to the main chance myself. A business friend of mine, Frank Paul, of Montreal, in whom I had great confidence, as he

had proven himself a very successful business man, decided to go down with me and examine the mine, and, together, we would decide what to do in the matter. We went; we had Mr. B meet us and accompany us up to the site of our new Eldorado. We employed (after eating our lunch) a number of ranch ponies which we mounted and started off up the mountain path or trail.

We had not gone far before the ponies began to "buck," that is, jump up, lie down, stand on their heads or tails; in fact, do anything to compel the rider to get off. In this they succeeded many times over before we reached our destination, but we would mount again and go on as before. When we had risen up to near the top of our mountain, we looked across the valley lying between us and the mountain beyond when our eyes were at once riveted upon what appeared to be a mammoth lady's head and shoulders firmly fixed to the side of this great mountain opposite. We were all amazed at the perfect formation of the face or profile—the hair so beautifully dressed in the Grecian style of knot, the ears, the eye, the mouth, all in perfect detail. The whole created and placed there by mountain slides, and mountain undergrowth, and we were assured that this wonderful freak of nature occupied many acres of land and this face, called the Mary Magdalen, had been discovered by the Spaniards two hundred years before, and that they had named the mountains and the face in honor of this lady.

Soon after viewing this Magdalena we were down in the mine examining with Mr. B the mother lode. It seemed to us a little thread of ore or seam in the great rocks, but Mr. B assured us that that meant nothing; that if we followed this seam for a distance, it might be six inches or it might be one hundred feet, we would surely come to a big deep pocket filled with this same ore. We looked about; the refuse heap left by the Spaniards glistened in the sun like silver, which we thought it was but afterwards learned was lead or part lead and other mineral deposit. The more we looked about, the more convinced we were that this was the true bonanza; that this great deposit of wealth had been

lying here for ages waiting for some sharp chaps like Paul and me to come from Canada and take it away. We complimented Mr. B on his discovery, returned to camp and to Montreal, after arranging with Mr. B that he was to complete the purchase of the property, purchase the necessary machinery, employ the necessary help, and begin operations as quickly as possible, drawing on me for funds from time to time to meet all expenses.

In due course, the work began at the mine. My friends and I put up the money as it was spent on the works; we paid for engines, drills and tools without end; we paid for an overhead railway, running from the mine down to the station at the foot of the mountain, for how could we get our ore down to the cars and from there to the smelter without it? We paid for the mine, also, for a large area of land in every direction round about it, so as to control the neighboring pockets that should be there and which we were sure to get later on.

For a year Mr. B and his staff worked and toiled developing this mine and getting it ready so that we could handle the mountains of ore that we were about to take out with our wonderful elevators and hoisting machines.

About the time I thought, and we all thought, the tide ought to turn—no sales of ore were recorded upon the statements we were receiving every month, only disbursements, or money paid out. Paul and I decided we would again visit the mine. On arrival there we followed the new tunnels through solid rock long distances on the level, then were lowered down to other levels, and there, too, we followed tunnels that had been cut through the rock for long distances. We heard as we passed along from each man we saw, "Have had no luck yet, but things look better now, and we are going to strike a pocket sure, and it will be a rich one when once we get there." We enquired about everything and were finally convinced that we had bought the mine on the sole chance that the vein which we had seen in the old Spanish excavation would, or might, widen out and become a pay lode. We became also pretty well satisfied that the Spaniards had followed

this vein till exhausted, and had given it up. But having already spent so much money here, we could not make up our minds to shut down and abandon all at once. We decided to work sixty or ninety days longer on a chance and then settle the matter.

We returned home and waited, expecting daily some good news from the mine which did not come. At the end of sixty days, I visited the mine again. I found Mr. B and the miners drilling away at the end of a long tunnel. I asked them, "How does it look today?" They replied in one voice, "It looks better today; the vein is going to widen out." "How wide is it, as you have it?" I said. "About four inches, but of late it has been running about two inches wide." "What was the width of this vein at the beginning of our work a year and a half ago when we started?" The answer was, "About four inches." "So it is practically the same as it was when we started." "Yes," the foreman said, and "Yes," Mr. B said. I turned to Mr. B and suggested that he order out and discharge all his help and assistants and close down the works. He might sell the ore on hand and machinery and we would get out the best we could. Mr. B said there was only about one and a half tons of pay ore on hand, and it and the machinery together would not sell at a price that would pay to remove it to the valley below; that we would be money in pocket to abandon all where it was, and to this I agreed, and when the men were paid Mr. B returned to Colorado and I departed on my way home, having had my experience in mining and having paid for it to the tune of about \$20,000 which I again charged off to the Mining Experience and retired.

THE FELLOWS MEDICAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THE most interesting experience in my business career might best be described by giving a little sketch of the development of this company.

In the year 1865 a doctor on board a ship then at anchor in the harbor of St. Johns, N. B. went on shore and called with a prescription, which he wished to have made up, at a little drug shop in that city, kept by James I. Fellows. Mr. Fellows examined it and at first declined to make it up as it seemed so complicated and difficult but on closer examination decided that this most unusual combination of chemicals and drugs was just what he needed to take himself as he felt that he was suffering from, and already was in, the first stages of tuberculosis. He prepared the compound for the doctor and began using it himself and found great benefit resulting from its use. He gave it to friends and others to try, and samples to his physicians, and found it so popular with them that in the course of a year or two he began selling it as his own, or Fellows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. This he continued for several years and by advertising in the local press and sending samples to the doctors, acquired a considerable sale throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

About the year 1871 Mr. Fellows came to Montreal and called upon me at my office. In the course of his business there, and before he left, we had come to an agreement by which my company should have the exclusive selling agency of his medicine for the Dominion of Canada. This agreement was not destined to last long because Mr. Fellows, it soon developed, had become deeply involved in debt and must have at least \$10,000.00 cash to settle up his pressing obligations. He then offered me a one half interest in his Hypophosphite business, which I finally purchased for my company, at a sum of \$12,500.00, we to have the entire control

or management of the business, and we to furnish the necessary cash to carry it on and develop it in our own way.

With this contract at hand, I started in on a big scale to extend the business into the western Provinces of Canada. It soon became evident that Mr. Fellows, owing to his extravagant tastes and habits, was again running behind and all the time seeking to overdraw or anticipate his profits, and to make loans which I did not care to encourage, and after consideration, I decided to form or incorporate a company to take over the Hypophosphite business, rather than go on with the partnership arrangement that sooner or later might draw us into trouble with Mr. Fellows.

I went to Boston, Providence, and New York, discussed the matter with friends and patrons, and before I returned home in about a week I had sold the business to a corporation to be formed with \$100,000.00 capital, my own company retaining a one fifth interest or \$20,000.00, Mr. Fellows an equal amount. It also resulted in a cash distribution to each, Mr. Fellows and my company of about \$25,000.00 from sale of stock, proving as far as my company was concerned, an exceedingly profitable deal.

We were soon incorporated and I was made president and manager of the business. By this time I had gained great confidence in this article and found it perhaps the most popular proprietary medicine known on the Canadian market. It was universally prescribed by the physicians and was highly spoken of everywhere.

I decided that an article that would sell so well in Canada would likewise sell in the United States and elsewhere, in exact proportion to the population, if handled in the same way. I called a meeting of the directors and laid before them a plan to send out in the United States, at least twelve travelers to introduce and push the sale there and also, as an experiment, send a man on a trip around the world to establish agencies in all civilized countries. Some of the directors looked aghast at the proposal but finally decided to leave the business in my hands, to do as I liked about it, and I did.

I started the men into New England and the Middle States.

Also found and dispatched a man to London on his tour of the world. I took entire charge of the traveling force myself. I made arrangements with other people who had travelers out and used them as far as possible, and our business grew from the very start at a surprising rate.

I started a factory at Rouses Point, New York, that the goods could be prepared in the States for the States market. We put up and gave away sample bottles of the medicine by the thousand, mostly to physicians.

Small dividends were paid upon the stock at first. Each year as the business spread over the world, these dividends increased in proportion. Factories were established in England, France, Spain, Italy and Mexico and the Rouses Point establishment was moved to New York to obtain better shipping facilities. The man we sent around the world was followed by many others and Fellows Syrup became an article of common use in nearly every important market of the world.

I remained in charge and stood sponsor for this company's business during the whole career between the years of 1872, when the total sales were in the aggregate about two hundred gross per annum, all in Canada, down to the spring of 1918 when I resigned, or about forty-six years, during which time the business paid its owners in dividends, over twenty-one million dollars and at this time the medicine itself was as popular as ever in its existence, having a sale of nearly a million and a quarter pint bottles annually, and in almost every language spoken under the sun.

It is thus from small beginnings that great business enterprises have grown and great fortunes have been made. I have often felt that a mistake was made when I decided to incorporate this company and sell out so large a part of our interest, that it would have been better to have retained it ourselves, but at that time no one could have foretold the great success which has attended its exploitation. But again anyone could appreciate the notion I had for selling as I did, getting \$25,000.00 in cash for it, enabling me to pay the money borrowed to purchase of Mr. Fellows the

original half interest and to add \$12,500.00 to the company's profits besides this, still owning a fifth interest of the business with the management control included. It was too good a deal to turn down.

THE NORTH CAPE EXPEDITION

ONE of our most interesting summer trips was the one to the North Cape in the year 1886. We were then living in Montreal, Canada. Upon our arrival in Bremen we traveled via Kiel to Copenhagen and from thence to Stockholm and back to Christiania where our trip really began. Here we hired a carriage to accommodate our party, which consisted of my wife, myself and four children. We found a most perfect roadway everywhere we went, which was first to Lillihamer and then to Trondhjem on the sea. The scenery was so striking and grand that no one who has ever been through Norway and has seen it will forget the wonderful mountain passes and waterfalls and the interesting simple people met upon the way.

After a day in Trondhjem we went to Molde, arriving just as the sun's last rays were painting this wonderful and most beautiful of all Norway's fjords (with the snow-capped mountains beyond) in all the colors of the rainbow. It was one of the few extravagant scenes in nature which a person meets at long intervals and never forgets. I remember only four of these great natural pictures which stand out in my memory as the masterpieces of nature's work: one of these was Mount Orizaba, in the early morning as I saw it from Jalapa in Mexico; another was Mount Tacoma, as I saw it from a hotel in Tacoma in the evening glow; the third was the glacier valley and mountains about near the Glacier House on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which I also saw in the evening, and the last was this scene at Molde, just described.

We boarded here a Norwegian mail steamer for the North Cape trip, finding some very agreeable Americans on board, among them the Butterfields of New York. For ten days we sailed in and out of the beautiful bays and harbors of this lovely Norwegian coast, never at any time entering the broad Atlantic or tempting the terrible *mal de mer* by riding a single unruly wave. It was a

summer sea all the way in these land-locked waters. The natives came on board and departed at every port where we called to deliver and take on the mails. The nights grew shorter with each degree north until they disappeared altogether before we reached the Cape and climbed to its summit, there at midnight to look upon the golden orb in all its beauty on this July day, or we might say, this midnight scene which we had traveled so far to see. We saw strange and unusual sights both going and coming through this (to us) unnatural region. The wild fowl in vast numbers inhabit the islands and as the sun sinks low in the west appear to retire to sleep and rest; with the firing of a cannon on board our ship they would be suddenly awakened and in their fright hasten away like a cloud darkening the sky overhead, there being such vast numbers. At Lafoden Islands we saw Aurora in her greatest beauty, and also witnessed some of those mirage scenes which really startle one by their realistic forms and curious characteristics. There, too, we saw the maelstrom of our childhood—that passage we used to read about as children where an enchanted siren called the thoughtless to a certain death among the treacherous rocks. This we found a good deal of a myth, being a natural gorge in between rocks where the tides played hide and go seek at certain hours and times. Remembering Longfellow's story of the mariner's tale to King Alfred, and the presentation of a walrus' tooth to the king as proof that the story was true, we, at the unholy hour of two o'clock in the morning, entered a village and compelled the owner of a little shop to get out of bed and sell us a walrus' tooth, which we brought home with us and which we have kept to this day to prove whatever we say of this arctic trip in 1886.

Our Captain was a prince in his line. He never tired of doing us favors. He would stop the ship anywhere if we expressed a desire to go ashore, and he catered to our taste in every way. Sallie had a birthday during the voyage, and this fact became known through Dudley's diary, which he was obliged to write, and which he left about the deck and which everybody felt at liberty to read, the Captain among others. As a result of this

information, when the day arrived at noon, we were called on deck to discover the ship arrayed in flags and gala decorations from stem to stern, to hear the cannon salute the day by several great explosions and afterwards to retire to the dining room and there to find a most elaborate table fairly groaning under its load of good things, and a great frosted cake covered with candles, as especial honor to the occasion. It was a strictly Norwegian feast, made up of Norwegian delicacies, among which I remember they served instead of turkey (America's greatest product in the bird line) the capilozra, about the same size but an entirely different kind of bird, which lives among the snows of Norway. They gave us new and strange berries and cheese and milk we had never seen the like of before, and all of this was done in our honor because of Dudley's diary. He was then about ten years of age and a general favorite on board among the passengers.

At Hammerfest the Captain introduced his brother, or brother-in-law to me and I found he was one of the largest producers of cod liver oil in the world, and I made arrangements in the few moments I was with him to represent his concern in Canada and from that date down to the present our company has sold his oil and has handled many thousands of barrels of it, at a profit, in Canada.

On our arrival at Christiania I found and purchased a large and beautiful meerschaum pipe in a case and sent it to the Captain as a token of our appreciation for the many nice things he did for our pleasure and amusement while we were with him on the North Cape trip. During this voyage we passed the German Kaiser William on his yacht, *Hohenzolern*, but little thought then the place he would later take in the world's history. Had we known it, I am sure we should not have cheered him as lustily as we did.

On our return to Christiania, we took steamer for Hamburg across the Categat where we met the worst experience of our lives in sea travel, but survived this, else we would not be here to tell of it.

LAWRENCE PARK

IT WAS in the autumn of 1889 that my brother-in-law, Mr. A. M. Wellington, then sojourning in Bronxville, or making a visit there, called my attention to the place by telling me that the old Prescott farm was being offered for sale and that he thought it could be bought at a bargain; he urged me to come out and look it over. Just at this time I had withdrawn from my active connection with our Canadian business in order to supervise more closely the Fellows Company business just starting in New York city, and that required but little of my time, except a general oversight, which enabled me to go about and be much at leisure.

I promised to go out to Bronxville on the following Sunday to meet Mr. Wellington and we walked leisurely over the farm consisting of eighty-six acres. I had never been in this part of the country before and experienced all sorts of emotions as I clambered about over the rocks and through the blackberry bushes which had been allowed to grow at random for a generation or two, with only "cowpaths" remaining, through which we could find our way, which wound in and out through the undergrowth and rocks. To finish our tour we climbed up the hill by the railway station, then simply a scrubby, rocky, berry patch. This hill is where now stands the Hotel Gramatan.

I returned home wavering, for the property seemed worthless for either agricultural or town development. But another thought occurred to me. Would it not cut up into pretty little villa sites for artists' homes or some similar class of professional people? I thought the matter over and concluded that I would buy the place and make its development my personal occupation, for at this time I seriously contemplated retiring from business altogether.

After its purchase I hired a farmer and bought a yoke of oxen and the necessary tools and began making roadways through the property, the farmer employing a few Italians to aid in this work.

I went out to Bronxville from the city about every day and staked out the crooked roads as I wanted them, generally following the cow paths which I found avoided all rocky points and led through the ravines and valleys and in that way a narrow road was easily and cheaply constructed along these lines, which were invariably the lines of least resistance. I not only laid out the roads in this manner but I divided the property up in building lots according to this same rule, without regard to their size or shape and did this work entirely by myself or with an Italian workman to drive the stakes as I directed. The surveyor came after this work had been done and mapped the property after I had finished staking the entire eighty-six acres included in this purchase, which cost \$4300.00 or \$500.00 per acre. The Prescott farm house, now the Manor house, and an old tumble-down gate lodge, as well as two old barns were included in this purchase and were all the improvements on the property. I set to work restoring the houses at once, as they were a disgrace to the farm, but at the same time I had no thought of embarking into a regular suburban real estate development, but an artists' colony, which it afterward became. I had in mind the making of roads which would permit these people to get in and see the property and perhaps buy it in sections.

About this time Mr. Wellington and two friends expressed a wish that I would build them each a house, upon certain lots they had selected, which they would rent or buy, and I finally agreed to do this and this was, I suppose the beginning of Lawrence Park as a residential development.

There was no water, no sewers or gas or electric lights. In fact there were no modern conveniences whatever in Bronxville and we were as much in "the country" as the pioneers who began life out on the great western prairies, who have the sky above, the land beneath, with scenery and fresh air to their hearts' desire. As these first houses were going up in the wilderness, I was planning to provide the other necessities, such as sewers, water, and light. I made all of these of a temporary character but they met the requirements well. I bored an artesian well to a depth of nearly five

hundred feet, installed a steam pump and laid water mains which were extended from time to time until the whole park was supplied from our own water mains. I laid sewer lines in the same manner, which in later years were presented to the village and they are still in use.

Artists and others began to find the place and praise its natural beauty and it quickly grew into a popular community while I enlarged its borders by frequent additions of adjoining plots and built each year a series of dwellings or stores or made other improvements so that the Park showed evidence of continuous growth and prosperity. Values increased rapidly. Some of the lands bought at 25 cents per square foot near the station were sold a few years later at \$2.00 and even \$3.00 per square foot; and other lands in proportion. This Park development, at first a fad, or a business undertaken as a speculation without any well defined plan of development, grew into a very large and profitable affair. I built the first Gramatan Inn. The need of a hotel seemed imperative for the purpose of advertising and exploiting the Park and making it a success. This again necessitated the erection of a heat, light and power plant to supply the hotel.

I built a casino building which in the early days of the Park proved a valuable asset in bringing the residents together and making them contented and happy. In order to create in Bronxville a little civic pride Mr. F. R. Chambers, one of the citizens, and myself built at our own expense, a half mile of fine macadam road, the first ever laid down in this district, which led from the railway station to the Dutch Reformed Church on the corner of Midland Avenue. Previous to its construction the road was almost impassable. As an object lesson, it was a great success for the whole town of Eastchester immediately demanded similar roads in every direction.

I established a weekly newspaper and printing office and called it the *Bronxville Review*, in order to expose to the tax payers the wrongs they were being subjected to by a ring of corrupt politicians who had long been preying on the public in the town of

Eastchester. The paper was effectual in supressing the gang and finally bringing the leader, the supervisor of the town, to punishment or to a long term in the State Prison.

The original Gramatan Inn caught fire and was destroyed at a loss over and above the insurance of over \$40,000.00 and I resolved at first not to rebuild because of the sewer situation, which had caused me a great deal of trouble, not being able to care for the great amount of sewage the hotel sent down to the filtration beds on the flat below. The village, however, after a time, two or three years, agreed to provide a disposal plant if I would rebuild, and so much pressure was brought to bear that I decided to proceed and put up a new and enlarged Gramatan Inn which I did at an outlay of over \$350,000.00. Many people ridiculed the idea of such a house and were firmly convinced it was not needed and therefore it would not pay, but I had become used to that kind of talk before this. These same people had said the same of our cottages, that they were all too good and expensive and that there was no market for such. They said it of our stores and could not possibly see why Bronxville should have stores when Mount Vernon, Tuckahoe and Yonkers were so close by. But I went ahead, relying on my own judgment, and found that there were always people to rent or buy as fast as they were completed, and that they all paid, and paid well, at the same time adding much to the value of the surrounding property.

During these early years we had frequent accidents and many occasions which called attention to the want of a hospital. They had a small, and poorly constructed and conducted one at Mount Vernon but it generally refused any cases from outside that city, for it had not room to accommodate such. My son Dudley was suddenly attacked with appendicitis at a late hour at night and the doctors said an operation must take place at once. There were no facilities at hand but by great good fortune there was a midnight train to the city and they were able to take him to a hospital and perform the operation in time to save his life. It was after this experience that I decided to build and to give

Bronxville the Lawrence Hospital, which with its endowment cost me \$250,000.00 and has become not only my own but Bronxville's favorite charity.

As time went on an apparent demand for steam heated apartments arose. I built a few and they met an unusual demand. I built more and larger ones and they proved successful too. I set apart certain sections of Lawrence Park for these and constructed the apartment houses upon these sections as much as possible. Believing that steam heated little community houses would also be popular with a certain class of refined and comparatively poor people, I built a few of these to try the experiment, twenty-six in all. They turned out the most successful of all our different styles of development and paid the best. And so Lawrence Park developed from year to year.

In the year 1898 it became evident that the little community would be better off by adopting a government of its own and separating itself from the old township government. It applied and adopted the village form of government to itself. It soon became manifest that the village government ought to have a home, and after consultations with Mr. F. R. Chambers, he and I agreed to build and present to the village a public building, which we did at a cost of about \$57,000.00 which cost was borne in equal shares by us.

The Park grew by constant purchases and additions until its area amounted to over five hundred acres. The management of its affairs grew more complicated until I saw a better organization should be created and the business handled by several department managers. I began by dividing the work and property into several incorporated companies, each with its own manager and separate office. Among these companies might be mentioned the Gramatan Hotel Co., The Lawrence Park Realty Co., Heat, Light & Power Co., The Residents of Lawrence Park Co., The Village Investment Co., The Bronx Valley Press, Inc., all being really off-shoots of the original Lawrence Park Realty Co. which still remained the mother of them all. About this same time I came to the conclusion

that no better legacy could be left my children than this great property which bore my name and others, so I transferred or gave it to them, giving each an undivided quarter interest and practically retired from its management, except as a general adviser.

A LITTLE JOURNEY UP THE NILE

IT WAS in the year 1898, I think in the month of January, when we decided to leave New York and take a little journey up the Nile for a sort of a spring vacation.

We took steamer for Naples and arrived there on a beautiful morning. The sun was glittering on the lovely bay and the smoke from Vesuvius was lazily rising into skies clear as a crystal. It made a scene I never will forget as long as I live. We landed and took train for Brindisi where we met the steamer plying between London and Australia through the Suez Canal. It was a large and beautiful steamer, and in due course we arrived at Port Said and found ourselves amidst oriental scenes.

From there we went to Cairo. Our party consisted of Sallie and myself, Anna and our old friend Mrs. Murray of New York. Upon our arrival we met Mrs. Custer who was just returning from a trip around the world. We explored the old city of Cairo with its museums and wonderful scenes, among which the Bazaar proved to be about the most interesting. We visited the Pyramids going there over an electric railway, which seemed quite out of accord with the surroundings but which has become a necessity even in Egypt.

We went up to Memphis and for the first time went down into the tombs and followed along those dismal caverns by the light of a torch for, I should say, a mile, viewing the tombs of the sacred bulls and all that sort of thing, everywhere being astonished at the wonderful industry and wealth these people must have had in order to leave behind such monuments as they did to their civilization.

We took in everything about Cairo, the mosques as well as modern social habits and saw everything we could. Our steamer finally came and we started up the Nile. This was certainly a novel trip. We followed up the Nile stopping at every ruin and town along the road for one thousand miles ending at Philae.

We viewed the temples and tombs, always stopping at night by the side of the stream, as the steamer could not find its way through those shallow waters and therefore could not travel at night. We often were aground by day but could easily back up and get afloat again.

We learned to ride the donkey and the camel on these excursions from the steamer back into the country, sometimes going to a distance of three or five miles away.

The ruins showed that large cities once stood around about these temples and monuments and had been completely buried by the drifting sands. Parts of these cities had been uncovered but most of them, like the old city of Thebes, had become a great open country where leeks and onions and hay and barley were growing in great fields, with here and there an ancient monument or tomb rearing its head upon that dismal plain. One could hardly believe that a city so great as this could have been buried and lost.

Luxor, directly opposite Thebes is the most magnificent ruin I ever saw. As I remember it, it was nearly a half a mile long, made up of colossal columns and obelisks and long avenues of Egyptian figures, but now all is fallen to ruin and the great temple is situated upon a level plain along the Nile which has flooded this district for thousands of years until most of what has been a great city is far beneath the surface of the land.

Philae was a very beautiful spot. The English Government was building a dam across the Nile for the storage of water but the water had not yet risen to a height to cover the surroundings and the old temple of Philae stood out in bold relief. It has since been swallowed up in this wonderful dam the English have created.

Next to Luxor the temple of Osiris was the most interesting ruin we visited in Egypt. It was here they found the original Rosetta Stone. It is still one of the stones in the surface of the wall which, until late excavation took place, was way beneath the surface of the ground. On this stone is inscribed in Greek, Latin and Egyptian a proclamation of the Pharaoh of that day.

It was from this fact that we learned how to read the Egyptian language or hieroglyphics which are seen upon all the tombs and public buildings. This language is of course extinct today but guides and teachers are able to read it as readily as they do their own native language.

It took us about three weeks to go to Philae and return to Cairo. We saw much of the people, saw them at their native occupation, pumping water just as they did in the days of Pharaoh. They are an ignorant, stupid lot of people, mostly naked. A bit of civilization is creeping in here and there. A number of schools have been established by foreign missions.

No one can go up the Nile and return without getting much food for thought. The temple of Osiris in particular, gives in pictures much of the religion of that day, the religion which Moses undertook to copy. The father Osiris, the mother Isis and the son Horus made up the holy family. They carried their dead across the river Styx and believed in the future. They have pictures carved in stone of raising the dead and all these things antedated the arrival of Moses in the land and, naturally, much of the Old Testament is derived from these Egyptian teachings.

We went from Cairo to Alexandria where we spent a couple of days visiting the city and then took steamer for Jerusalem. It is only a few hours run from Alexandria to Jaffa where we arrived in the early morning but they have no protected harbor there and the wind was blowing a high gale off shore and it was impossible to leave our large steamer so we had to lie there about a mile from shore, waiting for the gale to subside. We were there all day and finally had to return to Port Said and there, in a safer position, spent the night. Next day we were more successful. We crossed over again and landed at the ancient city. It is a terrible tumble-down old town at the present time. We took a train there and in a few hours landed at Jerusalem. It is a very interesting journey up to the city, being a steep climb all the way from the shore. We crossed the plains of Sharon in sight of several old ruins and villages whose names are quite familiar, as they belong to the

Philistines, one which we passed is the village where the struggle between Sampson and Goliath took place.

We were in Jerusalem about a week during which time we took a carriage and drove out to Bethlehem which is only six or eight miles distant. We visited the Church of the Nativity which is now in a shocking condition, a surprise to everyone who goes there, and most people wish they had not gone for it suggests everything except what they would expect of a sacred edifice. The city itself is about the lowest and dirtiest town I ever was in. It is situated on a hill and the streets are filthy and full of ruts and holes. They have no modern conveniences and one sees nothing there to suggest the prevalent idea at home of this birthplace of the Saviour.

About midway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem there is a spring pouring out of the side of the hill, one of the most wonderful springs I have ever seen. The water gushes forth in a great stream, as large as the Bronx River when it is not in flood. This was the spring which Solomon in his day hitched up in some way with the temple of Jerusalem. Sections of the pipe, which was made out of earthen ware which Solomon used, still exist. The water is pure and beautiful and is today a great part of the water supply of Jerusalem.

The city of Bethany is also in a state of ruin. There are a few houses but mostly cellar walls which have fallen in or been burned over. It is pleasantly situated near the Jordan River and was, in its time I have no doubt, a pretty little place. We visited the Mount of Olives and from a tower upon its summit, probably one or two hundred feet high, we were able to look, it would seem, all over Palestine, and by a very intelligent guide points of interest familiar to every Sunday School child were pointed out, from Mount Nebo on the east to the mountains of Syria on the west. Jerusalem lies at one side, the garden of Gethsemane and the Dead Sea are in full view as well as the River Jordan which flows into the Dead Sea at this point.

The Mosque of Omar is a feature of interest in the city today and is built upon the site of Solomon's Temple. It is a most inter-

esting place to visit. The interior of this mosque is largely taken up with a high rock which is allowed to remain in its natural condition and is enclosed by an iron fence. It was by this rock that Abraham built the fire where he was to offer the sacrifice of his son Isaac. Underneath it is a large chamber, made in the days of Solomon, cut out of the rock, into which flowed the blood of the animals killed in sacrifices; the blood was then washed away by water brought from the spring which I have spoken of out near Bethlehem. This is one of the most interesting features as I had never heard it described and it was therefore a surprise to me.

We visited what is called Zion's Hill or the City of David which we found is in modern times largely given up to markets; and here too were the most filthy and indescribable scenes of poverty I had ever seen; old women going there to market with a penny to buy a penny's worth of the entrails of animals or a horn or anything in which there is any substance at all, for they were near to starvation. We visited the Church of the Crucifixion where is said to be the site of the crucifixion. This too, at the time I was there, was truly a melancholy spectacle. Christ is seen upon the cross between two thieves. A marble slab is constructed upon the ground in front of them which is also surrounded by a low iron or brass rail. It was then just at the time of a Russian pilgrimage and these Russians by the score were lying on their stomachs on this marble slab, kissing it and worshipping it. The tomb near by where Christ was supposed to have been laid was another scene of Russian piety and superstition.

In fact everyone of these places we visited had the effect of creating within you disgust that a place of this kind should be contaminated by human beings of the twentieth century. In the Garden of Gethsemane you are met by a crowd of lepers, who with their horribly diseased figures are begging for pennies. Wherever you go either lepers, or others quite as objectionable to your senses, appear with open palms outstretched for aid.

There were only two places in the whole area that I remember visiting in which I found pleasure. One of these was the tower

on the Mount of Olives which I have referred to and the other was a walk around about the walls of Jerusalem, which I took one afternoon with my guide, who was an educated man from the Beirut College. We walked entirely around the city walls and he pointed out and described the various scenes as we came to them: the different roads and where they led, the pool of Siloam, the Brook of Hebron and hundreds of other things I cannot remember. It certainly was a delightful walk. My guide himself being a Moselem was violating the law in taking me around as he did for he had no right to be on the outside of the wall of the city, and we walked on the outside.

After these few days in Jerusalem we again returned to Jaffa to our steamer which awaited us and we went to Beirut. We left the steamer there and visited the College and drove about the town which is very interesting owing entirely to Bible history. The cedars of Lebanon grow above it upon a hill at the right at the base of Mount Carmel; in fact everything you see around about has a familiar name.

From there we went on to Smyrna and spent a day or two at that place. We visited Ephesus, went over the great ruin of the Temple there which was one of the seven wonders of the world but now lies level with the ground. The marble fluted columns lie strewn along the earth. The hill where St. Paul preached to the Ephesians is identified by a little chapel upon its summit. Here again you are impressed with the poverty of the people. We in America have no conception of it. Vessels in the time of prosperity probably came up to its docks and unloaded their wares upon the wharves in the center of the town. Now the marsh grasses have taken possession of the harbor for nearly three miles away, and it is closed to navigation. No boats can get to the city and as you look at it you could hardly suppose they had ever been able to navigate such a place. From Smyrna we returned by a very interesting journey through the Dardanelles to Constantinople and then through the Balkans to Vienna and Paris and home.

SILENT PARTNERS

AT ONE time in my life the thought of being a silent partner seemed very attractive. It seemed very like pushing the button and some one else doing the rest. All that I was required to do was to advance a certain capital, which I could easily manage, and it would go on increasing *ad infinitum* while I slept and kept silent. The idea was a good one, I thought, and I did not have to wait long for an opportunity to try the experiment and become a real silent partner.

A relative of mine, Mr. S. had received a long and valuable experience as a traveling salesman for a wholesale clothing house in Chicago, extending over perhaps twenty years, during which time he had traversed the wilds of Illinois and Wisconsin by rail, traveling by night and by day, trying to appear goodnatured to his customers when he wasn't, and resorting to all sorts of ruses to induce those up-country merchants to give their orders to him and not to another fellow representing a rival clothing house.

He wanted to go into business on his own account and stop traveling. He thought with his long and valuable experience he could make money for himself, as well as for the old firm he had so long represented; besides this, he had a friend, a Mr. C. in the same business who also had, for over twenty years, occupied a high position in the office of the aforesaid clothing firm and would like to join him and form a junior clothing house firm. Mr. S. had a thorough knowledge of all the outside and Mr. C. knew everything pertaining to the inside or office work of a big clothing house. They had a little capital of their own, but wanted more and wanted credit to make the business a big success, in which there were millions for everybody—for who had ever gone into the clothing trade in Chicago and not made millions? They invited me to come in as "silent partner"; put up some of the cash, that was needed, and let them do the rest.

Thinking as I did about this time that it was an opportunity, or as they say in Paris an *occasion*, I agreed and the papers were formally drawn up by an able lawyer. So, thereafter, there was really nothing for me to do but to pass in my checks as wanted.

The firm was inaugurated, a big store secured, a staff of help to run the business engaged, and the ship was launched right off into deep water. Instead of starting away in a light breeze and keeping close to shore they sought to pass the old and seasoned ship, which they had forsaken, and tried to leave it behind. They could not, or would not, go cautiously or slow and gather strength as they went along. They only knew the ways of the old firm, which they followed and tried to improve on or go one better. Although a "silent partner" I saw the ship would not long weather the gale for neither of the navigators knew how to handle the ship, and they were each accusing the other of this want of knowledge. Things were going from bad to worse, the expenditures were out of all proportion to their earnings, and it was easily seen after the first year's trial that the firm would not succeed.

The second year proved no better than the first, and soon after each of the partners tried to buy out the other, and at last this was accomplished. Mr. C. was permitted to buy out Mr. S. and myself at a sacrifice rather than wind up the business, in which case, our entire capital, it was thought, would be lost as matters were conducted. I, the silent partner, was permitted to go out after losing over \$14,000. in the undertaking, which I was pleased to charge off to the "Silent Partner Experience" and retire from the clothing business.

THE HOTEL GRAMATAN

I AM often asked how I came to build this hotel, what first suggested it to my mind. In the early days of Lawrence Park the hill where the hotel stands was known as "Sunset Hill" and about the sunset hour in summer the residents often went up to the summit to see the sun sink down behind the western hills or palisades beyond the Hudson, and it was on one of these little visits that it occurred to me that a scene from a hotel porch or window such as these we witnessed would be a great attraction and I resolved to build here a little English inn such as I had visited along the River Wye in western England.

I gave an order to Mr. William A. Bates, architect, to make plans for such and when he finally had them to suit, they had ceased to be the English inn such as I had thought of building, and had become a little colonial inn containing only about sixty beds, as I thought the one we originally had in mind would not suit this hot American climate and our American people.

This colonial inn I had furnished throughout with old-fashioned mahogany furniture and I had the artists of the Park decorate the interior, each furnishing a large and important painting, which gave the public rooms an air of importance and dignity possessed by few of its kind anywhere. This "Gramatan Inn" became widely known in a very short time and was soon found entirely too small, so I proceeded to build a wing or extension, adding about sixty more rooms, but before this had been two years in use a fire broke out and consumed the whole building.

After two or three years, so much pressure was brought to bear that I decided to build on a much larger scale than before, for I felt quite sure that we could support a large hotel if it was made first class and that it would be the greatest possible aid in making and developing our Lawrence Park properties.

I gave the construction of this hotel much of my own thought

and attention. I staked out all the outer lines of the building and requested the architect, Mr. Bates, to fill in the space with the building. I conceived of the idea of overlapping and extending the structure down the side hill and putting an entrance on the lower street which was the needful thing to do to insure success.

It was a success from the very beginning. It has always paid well, first in dividends or good interest on the investment, but more in the prestige and popularity it gave to us and to Bronxville as well. It advertised Lawrence Park and Bronxville far and near and brought a multitude of people to Bronxville, many of whom chose homes for themselves and became permanent residents of the place.

NOTES ON A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

ON March fifth, 1915, about 10 a. m. we arrived in New Orleans after a wonderful trip from New York lasting about forty hours. Dudley accompanied Sallie and me as far as Montgomery, Alabama, where he left to join Kate, who had gone on a preceeding train. We also had with us, Irma, Sallie's maid. We left New York with the mercury 25° above zero and found at New Orleans the trees in full bloom and spring quite at hand. We stopped here at the St. Charles Hotel two days and visited all parts of the city, taking the tour of the harbor which we found very interesting. This city appears to have a great and prosperous future ahead of it, with such a harbor and such a position on the coast of our country. We left at 11 a. m. on the Southern Pacific for Los Angeles, California. It was a rather monotonous run through Louisiana and Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, taking three days and three nights, but though uneventful it was not tiresome and passed very quickly.

On March tenth, we took a motor car and went over to Pasadena hunting up Hotel accommodations. After visiting several we finally decided to stop a week at the "Raymond," as the grounds and general appearances were most pleasing and beautiful. In the afternoon we took a "rubber neck" motor car and went all about Los Angeles and noted the great change that has taken place in the city since we visited it before, about thirty years ago. Then it was a small town of twenty or thirty thousand people and now they claim five hundred and fifty thousand people. After our tour about the city we came over to the Hotel Raymond for the night.

For a whole week we played and loitered about this region, leaving for San Diego on the seventeenth. In San Diego we found a resting place at the Coronado Beach Hotel which was most beautifully situated on the Pacific shore with a perfect

climate and perfect surf bathing in the sands directly below our windows. Here we spent nearly a week, listening to the waves, the birds and the soft, balmy breeze as it wafted its sweet, fresh perfume into our faces. Surely San Diego has a charm all its own and leads one to exclaim "Why has nature given this place so many advantages? Why so beautiful?" Even the sea as you gaze upon it, casts a charm over your sensibilities and makes you its victim. Like all the rest, you are spellbound as you sit and watch the great lazy breakers roll in and crush themselves into snowy white foam on the golden sands of which the long crescent beach is formed. In the eleven days since we landed in California I had not seen a cloud as large as a man's hand.

After San Diego came "Riverside," another Paradise on earth, where we stopped to rest for three or four days at the Mission Inn, a wonderful modern structure built in Mission style but a regular museum in its make-up. The proprietor, Mr. Miller, is a real antiquarian by nature and has money to express his taste to the fullest. By this great rambling hotel he has a miniature Westminster Abbey with an organ which fills the great hall with music and also a chime of beautiful bells, which two or three times each day, ring and play only to please the hotel patrons. They also have soloists and harpists and other musicians who sing and play the whole day long. I was much pleased with this and also with the beautiful parrots which adorn the entrance gates, and the house decorations of old Spanish water colors and paintings. Mr. Miller's son-in-law, Mr. Harrison was very kind to us, gave us his own motor car to go over to Mr. Smalley's wonderful Garden Park at Redlands, a beautiful ride not far away, about twenty miles over perfect roads.

After Riverside we took train for Santa Barbara, another interesting and lovely place where we stopped for two or three days at the Arlington, a new hotel on the hill over the town. Here the roses and flowers excel and take the place of the oranges now left behind. We took a motor car and drove out thorough

Monticito, the society suburbs where a great colony of wealthy people have settled after building themselves most beautiful and costly homes. We went through the grounds of a Mr. Gillespie where no expense had been spared, and which I think were among the finest and most costly I have ever seen. The old museum is interesting but is no attraction now.

After a couple of days at Santa Barbara we went on to Del Monte, where I stopped twenty-nine years ago at the Hotel Del Monte, for a few days' rest. Of course that hotel was no more, having burned up about the time we were here, but a larger one occupied its place and the beautiful gardens I then saw are even more beautiful today. The trees were big then but are bigger now and older too, many showing the ravages of time have been braced up and patched up by the tree doctor until they appear to be old cripples on their last legs, so to speak, but I in comparison have grown old too in these twenty-nine years, have been patched and doctored too, else I, like the trees, would have been driftwood on the sands of time. The doctoring and patching has been good for both them and me.

We stopped three days in Del Monte and left on April first for San Francisco, almost, if not the exact, anniversary of our visit here twenty-nine years ago. We took the seventeen mile ride today that we took then but how different it was! Then we drove horses through the woods—now an automobile through a continuous settlement of cottages and settled country, mostly laid out in town lots.

On March thirty-first we took the afternoon train and arrived in San Francisco about 8:30 in the evening and put up at the Cliff Hotel, a new house just opened for business. Here we remained until the ninth of April going daily to the great World's Fair, or Panama Exposition, or going about the great and flourishing city of the West.

On the ninth of April we started on our way to the East at 2 p. m. over the Union Pacific R. R. The weather was bright and pleasant as it had been during our whole sojourn on the coast. The trip

across the continent over this road is not at all interesting. The fairest and best scenery we pass in the night but the road is smooth and the service is prompt and perfect.

We arrived in Chicago at 1:30 p. m. on the twelfth of April, after an uneventful passage, and went directly to the Hotel Blackstone where we remained two days, leaving at 5:30 p. m. on the fourteenth. We spent our time in Chicago motoring about the city and visiting my real estate holdings in North and South Chicago. We arrived in New York at 5:30 p. m. on the fifteenth, having been away forty-three days in making our trip from coast to coast and return.

EARLY DAYS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

THE twenty-ninth of July, 1914, found us, that is my wife, myself, and party of four friends, automobiling and at Freiburg in the Black Forest of Germany. We had been in Germany for nearly two months, a portion of the time taking the cure at Bad Nauheim, after which we came to these Forests for a period of rest before starting again on our tour through Switzerland and France.

News of war between Austria and Servia had found its way into this forest sojourn of ours, but at this time, had caused no commotion or had scarcely been remarked upon in our hearing. But that was not surprising for Freiburg is a little mountain village far separated from the rest of the world—a simple-minded, clock making community.

The time had arrived however, for us to start for Switzerland, so at two o'clock our car was winding its way down the steep incline from our hotel and we were off at a lively speed toward the frontier of Switzerland. By five o'clock we had passed the customs, both German and Swiss, had received back the German duties which had been paid on entering the country near Liege about the first of June, last, and had paid the necessary duty which the Swiss demand on taking a motor car into their country. Nothing at all unusual occurred as we rolled along over the beautiful roads through that fascinating country lying nearest the Falls of the Rhine until we suddenly came out in full view of the Falls which lie just below Schaffhausen. We only paused here for a few minutes as these falls did not impress us Americans who have stood above Niagara and have listened to the roar of the mad waters as they leap away to the depths below, and we soon were on the road approaching Zurich. It was on this road between the Rhine and Zurich that we met the first suggestion that a European war was approaching, and that was carts and wagons

on the road of every kind and description carrying soldiers to the Swiss frontier. By seven o'clock we had arrived at Zurich, which seemed a regular little Paris, everything betokening great prosperity and thrift. After putting up at the Hotel Bauer au Lac we soon found great crowds gathering about the bulletin boards and considerable excitement everywhere, the impression seeming to be that a great European war was inevitable,—and this was the first time that we had heard this was probable. Next morning war news had become more exciting, reports that Germany, with France and perhaps all Europe, was rapidly drifting into a terrible war, were circulated about. A run had begun upon the banks and it was plain to see that everybody was anxious as to what the immediate future was to reveal. I had intended to remain over for a few days in Zurich but before the day was over I decided to proceed to Lucerne and get farther away from these exciting scenes.

Early on the morning of the thirty-first of July we started for Lake Zug and Lucerne, reaching the Hotel Schweizerhof, in the latter place, in the afternoon. The hotels and quays, and shops too, were scenes of great animation but the crowd was made up largely of strangers who did not seem to realize the real condition of affairs as yet and were one and all busy with their own plans and pleasures, and we settled quietly down in our hotel rooms overlooking the beautiful lake and the snow capped panorama stretching out before our view. The next morning, August 1st, brought the war closer to us. Some of the hotels were obliged to close up entirely. Others were crippled, since employees and others were ordered to the ranks. The newspapers published very little news, all of which had to pass the censor's critical eyes, for little Switzerland had no desire to be drawn into what now began to appear a world war. Private telegrams were posted in the hotel giving about all the news to be had, and those only added to the excitement of the hour. Troops began to gather on the streets and to march almost hourly by the hotels, singing their Swiss national songs and other popular airs, which added to

the already great volume of excitement. The government that day seized all the gasoline in the country and as there was no prospect of getting this useful article which must be had if the motor car is to run, I at once resolved to store my car and wait until the war was over, for there was no use kicking against the pricks, besides that, our taste for motoring or sight-seeing had already vanished. Nothing appeared to interest us now but the war news—what had happened during the day, and what would happen tomorrow.

The next morning, August second, we heard on getting our coffee and rolls, that war had been declared between Germany and Russia and we Americans began to take counsel with each other as to how we were to get away and back to our own homes, and this feeling was not altogether confined to Americans either. All nationalities were there and all were discussing the same subject. How are we to get back to our country? Everybody was anxious and all knew their friends were equally anxious at home. We all knew that it was a matter of hours only when France and perhaps England, too, would be at war and mobilizing their troops, and all transportation to the coast would be blocked. Some few, feeling this, made a bold rush to get away. They were told there was but little use, for the trains could not get through, but go they would; and these, or many of them, got into great trouble before they reached their destination.

I cabled home that I was nicely located at the Schweizerhof Hotel and should remain there till the clouds rolled by. This I did as these recollections will show later.

It could be easily seen that the several governments were mobilizing their troops and that every steam engine and car on the various railroads was being used for that purpose and until all that was accomplished we could not be cared for. Mails had already ceased to come to hand and all communications with other countries had been suspended except by telegraph alone.

The next day, August third, was unusually exciting owing to the Swiss troops leaving for the front. Large masses of artillery

and cavalry were passing for hours and everyone was asking why this little republic should be sending forth such an army (said to be nearly 300,000 men) when she had no war,—why she should be obliged to foot such an enormous bill of expense, but no one seemed able to answer. Strangers found then that their letters of credit or bills of exchange, checks, orders, etc., were all useless, for the banks simply declined to recognize them. Some of the banks closed their doors entirely and the others put strong men at the entrance who would let in two or three visitors at a time. Touring about, sailing on the lake or other pleasures, were almost totally stopped and the crowd of visitors at the hotel and elsewhere were content to sit on the piazzas and discuss war news from morning till night. Shopping, too, ceased; the stores were forsaken and empty. What was a lively hurly-burly city a few days ago seemed then dead as Pompeii after its resurrection. People had no money and could not get it. Many millionaires thereabout were unable to pay their hotel bills and were obliged to ask for credit which the polite and genial landlords were too glad to grant. This made nervous people even more anxious than ever and there were some who were there with very limited means, school teachers and others, who had their tickets paid home by German or Belgian steamers and had no possible way of reaching them and these people found their position most embarrassing and were asking help.

August fifth came in with the news that war between Germany and France had been declared and thus the darkness deepened. All outward trains ceased running that day and it was then evident that we were "completely bottled up" in old Lucerne. The Americans called together a great mass meeting at our hotel. There were 2,000 present who resolved to send a telegram to President Wilson for relief, which appeared to me a foolish thing to do since everybody knew that President Wilson would do all in his power to aid us without the asking, as he knew our predicament as well as we ourselves. The banks refusing to give out money created a state of affairs bordering on panic, and preparations were being

made by the Americans to look after their own, and by the English to look after their own, and the same by other nationalities, each holding meetings in their churches or hotels to discuss the situation.

So many men had joined the ranks and gone to the front that a perceptible difference was seen already on the street as well as in the hotels and shops. Five days ago peace and plenty without a thought of war. Today, note the change! People were already beginning to worry about the food supply and the mayor of the city had to post notices along the streets giving assurances that there was no cause to fear on this score. Still the newspapers gave no news of the war. All was suppressed by the sleepless censor.

August sixth arrived but the situation remained the same. My funds had gradually been reduced, but I had refrained from going to the banks until now. I visited several which had still remained open to the public. I found great surging masses of humanity, reaching in most cases out to the middle of the street, trying to get in and draw money on their letters of credit, or money orders. The banks had decided to pay out dribblets of not over ten pounds sterling, or fifty dollars to any one person. This amount would not be of any particular use to me so I resolved to keep out of the crowd and away from the banks. A mass meeting that day of Americans at the "Kurhaus" ended in the election of Committees of Relief and the organization of Charity Boards, but these too were destined to fail, for the excitement of the day seemed to have brought into existence only weak and foolish undertakings. The meetings in these public places only brought out a class of talkative and noisy individuals who had no practical ideas of their own and so they came to naught. Our hotel had become greatly crippled by the withdrawal of the men waiters, cooks and even Mr. Howser, the proprietor himself; all had gone to the front and their places had been filled by women and boys largely. This again resulted in reducing the bill of fare from a half dozen courses to about half the number. Still we had plenty of everything and no one complained. Our hotel proprietor's wife took full charge and was not only an able manager but a general favorite with everybody.

When August seventh came the Americans had arrived at the conclusion that they were doomed to remain for a considerable time, whether they wished or not, in Lucerne and were becoming reconciled to it. Up to this time my chauffeur, who had remained idle about the streets, was more or less of care and responsibility. He informed me he had a friend going to Paris in a private motor car who had invited him to go along and that he wished to get back to Antwerp where his family resided. I thought this a rather hazardous undertaking, but advised him to accept and go. I gave him his wages, the price of his passage home by rail and a present of a hundred francs and he started, promising to send me a postal every night to let me know how he progressed. I received no postal cards however until long after my return to New York, months later. He did get through, however, and reached Antwerp in safety. He was driven from there into Holland during the sacking of that city by the Germans, and finally reached England, a refugee with his family, and on writing to me of his plight, I cabled the necessary assistance to bring himself and his family to America where they arrived safely about the first of November, and where they found employment and will make their future home.

News came one day that Germany had crossed into Belgium and that the first real clash of arms had taken place. It was a shock to us all for we could scarcely imagine such a terrible thing, or that some means of escape from a great European war would not even at the last moment be provided. We had also reports of a collision between the English and German fleets in the North Sea, but those days we believed but little and were sure of nothing except of the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the Swiss soldiers' feet as they passed along over the pavement in the street in front of our hotel. This we knew was real and true.

The morning of August eighth found us still waiting the development of events, which seemed to be suspended in the very air about us and likely to drop at any moment. The impression was that Switzerland too must be invaded and drawn into

the war. Everybody feared it and all were nervous about it and the more people talked, the more nervous they became. Germany had already invaded Belgium and England had felt war's first pain in the loss or sinking of a cruiser with one hundred and fifty men. We, the stranded Americans, began to feel that we were in for a long stay. I cabled home that this was likely. The fields round about Lucerne were filled with ripened grain ready for the reaper, but only the women and children were left to reap. The men had gone, or were passing in hundreds or in thousands *en route* for the front. Our lives cannot be thought monotonous even though we did nothing but live through the daily routine. The excitement and war news was like a continual performance in the variety show. It was a constant change in the play, if not in scene. For that, however, we strolled around Lucerne's beautiful lake and for hours gazed on her lovely snow-capped mountains, and of these we never tired.

The ninth of August was much like the seventh and eighth and every day, as far as war news was concerned, little came to our ears except that the nations were mobilizing their troops and getting ready for what promised to be the world's greatest and most dreadful war, and that we who were stranded must wait. Among Americans there appeared to be a bond of good fellowship and good will existing, not previously known. Formality had been laid aside and all Americans were friends and thus interesting people got a great amount of pleasure out of each other's society. Through the American minister at Berne, we heard that our government had deposited several million dollars in London with which our letters of credit would again become available and accepted at the banks. This afforded great satisfaction and relief.

One of our chief occupations appeared to be the hunting up of lost Americans, that is, people who had failed to notify their families at home where they were to be found. They had written but their letters had been lost *en route* and consequently their friends at home were cabling over to find out where they were and whether they were cared for.

August the tenth! While walking the streets we strolled into that little grassy glen where the Lion of Lucerne reposes in his bed of rock. We sat down in the quiet solemnity of the spot while our minds reverted to other days—days when France was being torn by internal passion and the mob had reached the palace of the king, and hours after I had left the place the picture there remained fixed upon my mind. Whoever has stood in that beautiful glen where Lucerne's famous Lion reposes must surely have felt a thrill in his veins!

The Lion there lies in his rock-hewn cell
Motionless as if in a trance
An emblem of strength, of might and of power,
While grasping the lilies of France.

That look on his face, what a story it tells!
Who can view it and not drop a tear
For that gallant Swiss guard which died at its post
For the right and its duty held dear?

The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth of August were days of comparative rest and quiet. The Relief Committees assembled daily at the American consul's office; held long discussions on the existing state of affairs ending generally in doing nothing. People had no interest at all in sightseeing or any amusement. A few of us went up to the summit of Mount Rigi only to find the big hotels all closed and the whole surroundings a barren waste. We returned resolved to remain on or about the hotel piazzas where all the life and entertainment appeared to centre. All we gleaned from the papers seemed to denote that the European nations were massing their troops together to fight—none of them seemed to know what it was about—none of them wished to fight, but all must, or thought they must, or so it seemed to us outsiders.

The fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth of August were dull days of awaiting a turn in events. We were exiles far away from

home but there was a consolation in it after all for here we were in the good old Schweizerhof Hotel and being well cared for by Madam Hauser who was in no way depressed by her husband's absence at the front. He was neither shooting his fellowman nor being shot at, just smoking great cigars and, as colonel of a Swiss regiment, riding a fine horse along the frontier and running home every Saturday night.

There is a sort of a fascination too about being an exile in trouble far away from home, especially so when everybody about you is in the same fix and you can't help it; have just to submit and wait the turn which you feel sure will come if you wait long enough.

On August seventeenth the skies appeared brighter. A few people were starting for Paris but with little hope that they would get through without many delays and much discomfort. Some of us felt sorry to see them go fearing they were running into trouble, unnecessary trouble, and that it would be wiser to wait a few days longer till the roads were opened up and the way made clearer. They were very cheerful however, as they boarded the great Sweizerhof electric buses and we cheered them as they rolled away toward the railway station.

The eighteenth and nineteenth of August were days of especial interest in Lucerne,—talk and rumors and rumors and talk about the great fight at Mulhausen right close to the Swiss frontier. People were coming in daily from Berne and neighboring cities who had heard the boom of cannon which made the war seem very near. A few people were starting for Italy and for Paris via Southern France and I heard a rumor that some of our German-Americans were getting up a German special train for Holland to go through German territory. This appealed strongly to me and I resolved to go that way if possible, for I thought it safer to travel in the rear of a German army than in the rear of the French for the Germans by this time were well on their way to Paris and progressing every day.

The morning of August the twentieth found us in a more than

ordinary state of excitement. The war clouds were growing darker every day and while the way out of Switzerland appeared open here and there, still the doubt constantly arose, Were these exits proper ones and would it be wise to start? I thought it over seriously and made up my mind that, everything considered, it would be better to make the plunge and go. The special train through Germany was leaving at ten o'clock that night and would take us. I did not like the people going that way for they were nearly all German-Americans, or more properly speaking, German Jews and besides that, it was the very first train carrying passengers through Germany since the mobilization began, making the risk all the more hazardous. However we packed up and were off. The committee in charge, we found, had allotted to us compartments on one of the newest and best first class cars on the long train of seventeen. We had a huge lunch basket which the Hotel Schweizerhof had well stocked before leaving and which afterwards proved a most useful companion. We had all our baggage with us and through the politeness of the manager of the Luzern Kredit Bank, I had been able to provide myself with abundant funds, including one hundred dollars in German gold, against emergencies.

Our sleep that night was not refreshing, but when day finally dawned we found ourselves skirting along the south shore of Lake Constance through apple orchards and thrifty villages which adorn northern Switzerland. The train moved along very slowly making long stops at every station, the Swiss soldiers standing in groups upon the platform all looking serious enough but appearing to have nothing to do but while away their time. We soon passed into Austria at Brienz where all the uniforms worn by the soldiers had changed and the Austrian cockade took the place of the ugly Swiss cap. The train passed through a bit of Austrian territory where it touches upon Lake Constance. A number of Austrian officers boarded our train and escorted us across their territory to Landau on the German side, where we found ourselves at nine o'clock on the morning of August the

twenty-first, trying to get breakfast, an utterly hopeless task, for the so-called "Americans" like a cloud of locusts, had preceeded us everywhere and what they could not eat they carried off and concealed in their car compartments. After a delay of an hour or two, we got away at slow speed, say fifteen miles an hour, in a northeast direction, but no one could find out where we were going, but we were going and that was the main thing to be desired. Throughout the day the natives along our route gathered at the stations, smiled and cheered us while our own travelling companions waved frantically the American flag from the car windows and wore one on their bosoms as if they, without these badges, might be mistaken for citizens of some other country. For loyalty to America I never before witnessed their like. Not until our train pulled into the Augsburg railway station did we know where we were and then found we had been travelling around about Bavaria, keeping as far off from the mobilization and government trains as possible, and this was late in the night when we reached Augsburg.

August the twenty-second we spent travelling between Augsburg and Coblenz on the Rhine, going by way of Frankfort. This was a most interesting day along the railway tracks. Soldiers were placed at every bridge and station and at distances apart on the line of not over a mile so that the whole line was under the inspection of these guards. Each station had been converted into a little Red Cross Hospital most of them with beds where the wounded and sick could be cared for, and nurses in their pretty uniforms could be seen at these stations and they were offering fruits and flowers at the same time soliciting contributions to the Red Cross funds. They were all ready to act when the emergency came and it was reported that in a few hours over ten thousand wounded soldiers and prisoners were to arrive and be distributed along these station towns. We saw many gatherings of the natives along the route—who had come down to see the Americans go through. No trains were to be seen. Ours appeared to be the only one left and it was, as such, a curiosity. All the engines and cars of every kind had been sent to the front

with soldiers and supplies. The great railway station at Frankfort-on-Main, where we had been so often in June and July, was a deserted dismal place. The tracks were strewn with newspapers, debris, old boxes, etc. We did not leave the cars, being advised to remain lest we be taken for English and insulted by the ignorant citizens. This city appeared hit the hardest by the war of any place we entered. All work on the scores of new buildings in course of erection had been stopped. All factories had suspended work and the streets usually so filled with a bustling crowd, were dead or paralysed.

All day we had been travelling through a rich farming country. It was harvest time, the fields were full of ripened grain, but no one but women and children were ever seen, or if there were men they invariably had the musket strung across their shoulder. After we left Frankfort we ran along the east bank of the Rhine, stopping at the many attractive little stations where we were treated to songs and refreshments till darkness settled down over the scene soon after passing Coblenz. The sun went down that evening making a sight long to be remembered, for a dense black cloud arose covering entirely its southern half and leaving the northern half clear and crimson and its effect on the western sky was so peculiar that a superstitious person might have imagined many horrors yet to come. We were now in close touch with the great German army along the Rhine. We began to pass more frequent trains—trains of cars loaded with soldiers, most of them freight cars with holes cut in their side to admit air and these were packed with new recruits *en route* for the front. Also trains of supplies, nearly everything one could think of seemed to have been loaded on these, such as barbed wire and machinery, and bridge material and boats. I saw all of these and much more on the way and these trains always had the right of way and we the right to switch off and let them pass us.

About seven o'clock on the morning of August twenty-third we were awakened by the knock of the Holland custom officers at our door and we knew that we were then passing out of Germany

into Holland, that little land of safety; an island as it were, in the midst of a stormy sea.

The officers barely said Good Morning, and without any other examination than being assured we were Americans, left us, while I hastily raised the window shade only to find that we were standing upon a great long iron bridge spanning the River Rhine with a broad marsh on either side. The bridge was alive with Dutch soldiers who had erected between the tracks long lines of little tents and as the bridge was a mile long, there must have been many hundreds of these men guarding this important entrance into Holland. Great iron doors at each end of the bridge were being slowly opened to allow our train to pass and while this was being done all our windows were ordered closed by the guard and we were requested not to look out or to be inquisitive, but we did peep out and up and down the opposite shore; on the Holland side of the bridge as far as the eyes could reach we saw long lines of military camps and tents of every size and description with men passing to and fro among them. Lines of camp fires were burning in front of these tents, a kettle was hanging over each and the steam and smoke were rising in the early morning air, making altogether a scene I had never witnessed before. This was the frontier of Holland and I afterward found that no less than 300,000 men were at this time guarding her neutrality along her borders.

Our train finally got away after a detention of an hour or two and soon the towers and spires of Dordrecht assured us that we were on familiar ground once more and had left behind all those unhappy and troubled scenes that we had lately passed. By eleven o'clock we had reached Rotterdam.

We started out in pursuit of a place to remain for the three weeks which we were obliged to spend here before our steamer was to sail for home. From one hotel to another we drove, but all were filled to overflowing with the great rush of foreigners who had sought refuge here and who were waiting to get away if a way offered itself. Among these were people from every land under

the sun who were fleeing from the scenes of war and bloodshed and this port was about the last continental port remaining open by which they could escape. Finding no place in Rotterdam where we could lay our heads in peace I remembered my past experience in motoring about these countries which taught us, whenever we arrived at a hotel or town which was overflowing or where the hotel could not extend to us the accommodation which we desired, to leave that place and proceed to the next town or the next, and so on till we found what we required. Remembering this, I secured an automobile and we started away first to Delft and thence to The Hague where we found very satisfactory accommodations and settled down for the night at the Hotel Paulez, tired and hungry after an exciting and busy day. The next morning, August twenty-fourth, I took a carriage and we drove about the city and though I had visited this place in 1909 when I was motoring about Holland, for some reason I did not obtain then a true conception of the size or beauty of this famous old town. I suppose it was due to the fact that we put up then at Schevengen, the seaside resort a couple miles away, which at that time was fascinating with the bathing and social life at the height of the summer season.

On our drive we passed by the great Peace Palace and lingered for a time beside its great iron gates. Everything about it was still as death, a few pigeons hovered over its lofty gables and a bright sun helped to dispel the gloom which filled the place. At such a time a place like this seems but a hollow mockery while the nations are all at war, yet it was here that these great nations so lately met and declared they would have war no more. Here the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of England and the people of France have affixed their seals by erecting monuments or placing some sign of their loyalty to this great temple of peace. It only goes to prove how transitory are the things of this earth; how uncertain the ways of man.

I hope still that the day will come when a congress of all the nations will meet here to discuss their differences and settle them

without resorting to the sword, that relic of the past, of the ages of barbarism. I wonder if that will ever come to pass.

August the twenty-fifth found some of my party dissatisfied with The Hague and desirous of going to Amsterdam, so it was decided to go there tomorrow and stop at the Hotel Brack Dolen, pleasantly situated in the midst of the city bustle, where our time could be enjoyably spent.

On coming out from breakfast that morning an American approached me, asked about my plans and pleasures in a very gentlemanly way and told me he was going to Berlin on business. It was only after a conversation of at least ten minutes that it occurred to me that he was Mr. Breckenridge, the assistant secretary of the U. S. Treasury, who had just arrived at The Hague with three or four million dollars for the relief of Americans in Europe and that the U. S. warship *Tennessee* which brought him over was now anchored in the harbor. In the afternoon, with one of our ladies, I engaged a cab and we drove out to Scheveningen. *En route* there, on a narrow country road, we met Queen Wilhelmina and her mother, who were riding in an open barouche with a coachman and footman both in brilliant costumes, and the horses were also dressed in gay attire. When the carriage came along by our side I lifted my hat in the very best style I could command, for I have a very great respect for Holland's lovely queen and have had since she was a babe in arms and have always been interested in reading about her. In return she smiled and bowed in a most agreeable manner. Her appearance would not suggest a queen, for her dress and manner were that of the ordinary well dressed people which she desires to be like. She is a large woman and plain in looks today, and little like those girlish pictures I have seen, although I could have recognized her easily anywhere from the pictures I have seen.

On our return to the hotel, while alighting at the door, the Queen's husband came up in an automobile (Prince Henry). He is a well preserved looking fellow, but carries nothing about him to suggest anything but a kind of drone in the hive of human

industry, a useless piece of humanity, but perhaps I ought not say this for I know but little about him.

At Scheveningen, as we drove along the sea front, vast gatherings of rough seafaring men occupied the walks and seats. There were thousands of them loitering about. Upon inquiry, I found they were North Sea fishermen who had been driven home by the English war vessels patrolling this body of water. The great hotels here were all closed for the season already—the war and troubles caused by it had sent the host of visitors who usually are here at this season to their continental homes.

August the twenty-sixth, I returned by rail from Amsterdam to Rotterdam in order to recover our several trunks or pieces of baggage which, when we left, were buried at the station beneath a perfect mountain of baggage which had accumulated. After a great deal of hard work, I succeeded in getting them and having them sent along by train to Amsterdam. With all our trunks safely around us we settled down to a quiet life once more. We soon found that "war news," as in Switzerland, was pretty generally suppressed and kept away from the people. After a while I found a way of getting the *London Times* and with that, I was able to follow daily the war situation very well, as the paper came quite regularly the day following its publication.

I awakened next morning, August twenty-seventh, much refreshed, after a most comfortable night's sleep, relaxed and rested for the first time since we left Lucerne a week ago that evening. I was very happy to be there and especially happy that we had steamer accommodations reserved by the S. S. *New Amsterdam*, for there seemed to be thousands of people thereabouts seeking steamer space. Of course, it would be furnished in time but some of them were likely to be detained a long time or be obliged to accept very inferior accommodation.

I love Switzerland. They were very kind to us when we were obliged to stay there with them, but we were like prisoners there, hemmed in on every side and we felt unhappy that we had to remain unwilling guests at their table. Here it was somewhat

different. We were still unwilling guests but these Hollanders appeared to be such opulent hosts. Their fields were filled with fattened cattle and their markets overflowing with milk and honey and all things good. Besides that, they were in touch with the outside world and as guests we felt we were not in the way. The shops, it was evident, were feeling the effects of the war, particularly the jewelry and costly goods shops. Having nothing else to do we were tempted to visit them and look over their marvelous bargains and sometimes to trade with them when they descended in their price quotation to an abnormal level, as they did the day I purchased for my niece, Bess Wellington, a lovely little pearl and diamond pendant for a song. There were no buyers in these shops and the dealers were extremely anxious to sell for they all seemed to have a concealed belief that before this great war was over, Holland would yet be drawn into the conflict and all would be lost.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth, we all started early for an excursion by steamer out through the canals to the Zuyder Zee and to an island there called Marken. *En route*, we called at Broek, the Spotless Town made famous by the "Sapolio" advertising. This place is renowned for its antiquary shops and its cheese factories, and is a centre of the great "Edam Cheese" industry (Edam being close at hand). When motoring in Holland in 1907, we found out this little place and enjoyed its hospitality at that time so it did not appear entirely new to us. We lunched at an artists' resort in the Zuyder Zee and spent an hour or two on the island watching those peculiarly dressed islanders and sea-faring people and visited some of their homes, after which the steamer returned to Amsterdam and we reached our hotel about six o'clock. On our arrival home, we learned that the English and French were being driven back into Paris and it was feared that it was only a question of hours before the Germans would enter the city.

August twenty-ninth, we visited the great museum and saw that famous collection of paintings by Rembrandt, Franz Hals and other Holland masters. When one stands in front of the "Night Watch"

one cannot help but wonder why one man should possess such extraordinary gifts as he who was able to do this piece of work and that the same great gift is given to so few during the ages. Excepting the great Madonna in Dresden by Raphael, this "Night Watch" is the most wonderful picture I have ever seen and I feel in their presence like taking my hat off and being quiet. I have not this same feeling when viewing any other pictures I have ever seen.

I should like to see a school of art started in America following along the lines of these ancient schools of Holland and Italy. I cannot see why, with proper encouragement, the men of the twentieth century are not as able to conquer and reach this high plane of art as the old burghers of the middle ages. Perhaps more than one generation would be required to do it, but it can and ought to be done. If I were a young man, instead of what I am, I should at least make an effort to originate such a school in America. This country has now become rich and its people are beginning to turn away from money getting and to take up the collecting of art works and are thinking more about things beautiful than ever before. It seems to me therefore the psychological time for some one to start such a movement.

As far as I can ascertain, the Holland people, owing to the recollection of the Boer War and their consequent ill feeling toward the British, feel disposed to sympathise with the German cause. They wouldn't admit that openly but it seemed to me from what I could gather there that such was their feeling.

August thirtieth: Had a cable that day from Dudley which made us feel that we were still in the world and had a part in its affairs. It had been so long since we had any letters or news from home that we had begun to feel as if we were not a part of it at all. These Holland people never would speak of the war unless you spoke to them first about it. They had their own papers and might have new and startling news from the front, but on no account would they refer to it unless you asked them and even then spoke in the most guarded manner. We Americans talked of it from

morning till night, yet I do not see that it amounted to anything and perhaps the Holland way is better—that is, try to forget it.

August the thirty-first at last arrived. What a long month this was and how troublesome! When I looked back over this period since we crossed into Switzerland from Germany it seemed a long drawn out dream, a kind of nightmare. Amsterdam, at its best, is not an attractive place to stop in for a long stay. The people here were too fully occupied with their own affairs to make it interesting for people like us. They watched us as we wandered about their streets with great curiosity as if we were God's own anointed, and I really believe they were envious of us: of our nation, so out of all these European troubles, so free and above all, from their point of view, so rich, for the Hollanders have a great fondness for riches and imagine all Americans are made of money.

September first: The weather continued bright and beautiful. I called at the steamship office to pay the balance due upon my tickets to N. Y. They accepted my check on a New York Bank for it saved me the trouble and expense of getting Holland money. This also showed the confidence they have in us Americans, which was flattering.

We Americans discussed the future of our country. What were we to do to prevent a nation like Germany coming over and seizing our cities as they seized Belgian towns and demanding high ransoms. It seemed to most of us that we had to get wisdom from the lesson taught here and build up a line of defense against enemies. What is this defense to be? We certainly do not want to do as Germany has done—make our country a great military camp. No, better we increase our navy and provide defense for our coasts and train our school children to drill and to handle a gun and to be patriotic, but omit the big army. That seems to me to be the right programme, but in addition to that, I would have both North and South America bound together for mutual protection with one navy and that big enough to show the rest of the world that they must let this continent alone.

The training of our school children into young soldiers, teaching

them to respect their superiors and making them efficient, might most advantageously be made a part of our common school education. The discipline this training would afford would be as valuable to them as any part of their education.

September second: The clouds of war appeared darker every day. The Germans were on their way to Paris and it was the universal opinion in Amsterdam that they would reach there, but we hoped that the French might check this horde before they became drunk with their successes, in which case there would be no stopping them in their mad course.

I could not but believe that the allied forces would win eventually, that they would be too strong for even this mighty fighting machine of the Germans, who had been preparing for forty years for this very war. Germany might be, and I felt was, the fittest and most progressive nation in the world then, but till her military spirit had been subdued, she could never take the place intended for her among civilized nations. Like the United States with her slavery plague, Germany had to go through fire in order to purge her of this dross of militarism.

September third: The hotel manager told me that were Germany to conquer France they would undoubtedly take Belgium, Holland and the Balkan countries, forming a vast German empire and that he believed that each of these smaller countries would come into the German Empire as individual states and that it would be better for them all if that were done, for "how can little Holland keep up an army of 300,000 men as she is now doing?" The confederation would save the most of this at least, and might give them peace and that is what they all are after.

By September the fourth we were still waiting for our steamship to carry us away. It was extremely dull and uninteresting. The days were long and tiresome. We read the *London Times*, but that was so pessimistic that one felt more depressed than ever after reading it. Of course, it is difficult for an English paper to be cheerful when the English army is being swept along with the French toward Paris like dirt before a steam shovel.

What a pity these intelligent Christian countries cannot come together in a high court of arbitration, submit their briefs and have their contentions settled there rather than in this horrid, cruel manner. This method of adjustment surely will come but I fear it may not in my day. News reached us September fourth that the Germans had captured 70,000 Russians in Eastern Prussia and also that in Galicia the Russians had taken as many Austrians. Surely the war is progressing and the stakes are high.

September sixth: This was a beautiful sabbath morning. We went out for a walk in the park. Here are thousands of cyclists whirling about in every direction. I like to see them; they seem to have so much enjoyment over here with their cycles speeding along over the beautiful smooth park roads. This seems a much saner way of getting pleasure and exercise than the keeping of horses or automobiles which, for the masses, are extravagant and yet are indulged in by many Americans who can ill afford it and have to deny themselves many of the pleasures of life just to keep up this show and appearance of wealth. I dislike greatly to see our young men and tradespeople, who I know cannot afford it, running about in a motor car. The cycle would be much better for them. There will doubtless be a reaction by and by and our employees will learn to use the bicycle in their daily work and for their pleasure too, rather than hunger for these more expensive and less satisfying toys.

September seventh, and with it came some of our long lost letters; many of them had been sent to Lucerne and from there sent back to us here. All had been torn open by the censors before they were allowed to come through. It makes one feel "mad clear through" to have one's own private letters read over in this way, but it is a part of war (a little tiny part) of which all is bad and disagreeable.

News came here this morning that our steamer, the *New Amsterdam* had been arrested on her way out by a French war vessel and taken to Brest, a French port; that several hundred German-Americans on board were taken prisoners, her cargo con

fiscated and detained several days and that we doubtless would not be able to get away on the twelfth. This was bad news indeed, but we could only hope for the best and wait.

September ninth: Will war ever cease? Can it be avoided while mankind inhabits the earth? Is it not a law of nature to keep the earth from becoming overpopulated? Does this law not apply to both the animal and vegetable kingdom as well? As soon as any species grows too prolific and powerful, an enemy appears to reduce its numbers. This war came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky and I have no longer faith in human nature. Great battles are today reported in progress in France, in Belgium and still another in Galicia, or the East. What a world it is and how much sorrow and unhappiness! It seems to me today as if the Kaiser or his advisers were alone responsible for it all. If such is the case—if history proves this to be so, then I hope the people of the nations will seize this power from rulers and kings and take it in their own hands, for whom does war concern except the people?

September eleventh we left for Rotterdam to board our steamer, which sailed on schedule time. After seeing our baggage down to the ship, we returned to Hotel Weimer for dinner, after which we returned to the ship for the night and to the beautiful rooms which had been made ready for us.

We awakened early next morning, the twelfth, to find ourselves out in the open sea quite out of sight of land. The steamer appeared like a great bee hive with its eighteen hundred passengers filling every nook and corner of the ship. We soon found the service was impaired, which was explained by the fact that the French had taken off at Brest all the German servants, cooks and other assistants and their places had been filled with new or green hands, who were not yet acquainted with their duties. Later in the day we were stopped by an English cruiser as we were entering the English Channel. Officers came aboard, examined the ship's papers and then left us, while we started again on our route, but it was only a very short time when we were again stopped—this time opposite Dover. The officers again came aboard,

ordered our captain to take down the wireless apparatus and left after putting a pilot on board to see us through the channel. The straits of Dover were swarming with war craft of every description and from this point of view, it did seem as if little England fairly bristled with the war spirit which possessed her.

Oh, what will her future be? That question was foremost in my thoughts. What is this war going to do for or against our dear old England—a country I love so well? Will she be the great England as in the past, is now, or will she be a greater England? I cannot think of her being shorn of any glory she now possesses.

I discovered here that all our life boats (and there were scores of them) were hanging over the vessel's side near the water. It was not necessary to ask the reason for this for it told its own story. We were close to those terrible mines which might blow the great ship to pieces in an instant and if the boats were near the water it would perhaps save time. Our English pilot guided the ship carefully along through a crooked saw tooth channel for a few miles and we breathed easy again and when we retired at ten o'clock, commenced to think we had run the gauntlet and were safely out on the great ocean highway where only the storm and the tempest had any right to be, and of this we had little fear in September, for generally the ocean is in a genial mood at this season.

About daylight next morning, September thirteenth, I was awakened by our steamer coming to a full stop so I immediately arose, looked out of my window, to see right close along side of us one of those great British superdreadnoughts, the first I had ever seen. She seemed a great mass of guns and heavy steel decks and was on the whole, a rough looking customer. Her captain or officer, was instructing our captain to take down his wireless and keep it down and our captain was trying to persuade the officer that it was a human necessity on board his ship and for the safety of his passengers. Appeals were useless, the wireless had to come down, for the dreadnought swung

around in front of our vessel, took that position and waited till all was to her satisfaction and then drew away and let us go on our way, which we did rejoicing. All this occurred near the Scilly Island and on either side of us on the horizon could be seen other war vessels which were guarding the coast, both French and English. The dreadnought had only dropped from sight when our wireless was again restored to its position. Our route was changed to a more northerly course and we were soon apparently lost in the great waste of waters, only to find ourselves after several days facing the northern coast of Newfoundland.

The morning of September twentieth found us plowing our way through a beautiful summer sea. The morning was bright and lovely and the waters about us like a great glimmering mirror with scarcely a ripple anywhere to be seen. There was enough of sparkle and freshness in the air to suggest that autumn was near at hand making every passenger, as he or she came on deck exclaim, How beautiful! We breathed our native air once more for we were now sailing along the New England coast. I have become very fond of the sea since these great 20,000 ton vessels have come into existence—so different from those little smelly tubs of fifty years ago. In those days an ocean voyage was a continuous performance of misery and discomfort.

It was early Monday morning, September twenty-first, that the *New Amsterdam* slowly pulled into the wharf at the foot of Christopher Street and by eight-thirty we were again on American soil. Our children and grandchildren too were there to meet and greet us and happy we were to feel that the voyage was ended and we were all safe at home once more. The summer had been filled with anxiety and trouble but it was all over now. However, those war-like scenes we have witnessed and experiences we have passed through will remain indelibly stamped upon our memories forever.

FAMILY REUNIONS

I HAVE always felt that it was good that families and the different members should act in harmony with each other, that in union there is strength, that all the different members of the family should at times get together and keep in close touch with each other and work, as far as possible, for the benefit of each other. In a word when it comes to family matters there should be entire harmony and union.

It is most natural when the children are grown and have families of their own to separate and grow apart, one going one way and one another until all interest in each other is lost. This is a great mistake and ought be avoided.

On several occasions during my life I have sought to bring about by family reunions better relations between the different members of the family, and I feel sure that they have been productive of good and that all the members of the family have become better acquainted and the ties between them made stronger by these gatherings.

The first one of these family reunions was held in Monroe, Michigan, at the Grandfather Bates' home. As the children were quite small, uncles and aunts, cousins and old friends met with us, and by tents and other makeshifts we were able to entertain a party of twenty-five or thirty members of the family and others. It was a very pleasant affair and good for us all.

The next one took place a number of years later in 1913 when our entire family met in Montreal, Canada, at or about Christmas time. This too was a very delightful gathering and also kept the family connections closer and better.

A few years after that the family reunion took place in the Adirondacks at the Big Wolf Pond where all the direct members of the family and a great many more distant relatives gathered. This was on our Golden Wedding anniversary. There were

probably thirty members of the family present on this occasion. The Club House was set aside for our use. Large tables were provided, and a chef from New York took entire charge of the kitchen arrangements.

Philip Torchio of Bronxville, a friend of the family and also an electrical engineer, brought up large storage batteries and he wired the Club House for electric lights as well as the grounds round about, and even the lake by his magical arrangements.

A week or ten days was spent here upon this occasion and each member of the family had an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with all the other members.

The next reunion which followed this took place at our home in Daytona, Florida, during the holiday week of 1919-1920. This was a regular Christmas party. An orange tree filled with fruit directly under the porch entrance was wired and lighted with electricity. Japanese lanterns were hung from the entrance gate to the portico and in all the trees near by.

Quite elaborate arrangements were made for the housing and care of the party of twenty-two members of the family. A tent was pitched out on the grounds near the Christmas tree. The adjoining house and grounds of Mrs. Wellington were pressed into service so that the entire party could be cared for as comfortably as at home.

It was so arranged that the party should arrive by train from the North, reaching the house at about eight or nine o'clock in the evening. The older ones well remember the effect of such a change as this from the northern climate, the sudden appearance at the entrance gate of the poinsettias, hibiscus and roses which were in full bloom and at their very best.

They arrived the night previous to Christmas Eve so they were able to join on the following day in the making of preparations for the Christmas festivities. Some of the smaller children present, who had never been to Florida before and had never seen these sub-tropical fruits and flowers, were quite stunned with

these first impressions and it was delightful to see them and their way of expressing their wonder and astonishment.

This reunion lasted about ten days and they all returned home to their usual school duties and natural surroundings. I am sure they all became better acquainted and united by stronger ties to each other by this holiday party in Florida.



SARAH BATES LAWRENCE

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

A STORY READ BEFORE THE FAMILY ASSEMBLY AT

BIG WOLF LAKE, AUG. 22, 1917

IF I tell you my experiences at all, I must go back to the very beginning or *fifty years from this very day*, or worse still, I will go back, say six months before that, when the trouble really began.

I was then a mere boy, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. You all know about boys of that age—they are “reckless adventurers,” “dare-devils,” going about hunting for trouble. They are ready for anything—love, war, or excitement—any kind of a thing, it’s all the same to them.

At the time I am speaking of, the great Civil War had just passed, the whole world was at peace, and a great general monotony ruled the universe. In fact, it was a time when there was “*nothing doing*.”

As said before, I was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four. I, like the others at that age, lacked a governor or balance wheel and was going “kinder reckless.” Just at this time, I happened one day to pick up a newspaper and as my eyes ran over its contents, they were suddenly arrested by a paragraph down in one corner, which read something like this. “There is a little town out in Michigan called Monroe, which claims to possess eighty fair maidens of marriageable age (everyone a queen) and only four bachelors.”

I was at once interested and after reading the thing over three or four times, I resolved to go out to Monroe at once and see for myself what was the matter with these four young men. It was the true spirit of chivalry and adventure that possessed me, and I was soon on the way to Monroe. It was a rash thing to do, of course, and it is just here, where my first experience which I wish to tell about, begins.

No sooner had I arrived in Monroe, than I was seized upon by that crowd of eighty fair maidens and before I knew it, I had surrendered ignominiously, and that before those four valiant knights whom I had gone to rescue had been heard from. I found out later, that they were positively no good anyway, a lot of "culls" who had been "picked over" and "discarded," till they had no self-respect left, so they offered me no assistance whatever. I had not only surrendered, but I was tied and positively engaged before being allowed to leave town.

Now this is a frank, open confession on my part, of how I came to get trapped and it will, no doubt, serve as a warning to other young men of twenty-three or twenty-four to beware of newspaper "ads."

Now, I will take you with me (if not already tired) to another little experience in this connection. It is the wedding ceremony that was celebrated fifty years ago tomorrow, at three o'clock at the Bates Homestead in old Monroe. The day, as I remember it, opened bright and beautiful. I awakened with the birds, which seemed to be singing in every tree, and their music never before sounded half so sweet. I arose, walked into the garden and along the street, everywhere I went, the flowers seemed to follow, and I never saw them bloom so fair before. I came to the river—that grand old River Raisin of my boyhood, and as I looked down upon it, it seemed to laugh and sing as it pranced along over its flower strewn banks on its way to the sea. Nature—all nature, was *en fête* that day—that 22nd of August, 1867. The old town of Monroe appeared to me dressed in its "very best," to brace and cheer the parting guest.

As the wedding hour approached, troops of ladies, and here and there a man, might have been seen wending their way toward the Bates Homestead where the wedding was about to take place, and ere long the house was filled to overflowing. The eighty fair maidens were all there and so were the four old bachelors, for a wedding in old Monroe was no ordinary or common affair.

In due course, the bride appeared, leaning on the arm of her

father, who was to give her away. She was dressed in a gray poplin travelling dress, cut off just below the knees, similar to those of today, worn by girls of twenty along the Avenue. She wore a bewitching little hat and as she walked up to the improvised altar through that difficult passage made by the seventy-nine remaining fair maidens, I *privately expressed to myself* the deliberate opinion which I have adhered to from that day to this—that of the whole collection of eighty maidens, there present, (and which the newspapers had made so much fuss over), my chosen bride was the very best one of all. Up to the time when the bride appeared with her father, I had been concealed, packed away in a dark corner or closet, and only came forth in time to meet the bride at the altar. I came forward trembling like an aspen leaf in a stiff breeze, my knees knocking together. I was dressed in a pair of lilac trousers, bought especially for the occasion, and a white vest. As for coat and necktie, I suppose I wore them, but I can only remember positively those trousers and those knocking knees, which remain in my memory the most conspicuous features of the whole ceremony. Two fine, old Presbyterian clergymen were there to *tie the knot*—one to preach, the other to pray, and they both did their part well and only pronounced us man and wife when they had become exhausted from much preaching and praying.

After the ceremony and a short reception, we loaded into one of Monroe's finest and best "old hacks" and amid showers of old shoes and other gentle marks of affection, we departed *en route* for Niagara Falls—that mecca of all bridal parties of the period.

The following day found us all dressed in our "very best," down under the falls in the Cave of the Winds, where we were attracted either by the name, (which suggested some quiet nook for brides and grooms) or perhaps, we were led there by a divine providence to receive the baptism from the Father of Waters, which we certainly did get, in a most bountiful drenching and without stint of any kind. That pretty travelling dress and bewitching hat of the day before, presented a sad appearance now, as it went flying through the air on its way to the hotel nearby,

through a troop of boys that were laughing and jeering us as boys will when a chance offers to poke fun at brides and grooms.

From Niagara, we went to Horseheads to find there another experience of *great value for young married people*, which I must recount for the benefit of those contemplating marriage.

We went to Horseheads because here lived my mother and a host of relatives, to whom I wanted to exhibit my new bride and who were as anxious to see, as I was to show her. When the hour for our reception approached, the relatives began to assemble. Some came on foot, some on horseback, some in buggies, across lots, alone, and in company—it was a “motley crowd” that gathered on this celebrated occasion to take a look at the new blossom that had appeared on the family tree.

I was not long in discovering that the bride had made “a hit” among them, or if I had not been able to detect it, I soon would have known it, by the punches I received in the ribs and whispers in the ear, saying “she is a Peach” or “You’re pretty smart Will, to catch that girl.” I thought so too, and my bosom began to swell with emotional pride, but this was not to last, for just then a dear old uncle—the one who had six years before discovered me in the wilderness, and brought me out in the light, sent me down to New York and started me on my business career—this old uncle came forward and right out in meeting, remarked—“William, do you feel that you have accumulated enough of this world’s goods to feel warranted in taking to yourself a wife?”

It was like the report of a big gun from a masked battery right in your face. It stunned me. I looked at the bride and she appeared to repeat the question and ask, Do you? I began, and after an almost superhuman effort, managed to say—“Well, Uncle Henry, whether I have or not, its too late now. Don’t let’s talk about it”—and we didn’t. He soon left us, and he looked as if he was doing a lot of thinking and as for me, I was thinking pretty hard too, and I kept thinking for a few years after that evening. In fact, that remark of Uncle’s kept constantly ringing in my ears.

After this visit at Horseheads, a short stop in New York and Saratoga, we might have been found cozily settled in a tiny little home in Montreal. The year before we were married I had started in business on my own account in that city. It was a little mite of a business, or seed that I had planted there, but I had faithfully cultivated and watered it for a year and I had great faith that it would grow to something. My bride had now become the best of partners. She attended well the ways of her household and I watched well the infant business and under the joint management we soon began accumulating the things necessary to make and support a home. Economy and thrift were the watchword of those days in both home and business. For about seven years we continued to cultivate and water that little sprout of business, at the end of which time, it had grown into a thrifty bush and we were getting that ever-ringing remark of Uncle Henry's out of our ears and felt that we were standing on firmer ground.

From 1874 to 1888, a period of fourteen years, our experiences were more variegated, for now we had not only the business to cultivate and water, but by this time, we had four of the five sturdy infants still remaining that had been given to us, a regular quartette, that required much harrowing and much watering to keep them, like the business, in good condition. They were rapidly coming to the front and their education and future welfare was a constant topic for conversation. The long, cold Canadian winters and the fact that Canada was not our native country, that Canadians never did seem like Americans to us, kept us constantly considering a return to the States, perhaps to New York, to live. The future of our children at last decided this matter for we were unwilling for them to be educated, or perhaps to form attachments with other Canadians and so lose their rights to American citizenship. That became the deciding question and in 1888 we packed up and with our children, came to New York to live. By this time, my Canadian business had become an incorporated company, *with Uncle John well seated in the saddle,*

so I could leave it, and besides that, the business so modestly begun, had outgrown Canada, and was getting a foothold in the United States and many foreign countries.

Our arrival in New York was surely the beginning of a new experience. Our home of twenty-two years in Canada had been broken up and abandoned forever. There was nothing left to do but start afresh. We resolved to let up on harrowing and watering that business, and concentrate all our efforts on harrowing and watering the children and, incidentally, take a little rest between times. This worked well enough for a time, while we travelled from the bottom of Mexico to the top of North Cape, and while the novelty of being in New York and comparing its Great White Ways to the ways in Montreal, but this could not last. Idleness had never been a factor in our lives. We tried, but could not resist the current that was constantly sweeping us forward into business and active lives again and ere we were aware of it, we were back harrowing and watering the business, after the old methods, as well as the children.

There are other experiences I might tell you of, had I the time—and of some experiences, even since those of 1888 and 1890, but you know them all, and that they are not worth the telling anyway. Were you to ask which was the most interesting period of our lives, when our experiences were richest and best, I should say from 1873 to 1883. This was that period of our lives when we did our best work; were the years of greatest activity, the years, when we sent out many ships that came home well laden, and quite a fleet of others that were stranded on reefs or rocks and are still out. At any rate, these ten years were filled especially with experiences which I cannot tell you about today.

When I look about me and see this interesting group of relatives and friends, of children and grandchildren, gathered here today, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that wedding which took place in old Monroe on the 22nd of August, 1867, my mind naturally turns backward over the path leading from that scene fifty years ago, to this on "Big Wolf Pond," over that path,

which the bride of that day and I have travelled together. If over that path there have been clouds, I see them not today, I only remember the sunshine, the golden fruits and flowers, and its everwinding, never-tiring course, through fields Elysian, and had I the power today, to turn back the clock of recorded time and again meet the bride of fifty years ago today, as I did at that ceremony, I would gladly go back and travel it all over again.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE I HAVE MET

QUEEN VICTORIA: We were spending a few weeks in Nice many years ago when one morning, while out for a walk, and passing a villa where the Queen was stopping, I was fortunate enough to see her come out of the gate and get into her little low (specially built) carriage, swung so low that it was but a few inches above the ground and but a step to enter. It was drawn by a diminutive looking horse which was driven by an undersized driver. She was at that time very stout and seemed entirely out of proportion to her establishment in every way. It was rather a funny exhibition as she drove away and suggested anything but royalty. It was a morning ride, however, and intended to be strictly private.

King Edward: Walking with my wife one bright Sunday morning in Green Park, London, I noticed a couple of gentlemen following close behind and that one of them was the King. We walked slowly and let him pass, following close behind for some distance. They were smoking and in earnest conversation, till they, in passing, saw a pretty baby in a little carriage which the King appeared to recognize and stopped to play with the child and speak to its lady attendant. We saw in the papers next morning that the King had walked the day before to Green Park with an Austrian Prince.

King George and Queen Mary: While stopping at the Windsor Hotel in Montreal, during the period Prince George was in Canada, I saw the pair as they drove away from the house. They made but little better appearance than the Queen, his mother.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland: I was driving in a carriage one day in 1914 with Agnes Wellington on the road between The Hague and Scheveningen when we saw coming up in front of us the Queen's coach with coachman and footman on the box all in

shining and dazzling dress. We pulled out, giving them over half of the road, which at this point was narrow, while they passed. The Queen saw that we were Americans and bowed in a most gracious manner which I answered with a tip of the hat. Her mother accompanied her.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy: While visiting an Industrial Exhibition in Rome one day in the '80's, the King was going about at the same time, with the Queen by his side, so we had plenty of time to look him over well. Dudley was then only about ten years old and could not be restrained from following close at the feet of the King, who seemed to fascinate him. We saw both King and Queen frequently down on the streets of Rome.

Lord and Lady Dufferin, while Governor General of Canada, were constantly in public places. We met them once at a ball at the Windsor Hotel and were introduced to them there.

Charles Frances, Archduke of Austria: This gentleman who has the credit of being the cause of the great world's war of 1914, (having been assassinated with his wife at Sarajevo) was taking the cure at Carlsbad in 1913 and stopping at the "Koönigsvilla Hotel," where we were, and which overlooked the town. He took his meals regularly in the public dining room quite near us and we became quite familiar with his looks and manners during the weeks we were thrown together here, as we did also with the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, who was visiting there at the same time.

One day the Austrian came in with his staff of four other young officers of the army, all in a rollicking good humor, when one of his aids who was reading aloud from a newspaper, dropped into his chair before the Duke, forgetting for the moment a point of etiquette, which the Duke resented by standing erect until a brother officer aroused the forgetful one with a kick. He jumped up in a hurry; the Duke sat down and was then followed by the others as usual. He gave a dinner to the town dignitaries while there and offended them very much by lecturing them on their shortcomings and wanting in loyalty to the Crown. Everywhere he went he created ill feeling and enemies.

Lord Lorne and Princess Louise: Lord Lorne was Governor General of Canada for several years while I was a resident of Montreal. I saw them frequently. When Louise first came to Canada, she tried to introduce court customs but failed altogether in this and became as democratic as others who had preceded her, and was liked by the people.

President Hayes: During the administration of President Hayes I was walking one day in the neighborhood of the White House when I met Mr. Willets of Monroe, Michigan, a congressman and an old acquaintance of mine. He said, "Come, let us go in and see the President," and before I had time to reply, we were through the gate and at the door. We, to my surprise, were ushered directly into the President's office where we found him seated at his desk. Mr. Willets explained to him that I was a business man from Montreal, and when he learned that I was not a Canadian but an American and formerly from Mr. Willet's own town, he began to ask a long series of questions about Canadian sports and Canadian life and made me feel perfectly at home at once. After a very pleasant call we withdrew and I could only conclude that Mr. Willets was more than a casual friend of the President.

President W. H. Harrison: My friend, Frank Paul, and I went down from Montreal to the inauguration of Harrison. We listened to his address in a driving storm.

President Cleveland: I saw this president many times during his administration. I met him and was introduced to him by General Bates, my brother-in-law, at the Hotel Victoria in New York, while passing through the office. He had just arrived and was on his way to his room when we met.

President U. S. Grant: During the Civil War I saw Grant on several occasions passing by in a carriage going through New York either to Washington or to the West, and, in the same manner, I saw him once or twice after he became President. I always thought Grant a man of good fortune, a creature of circumstance, rather than a man whose great ability and patriotism had carried him to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

President Abraham Lincoln: On several occasions during the Civil War, I saw Mr. Lincoln at a distance and, after his assassination, while his remains lay in state at the City Hall in New York I viewed them in his casket. His face was much discolored, but otherwise it was perfectly natural and life like. Since that scene I can never look upon his portrait or statue without this face of his as I saw it in the casket coming into my mind's eye.

President William McKinley: This President was a member of the Union League Club in New York, where I was also a member, and I saw him often there and in other places.

President Theodore Roosevelt was also a member of the Union League and I used to see him often there at lunch and about the club rooms. He would always attract attention to himself by his earnest, emphatic manner and conversation.

President W. H. Taft: I came into personal touch with this President perhaps more than with any other for he was a golf player as well as a regular visitor and member of the Union League. I met him frequently and talked with him at the Hotel Bon Air in Augusta, Georgia, also at the Homestead in Hot Springs, Virginia. He was a genial, affable gentleman whom everybody liked.

Robert Lincoln, son of Abraham, I used to meet at the Hotel Bon Air in Augusta, and oftentimes played golf with him. I can hardly imagine him to be the son of the great emancipator, his father, because of his generally bad disposition and irritable temper.

General Phil Sheridan: This great cavalry officer of the Civil War came to Montreal shortly after the war was over and stopped at the Windsor Hotel in that city for a few days' rest. His secretary told me that the Montreal hacks, or public carriages, were a bad lot and gave the General much trouble. I told him I had a carriage and pair I should like to place at his disposal while in the city; that they were quite ordinary looking but better perhaps than he was employing and if the General would accept them along with my coachman, he would be welcome to use them

as much as he choose. He accepted and used them while in the city. I saw him but once while he was at the hotel, and the impression I got was that he was a rough and uncouth sort of an Irishman and moreover that he was too full of Canadian rye whiskey to make him interesting. He was a good fighter; however, and was of great service during the war, and I have of late thought he must have been the von Hindenberg of his time as this great general is Germany's greatest fighter today. (He, too, takes too much whiskey, it is said.)

John D. Rockefeller: For many years past I have been crossing and recrossing the path of Mr. Rockefeller; we, being both of us golf players, have met on many different links and hotels. I have talked with Mr. Rockefeller on many occasions and have found him an agreeable kindly gentleman, simple in all his habits and without a care for show or the plaudits of his fellows.

Commodore Vanderbilt: the founder of the great system of railways and the distinguished family bearing his name used to be, during and following the Civil War, a prominent figure to those walking the streets of New York. He drove during these days many fast and racing horses, which he took great pride in owning, and many a time I have seen him, both in New York and Saratoga, driving along at high speed in his two-wheeled sulky, with one of the fastest horses in the world.

The Sherifa of Morrocco: One of the most interesting characters I ever knew was this lady whom we accidentally met in the City of Tangiers. It was through an old acquaintance whom we saw at the races there (a Mr. Burroughs of London). He made us acquainted first with Mr. and Mrs. Perdicaris who lived in a beautiful villa there and who became widely known afterwards by having been seized by Rasouli, the famous bandit, and carried away into the desert and held for a ransom. This was during the Roosevelt administration, and Perdicaris being an American citizen, Roosevelt sent a fleet of warships to Tangiers to compel his return. We were introduced to the Sherifa at Perdicaris' house. The Sherifa was an English lady by birth, but married

while quite young to the Sherif, a Mohammedan prince, a direct descendant of Mohomet. The Sherif was at the time of their marriage a student in Paris. They had lived together many years in Tangiers and she had accomplished much good through her high and influential position among the poor and ignorant natives. She at this time was a widow with two sons—one of whom was the rightful heir to the Moroccan throne, but unable to establish that right. We invited her to dine with us at the hotel. She accepted with a proviso that it should be in a private dining room, which we gladly arranged; my wife, myself, and the two or three young ladies accompanying us, with Mr. Burroughs, made a complete company at the table. I escorted the Sherifa through the public rooms to our dining apartment and as we passed a number of the Moslems (great bearded men) fell down on their knees, picked up her skirt or dress and kissed it in their devotion. As soon as we were by ourselves she told us the story of her life which was most interesting. She had through the position of Sherifa been able to establish a big hospital among her people and to influence these to go there when ill. She had succeeded in the introduction of vaccination for smallpox among the Moslems, but not till she had done this operation herself on more than sixteen thousand cases would they allow the doctors or others to do it; and she had performed other great public service which up to that time had been contrary to their religion and belief. We visited her in her own home and accompanied her to her hospital, the mosque and grave of her husband, and enjoyed our experience in Tangiers greatly because of having met this distinguished character of the great world.

Mr. Clemens or "Mark Twain": Another most interesting character I have met is this well known writer. We met Mark and his wife first at dinner with a mutual friend living on Riverside Drive, New York. Between each course he would get up from the table and walk around the room talking every minute in a most interesting and animated manner, but he seemed too nervous to keep still for a single minute. His wife appeared to

be a refined and interesting lady and one who apparently took no notice of the peculiarities and eccentricities of her talented husband.

Not long after this dinner I was on a train for Boston, when Mr. Clemens came into the car. He saw me and came and sat down beside me. He began very soon after seating himself to explain that he had just come through 42nd Street alongside the old reservoir which was then being torn down and was at the time a heap of ruins. He closed his eyes and began to describe what he saw there in his own particular style, and as he told it the thought came to me, "Is he crazy, is he in a trance, or what is the matter of him?"

It was a picture of Babylon or Nineveh with wild beasts prowling about, which he seemed to be describing, when at last, he appeared to arouse himself, turned to me and asked me if I was a professional or business man. I answered business, and then he brightened up and said he always had liked business men better than professional and enjoyed their company best and that he ought to have been a business man himself instead of what he was. He had taken a man he called Webster in with him and they had started the business of a publishing house in Hartford, Conn., but it had turned out an unfortunate enterprise because Webster was a fool or something worse and he was made by this failure a bankrupt. He, after this failure, went over to Europe, started a printing house in London and another in Barcelona, Spain. Printed his own books and attended to his own business. His books enjoyed an immense sale and he took all the profits himself and made a large sum of money, came home and paid off every creditor he had in the world. He told me an affecting story of his relations with General Grant, which I will repeat as near as I can remember it: General Grant wrote, after the failure of Grant & Ward, his "Memoirs of the Civil War." He went to all the prominent publishers and endeavored to sell the manuscript to them, as he had nothing left after the failure but his good name. They were disposed to buy it but on such terms as to leave Grant little or nothing—a condition, Mr. Clemens said, he knew all about for



he had himself had experience of this kind. Mr. Clemens knew that Grant's book would have a great sale, that his name alone would sell it, so he said to Grant, "Let me have charge of this matter. I know how to do it. I have had experience, and will take 10% of the receipts for my recompense and relieve you of all responsibility." Grant fairly jumped at the chance; said the publishers had asked him 40% on the sales and other conditions, making it seem impossible. Clemens arranged for its publication; sent traveling canvassers to the cities and towns, and even out into the farming districts and the book sold like wild-fire—almost every farmer in the nation subscribed. About this time Grant was dying of cancer and had finally gone up to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where he became aware that his time was short. He was anxious about his family and knew that all he had to leave was the proceeds of these "Memoirs." He sent for Mr. Clemens who went up to Mount McGregor and was ushered into the sick room, where Grant lay resting on his bed, pale and emaciated so he could hardly recognize him. He took his hand and tried to speak but failed, then, with difficulty wrote in pencil on a pad: "How is it with the book? Is it selling? I feel anxious." Mr. Clemens had prepared a statement which he handed Grant and told him that if the business were all stopped that day and wound up his family would receive over \$400,000; but the end was not yet; it would yield much more than this. With this Grant seemed to relax, an expression of peace passed over his face and, as he turned his face away and toward the wall, he overheard the whispered words—"I die content," and at this point the nurse asked Mr. Clemens to withdraw from the room. Mr. Clemens told me that over \$650,000 was paid to Grant's family, the proceeds of the sale of his publication.

William Dean Howells: We met this celebrity at dinner, at the home of a mutual friend, William G. Choate of New York. Mr. Howells impressed me as a man quite absorbed in his own particular self, and he seemed bored to converse on any other subject than his own work. To me he was a bore.

Edmund Clarence Stedman: I was introduced originally to the poet when he was in great financial difficulty. He was a banker as well as a poet and had a son in his office who enjoyed his confidence and in his father's absence conducted his business affairs. This son had entered into some "outside" Wall Street speculations, putting up securities owned by the father, amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars, all the savings of a lifetime. The Poet had a house on West 78th Street, New York, and another at Newcastle, N. H., both heavily mortgaged, which he could do nothing with and was about to lose them. In order to get him out to Lawrence Park where I thought he would by his presence add interest to the new development, I gave him, free of all encumbrance, a house and lot for his equity in his two houses so heavily mortgaged. I also was obliged in the trade, to lend him some ready money to clear away his floating indebtedness, which he afterward returned to me. Stedman and his wife resided in Lawrence Park for a number of years or until their death. I think his financial troubles soured his otherwise sweet disposition and made him in his later years critical and selfish, although he was held in very high esteem in the literary world up to the time of his death, and I have heard him called the Dean of American Literature.

My experience with American artists has been somewhat extensive: Lawrence Park having been at its inception considered an art colony many of them were attracted to the place, and in this and other ways, I have met many who have been prominent in art. Among those I have known best are perhaps—Violet Oakley, Carrol Beckwith, F. S. Church, William H. Howe, Will Low, Bruce Crane, W. T. Smedley, Knight, and many others.

The artist profession appears to attract a certain order or class of individuals having but little in common with others out of their particular set. My experience with them (nearly all) is that they have not even the ordinary business instinct but are—always—ladies and gentlemen and a most interesting class of people.

A SUMMER VACATION IN LATER YEARS

IT WAS on the nineteenth day of July, 1920, in company with my wife, my cousin, Julia Titsworth, and my two granddaughters, Lucia and Margery Meigs, that we left New York on the good ship *Lapland* for a little summer vacation abroad.

I had planned the journey long before our sailing but whenever I spoke or even thought of it, I always did so with certain reservations, feeling that at the age of nearly seventy-nine years one could not plan anything for the future with any degree of confidence, but now having finished the undertaking and being on our return trip home, aboard the S. S. *Kroonland*, everything accomplished as originally planned, I feel no longer reluctant to speak of those plans which seemed like castles in the air when they were conceived, but are now stern realities.

After about ten days *en route*, over a smooth and beautiful summer sea, we arrived at Antwerp and went immediately to the Hôtel de Flandres, a newly furnished and equipped little hotel in the center of the city, presided over by a Flemish gentleman who was extremely polite and who made us feel quite at home from the start. He told us that the Germans, after their occupation, had taken possession of his hotel and that he had managed it for them. They had carried away all his silver, linen and everything else that they were able to pack in their baggage and had left the house a wreck, but he had restored everything now as best he could and he was happy again. He told us that in pre-war times the best stores in Antwerp were owned by the Germans; that when the German army came, these resident German shop-keepers became more tyrannical and German than the enemy itself. When evacuation became necessary and the troops began to flee, the German merchants thought it best to flee with them and they left, carrying all their stock in

trade. Later some of them returned and started to reopen their shops, but were waited upon by the loyal citizens and told to leave town before sunset and never return or suffer the consequences. They left and have not returned.

We spent two or three days here, going about the city, finding but few traces of the war. Prosperity appeared everywhere, bustle and general activity indicated that Antwerp had forgotten the past and had turned its face to the future with its eyes wide open to trade and commerce.

After finishing our little visit here we hired an automobile to take us to Brussels, only a couple of hours away, and in going there passed over precisely the same road that we motored over in June, 1914, just two or three months before its occupation by the German army. Then this road was an avenue of shrubs and trees, lined with comfortable and stately homes all along from Antwerp to Brussels. Now all this was changed. The road itself had been battered and worn by the heavy artillery and army wagons that had come and gone over it. The houses along its side, as well as the shrubs and trees, had been nearly all burned or otherwise destroyed and Malines, which stands about midway between the cities, lies as it appears in passing—a great mass of ruins. A temporary bridge has been erected over the river here to replace the ancient stone structure, the ruins of which are scattered along the banks of the stream. The farms or country, however, which we passed through were, as in 1914, covered with magnificent crops all ready for the harvest. The wheat crop was already in the shock and the gardens (the whole country is mostly a garden about here) looked as if they could feed the world.

Upon our arrival in Brussels, we went directly to the "Hotel Metropole," a large and very pretentious building of the pre-war period, when in hotel construction and hotel decoration, nothing could be considered too costly or too extravagant. True, the house now was somewhat lacking in silver and linen, all of which we learned had been carried off by the Germans, as in Antwerp,

and everywhere that they went they took away all of those little trinkets and treasures, that make a hotel attractive to the visitor. I learned that every hotel or public building today, where the Germans had an entrée had been robbed, as the natives will tell you. They will also tell you that the Germans are not soldiers—they are robbers and murderers.

While staying in Brussels, we engaged an auto one day and drove out to Louvain, only an hour away, to see the exhibition there of German barbarity. No German in future generations can ever visit this city and be unashamed of his birthright. He, it seems to me, will wish to go in disguise and disown his nativity. Nature is fast doing its part in covering up the ruins at Louvain. The green grass and the poppy that grows on "Flanders fields" has taken possession of these old ruined walls and their lovely colors wave over the dismal grave of many a noble building. Besides nature man is busy too, and many new buildings in all parts of the city are rising up out of the ashes of the one that preceeded it and it will not be long before all traces of the horrid outrage to Louvain will be obliterated. I was glad I was able to see this city at the time I did on this account, for one can hardly conceive of the terrible things done here without viewing the remains.

The country between Brussels and Louvain appears to me the most fertile spot on earth. The crops now being harvested, would enrich any people.

We spent several days in Brussels visiting in all parts of the city which show but little of the ill effects of the war. The city seems as prosperous and almost as beautiful as it did in 1914, when we last were there. The public parks and squares and gardens are as well kept, the flowers bloom as sweetly and the people are as luxury-loving as at that time. Before the war the cafés and restaurants were crowded with a host of these people, extending out over the sidewalks into the middle of the street, drinking, smoking, and gossiping away their afternoons in ease and comfort. It is the same today. All have apparently money enough and time enough to spend it in this way. This seemed all very strange

to me as it was but yesterday when we Americans were being asked everywhere we went to assist the poor, starving Belgians. We found the theatres crowded and "the sounds of revelry by night" on every side.

We presented our letters of introduction to Brand Whitlock, the American ambassador and had a very pleasant call and afterward were invited to his house to tea, where we found Mrs. Whitlock and a number of the legation whom she had invited in to meet us.

Mr. Whitlock is a most dignified and pleasant gentleman and a credit to his country. I was really proud of him and his tactful diplomatic manner, so different from most of our foreign representatives that it has been my pleasure to meet abroad on my various visits.

After a most enjoyable week in Brussels we engaged a motor car to carry us to Paris via Mons, Laon, Soissons, Rheims, etc. The morning we started was one of those perfect days when the earth and air and sky and our own sweet wills were all in perfect tune and as the car rolled along through those avenues of rhododendron beds lining the roadway, through that beautiful chain of parks following each other out to the battlefield of Waterloo, I could not help but think how blessed we had been in every way since we left our homes beyond the great Atlantic. Since then we had had nothing to mar or disarrange the plans made a half year before we sailed away.

On our arrival at Waterloo, we took a guide aboard our car and hurriedly drove over the field that brought the great Napoleon's eventful career to an end and a long and much needed peace to Europe.

We motored over to the Hugemont Farm and viewed the old farm buildings which were the center of the fight, now moss-covered and falling with age. We also went to the Belle Alliance farm and our guide pointed out the principal points of interest along the "sunken road" and finally left us at the corner where Wellington and Blucher met on that great day, after which we

motored hastily on for Mons as we felt a much greater interest in the new battle fields yet to see than these scenes of long ago.

About one o'clock we drew up at a little Italian hotel in Mons, for lunch. It was on the railway square, a large open space. The station had been blown to pieces during the war and was now being restored. The square itself had been considerably damaged by shellfire, but the pavement had been repaired and a monument in the center of the square was being restored. The hotel had been lately renovated and was very tidy and nice.

After lunch, we started on our journey southward. It was but a short distance to the border line between France and Belgium and here the customs officers came out. We expected they would ask to see our passports and look into our travelling bags and ask if we had cigarettes or cigars, but no, they only gave us a pleasant smile. We heard one of them say, "Americana" and motioned us to pass on. We were soon at full speed and as we went the scenes of ruin along our way to Laon increased. We had been obliged to give up the Cambrai Road as the reparations had not yet been completed and we would have trouble getting into that city, so our course was diverted into a road east of Cambrai, which we followed. A long way before we arrived at Laon we could see the city upon a hill, right in the middle (as it seemed) of an immense fertile plain or valley. The hill was nearly as high and as large as Mount Royal at Montreal and the city covered it over and reached down into the valley or plain below. Our car, which was an American-made Hudson, climbed up the steep incline with ease and at the top, near its ruined cathedral, we took an early supper, after which we motored about its main streets, then over the top and down the southern slope over the Soisson Road. Laon had been one of the central and most important points in the war—a "bone" over which the dogs of war had fought almost to the death. Much of the city had been destroyed but it will soon be restored, as it has been done many times in the past and become the chief city of this region again; the richest perhaps, in the history and commerce too of ancient France.

After leaving Laon we at once came into the scenes of the war's greatest struggle, a flat open country where the French and Germans met on an open plain and fought for many months. For miles about here the wonderful farming country with all it possessed has been completely ruined. Not a house, a tree or a thing left to denote that it had ever been anything but a vast desert or waste. We came to a point where the "Chemin des Dames" crossed our highway and we turned off and motored out for about three miles on the famous road which is not over fifteen feet wide. It had, like the field on either side, been blown into great holes and heaps, but lately repaired, so our car was able to travel over it. On either side of this road were dugouts and in places, heaps of war's debris piled up. Loads and loads of ammunition still remain on the field. Some in boxes, unopened, while again, great shells for the cannon were piled like cord wood along the way, still waiting for the railways to be completed or repaired in this section to enable the government to take the stuff away. Here for miles, those dreadful barrages were carried on and every inch of the country was shaken up by their shells. Here too, we saw those long lines of trenches which figured so prominently throughout the war; the so-called "pillboxes" in which the Germans hid their sharp shooters; breastplates, helmets, gas masks and broken down vehicles were all here on this awful field as the fleeing soldiers left and even now, after two years of peace, bodies of the dead are being washed out of the ground by each heavy rain that were buried by these awful explosions of shellfire. The body of a French soldier had lately been found in this way in a shell hole near the road and some one had buried the body in the bottom of the pit driven in a stake and on this had placed a French helmet that told the story of a poor unknown, in this great wilderness of death and destruction.

It was near sundown when we motored away from this dismal spot. A few moments later brought us to a ruined village. Not a house remained, all were a mass or heap of rubbish. In one part of it we were directed to what had been a German under-

ground hospital among the ruins. Down a long stretch of stairs we went until we came into large corridors and chambers. Here we found a complete hospital with many beds, an operating room and other hospital conveniences which the Germans had been compelled to leave in a hurry. It was like many other of the German works we saw, most carefully prepared to protect and preserve the lives of the German soldiers.

As we climbed up out of this underground hospital, situated far below the level of the street, we found the day had been spent and darkness gathering. Such an interesting day it had been! There was nothing now left for us to do but get into our car and go to Soissons, only a short distance away, where we were to put up for the night. We found here a most comfortable little French inn, built up in and out of the surrounding ruins. As we entered the city and motored along its deserted streets to the hotel, we could not dismiss those melancholy thoughts from our minds—those thoughts of the Soissons of the past as well as of its present state, its long line of men who had figured in French history, its many sieges and oft repeated destruction by the enemies of France and the sufferings of this city. As we looked about, the darkness deepening over and around the blackened ruins of the town, we felt a sadness, a depression creep over us, a feeling of sorrow and regret that this, our twentieth century, should ever witness such scenes. Laon and Soissons are truly the martyred cities of France, the saddest of all and most long sit in sack cloth and ashes in the midst of a brave and much abused people.

Next morning, bright and early, we motored about the city, surveyed the ruins and were soon on the road to Fesmes and Rheims. Again at Fesmes we found only long lines of fallen brick and mortar. Everything that would burn had disappeared, leaving the ghostly walls toppling and falling into the narrow lane-like streets. This town was the first place after Chateau Thierry that our American boys attacked and it is said that they literally drove the Germans out of the town by burning their hiding places. I heard it also said that the Germans up to this

time had not believed that the Americans were really in the war; that it was here they saw them and felt their whips upon their back as they ran away; that it was here they lost heart and from this time forward, they only fought in self defense, as they retreated into the Argonne and back to their own country. The road from Soissons to Rheims is lined on either side with heaps of debris or salvage gathered up in the adjoining fields by the farmers and here piled up. Barbed wire forms the most conspicuous object one sees. It is all tangled and rusty. In one place we saw a half acre covered with wrecked aeroplanes and in another, wrecked motor cars but everywhere along this road, the wreckage and waste of war lies thickly scattered and is rotting where it lies.

Not far from Soissons, in the narrow ditch beside the road, is buried a French soldier who had been killed in an aeroplane or by a fall at this spot. Some one, unable perhaps to dig a grave, had simply covered the body with earth as it lay. He had then driven a board at his head and nailed on it a French color rosette and here sleeps another of France's defenders in this lonely grave beside the roadside in the woods. Here again, the poppy and wild flowers had found him out and had woven a covering of flowers that was neatly spread over this humble grave.

From a beautiful spring near this spot, a stream of clear cold water flows into a moss covered basin, made long ago to receive and distribute to man and beast its precious contents. Here we noticed two young French peasants filling a water wagon. We approached them and inquired in our very best French what they were going to do with the water. One of them turned and said in perfect English—"We are taking it to Soissons for drinking water. Their water supply was destroyed by the Germans and the works are not yet restored." I then asked him how he came to speak such good English. "I have been to England and have also lived in America. I learned it there. My father owns the adjoining farm and I came here when the war came to join the army for France and as soon as I can get Father again settled and the farm in order, I intend to go back to America."

Rheims was already in sight,—at least its great cathedral reared its lovely tower high above the plain in which it stood. Our car bounded along over this now famous road until it came to a stop directly in front of the great entrance doors of this wonderful pile. We entered and while we found one or two great shell holes in the roof, the jewelled windows, the wonder of the world, all gone, and here and there a damaged spot where a shell perhaps had burst and broken the fluting off of a column, we were surprised to find the great building as a whole, so perfect as it is. The buildings all about it are heaps of rubbish, the destruction has been most complete, which leads me to believe that the Germans in shelling Rheims, had in reality, tried to avoid the destruction of this one great building, for if they had not so desired I can see no reason why it was not levelled to the ground like other buildings about it. In Rheims the destruction has been so great that even now, after two years of peace, there is no hotel to supply a tourist with a lunch. We were taken to a long wooden building in a park, that had been an army canteen and was now turned into a restaurant, for our lunch. This is conducted, I believe by the Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross until other provisions are made for caring for the travelling public.

After motoring about the city, we again departed for Chateau Thierry, the next point of interest in our journey. The country between Rheims and Chateau Thierry appeared rather tame after our motor ride from Soissons which was filled with interest all the way. The Germans had not crossed the Marne, for it was here that the Germans received that blow in 1914 that sent them reeling back when, on their mad drive for Paris, they met Joffre and Foch upon the river's bank, and the country itself tells its own story. Wherever the German trod he left a trail of destruction behind him.

We soon reached Chateau Thierry and were somewhat surprised to find the town in so much better state of preservation than the others we had lately passed. Our American boys had first met the Germans here. It was about the first time they had met, and

it is said locally, that the German soldiers could not believe their eyes for they had been led to believe the Americans were far away and could not enter the war. They were surprised. The Americans followed them up to Fesmes and burned them out. From that time on, the German army lost heart and only fought on the defensive. We did not stop but motored along toward Belleau Wood, which covered a hill in the distance, almost as high and important as Laon. The woods seemed at present, as we approached, but a large area of standing poles for the fire or gas, or both, had stripped the trees like those over the region about Chemin des Dames, of every limb and leaf. It was on this field that the American engineers dashed in and saved the day at the expense, however, of many lives.

About half way up the hill at Belleau Woods is the American cemetery, where twenty-eight hundred of our American boys lie buried. The place selected for this is a level plateau which overlooks a broad expanse of beautiful country with the river Marne flowing through the valley below. It has been beautifully laid out with gravel paths leading to all parts. The graves are each marked with a neat white cross at the head and green grass, well cut, spreads like a blanket over all. At the handsome gateway at the entrance, a pretty little stucco cottage has been built where lives an American lady to direct visitors to the object of their search. The whole place and atmosphere about it is made as attractive as possible and is in great contrast with many of the English and French burial places we had seen along our route.

As we motored down the hill from this interesting spot, where lay so many of our country's dead far away in a foreign land, we could not help a feeling of sadness which came over us—a real sorrow, not so much for the departed ones, for they were now at peace, but for the mothers and fathers and loved ones left behind to mourn over their brave sons upon whom their hopes for the future had been placed.

A summer shower was passing as we descended to the main road below and the water fell in torrents, adding to the gloom

surrounding this spot, but we had scarcely reached the main road that follows the banks of the beautiful Marne river up to the very gates of Paris, when the sun came out as it was sinking low in the west and cast a glorious golden glow over the landscape in every direction.

It did not take us long to reach the portals of Paris, and as we motored through the Place de la Concord to our Hotel Regina, the last rays of the setting sun were flickering upon the tall spires of the Sacré Coeur, which crowns Montmartre in the distance.

Our visit to the war country, which we had come all the way from America to see, was ended and we breathed free once more. We were glad it was ended and that we had left behind these distressing scenes, —scenes that had cost the world millions of lives and billions of treasure. And for what was it expended and what will the world receive back for this vast investment? It seems to me that in the economy of nature, some adequate return must be made. The world must get back in time, some return for this great investment. History will make its report and we cannot help but feel that when it does the world will be found the gainer for mankind's greatest sacrifice.

We were then in Paris—Paris the beautiful, the gay, the one city of the world where joy goes unconfined. All traces of the war had been obliterated, have been hidden away, and the people, as before the war, appeared to be happy and content with themselves and each other. To judge from appearances poverty was unknown, peace and plenty abounded.

In Paris, we remained at the Hotel Regina for ten days, during which time we roamed about and like the busy bee, sought honey from every blooming flower that bordered on our path. Then while our appetites were still unsatisfied, we left for London, via Calais and Dover. The Channel sought to charm us that day with its beautiful peaceful face and had we not known her fickle, treacherous ways, we might have concluded she was a lamb now and always. We arrived safely in London, after a delightful day and put up at Browns Hotel on Dover Street. Dudley and his son

Dudley joined us while in Paris and met us again here in London, after an air voyage across the country and channel. They did not speak highly of their trip. There seems to be little doubt but that in the near future we shall find this way of travelling perhaps preferable to any other.

London was enveloped in fog when we arrived and for the entire two weeks there the fog scarcely lifted and the cold and the damp did not add to our comfort or pleasure. London is, however, in spite of its climate (which we do not like) a city after our own heart. We love its old-fashioned ways, its castles, its palaces and its grand old homes; its Westminster Abbey and its wonderful cathedrals. We love its pomp and power, as displayed in its army and navy, its flag, for it represents freedom, law and order, and above all, we love her as good Americans should, because *she is our mother*.

September second brought the hour of our departure and aboard the good ship *Kroonland* of the Red Star Line, we sailed out of Portsmouth harbor at four o'clock and were soon on our way home.

Our home journey over the Atlantic was even better than the outward one, as we had a smooth summer sea without the summer's heat and arrived on September tenth at the very dock we had left on July nineteenth. And so our trip and vacation ended.

MY FLORIDA EXPERIENCE

AFTER many vacation trips to Florida in former years, I suddenly decided to, and did, purchase in February 1916, my present winter home in Daytona known as "Graylocks."

Its purchase, I might say, was a mere accident for I came to Daytona with no thought of buying a home there. The way it came about was this: The hotels everywhere were filled. I was unable to secure satisfactory rooms in any of the leading houses for my party, consisting of my wife, myself, and the Wellingtons, who had accompanied us down from New York to St. Augustine. We motored to Daytona one day, noticed a huge sign on these premises and began negotiations for its purchase and were the owners of it a few days later.

The place at that time consisted of about four acres with two hundred and fifty fine orange trees upon it, all of which were in full bloom, which had much to do with deciding me to buy. The buildings upon it were very small and inconvenient and the grounds greatly neglected, but with the orange grove and the fine old Spanish Canal running through it, I saw at once its possibilities and succeeded in acquiring the place at a cost, I think, of \$12,500., since which time I have expended about as much more in enlarging the buildings and the addition of more land. The following lines written by me in the spring of 1920 afford, I think, a fair picture of my mind regarding it:

I've a home in the Southland, I would tell if I could
Of its wonderful beauty, of its garden and wood,
Of the brook which flows through it, peaceful and calm,
Of the gorgeous Poinsettia, the tall stately palm.
I would tell of gray moss, whose long streamers wave
From the boughs of the live oaks with shadows so grave;
Of the orange trees' bloom and the roses' sweet smell
That perfumes the air in the home where I dwell.

I would tell of the birds,—of the brown thrasher's call,
The song of the mocking bird, sweetest of all.
Would tell of the sunshine whose crystalline rays,
Strike into our souls a spirit of praise;
Or tell of the night with its beautiful queen
Whose lustre shines down on an ocean of green.
But words cannot tell, and lips won't express
The feelings I have for this home I possess.
Do you blame me for loving—I love it too well—
This home in the Southland—this place where I dwell.

After a residence in Daytona of four winters, I began to grow restless as I became acquainted with the city's affairs. I was about this time induced to attend a meeting of the Daytona Chamber of Commerce where I met and was introduced to the leading members of the city government. I was surprised to find that the affairs of a city of Daytona's importance could be managed by such men as I met at this meeting. I felt that they perhaps were doing the best they could in the offices they held, but the only idea they had, it seemed to me, was to make Daytona a resort for the sporting or gambling fraternity. The meeting had been called by the Chamber, to find a way to better the city and make it more attractive and interesting to tourists and strangers. This so-called government representation expressed themselves in favor of motor car races, base ball teams and other attractions along these lines. I left the meeting quite disgusted, at any rate with what I had seen and heard. These men had lived their lives here in Daytona and it is quite doubtful if they had ever been far away from it.

I immediately set to work to lay out a plan that I thought would interest tourists and strangers, would rid the city of its old bridges, its disgraceful roads and unsightly parks, and with the assistance of Mr. William A. Bates, who happened to be spending his vacation here, we made drawings and plans for the improvement of the City Island, turning it into a park or play ground with big swimming or bath house, club house and a bird

sanctuary on a large scale, etc. These plans were presented to the Chamber of Commerce and created quite a sensation for it was a new thing, no one had ever before offered any suggestions or tried to help along the civic improvements in this way, and the Chamber sought to recognise this by giving a public dinner at the Ridgewood Hotel in my honor. Over two hundred of the leading citizens were there to discuss the existing conditions and seek a way for bettering them. The dinner was a great success in every way, for it was the beginning of a New Daytona. My efforts though insignificant and only a suggestion still hit a popular key and started the ball rolling. Within a year from the date of that dinner the old form of government had disappeared, the old wooden bridges were abandoned, the wretched streets had been newly paved, and the city practically made over. After the reception, which the citizens had given me, I felt that I ought to do something practical, make a real contribution to Daytona's betterment and this desire soon took form in starting the construction of Osceola Inn and Cottages, in 1921. I had in mind the starting of a new quarter in the city for a wealthier class of residents, a restricted section where only people of culture and refinement could gain access. Building operations began about April first, 1921. The Inn and fourteen cottages were open to the public on December fifteenth following.

Since the date of writing is March twelfth, 1922, the enterprise is too new as yet to say if it is a success or not. Enough however, has transpired to satisfy me that the Inn's accommodations are far too limited and its facilities must be enlarged materially, which I am proposing to do the present year. I have already invested about \$140,000. in the enterprise and now feel that this amount represents only a fraction of what must yet go in to make it the social and hotel center for the tourist and stranger, who come to Daytona to find rest and enjoyment amid its enchanting and beautiful surroundings.

BIRTHDAYS

IT HAS been said that birthdays are like milestones set along life's highway that we might glance as we pass and in doing so determine how far we have gone on our journey. Well, I have just said "good-bye" to my eightieth, and having nothing else to do I set about reading over this book of memoirs which have been collecting for several years. The first impulse I had was to destroy them; after a little further thought, I merely concluded to cut out a portion and save the remainder; but after still further consulting with my niece, Elizabeth Wellington, I concluded to retain the entire collection as it was, and assume the consequences. On the whole it affords, I think, a fair view of the life and times in which I have lived, and that was (as stated in the preface) the object in view when I began writing them fifteen years ago. At the age of eighty, I find myself enjoying good health, still engaged in business, for I have many enterprises besides the "Osceola Gardens" development in which I am greatly interested. I find myself surrounded by my wife, children and grandchildren; still fond of travel and the society of friends, as well as the excitement of business. I have also all my faculties as in my younger days, except the sense of sight which is slightly impaired but does not deprive me of still enjoying the beauties of nature and the cheerful faces of my friends and relatives.

Looking backward today over the long journey I have traveled, with all its meanderings across continents, over seas and up and down the world, beginning at that farmer's humble fireside on Veteran Hills, near Watkins Glenn, New York, down to the present moment, seated in my comfortable and happy home in Florida, it seems to me that I can truly say that a kind and beneficent Providence has led me through green pastures and beside still waters all the days of my life.

MY DIARY FOR 1913

BEING desirous of presenting to my grandchildren a picture of my daily life as it was at seventy, I kept a diary during the year 1913, which is given in detail herewith. About this time I was trying to sever my connections with a long and busy business life, and found pleasure in travel and other foibles, as the diary will plainly show. Shortly after this was written the great world war appeared, and did away for a period of four years with pleasure, travel and many luxuries, and brought on a period of self-denial greatly in contrast with the apparently luxurious habits which we were falling into before the war broke out and which are portrayed in this diary of mine.

My health which during the year 1913 was, as the diary shows, a cause of much anxiety and concern, greatly improved after my Atlantic City experience and was followed for a number of years by a return to old time conditions—a healthy body and a vigorous mind.

January 1st, 1913

969 Fifth Ave., New York
At Home

I was awakened out of sound sleep at midnight by the blowing of steam whistles, ringing of bells, blare of trumpets, and in short "Bedlam let loose" for every noise which imagination could picture or ingenuity invent was being made into one long continuous screech which, proclaiming and welcoming the New Year, lasted for half an hour at least. I could not feel that enthusiasm which inspired this mass of humanity and therefore did not join in with them; and why should I? Seventy-one New Years had come and gone since I came upon these scenes, and each of the seventy-one had come in with these same rejoicings and had gone out with few regrets.

However, I like this enthusiasm of youth and am glad that they have it, that they forget the past and look forward with fond hope into the future; for what would life be were it not for this spirit of hopefulness which lives so strong in youth?

This New Year day came in warm and bright and beautiful—

quite symbolic of the general outlook, for in all of the United States today, peace and plenty reign.

January 2nd.

A quiet day was yesterday, a part of which I spent at the Union League Club and afterwards in company with Anna and Pressley. With them I went by motor car out to Bronxville and dined at the Hotel Gramatan. Ferris, Dudley and Kate joined us in a pleasant dinner and we returned home by 10 p. m.

Today the morning broke like a day in May, warm and beautiful.

At the beginning of every new year I feel a natural impulse to set my house in order (so to speak) to take account of stock, count up losses and gains, and find out just where I stand; after that to make plans for future operations and improvements. Perhaps I pay too much attention to these temporal affairs, and not enough to my social relations with my fellow man and the future existence which stares us all in the face and is such a mystery to everyone.

The restless tide that ebbs and flows
Along old Ocean's shore
Reminds me of the lives we lead,
A "noise" and nothing more.
Each day we rise to battle with
The cares and troubles here
Each night retire to quiet rest
If quiet rest be near.

January 3rd.

I suppose everybody nearly, like myself, has a thinking cap on these early days in January and is thinking over his past life, what he has accomplished thus far, on the journey, taking account of stock in trade—not necessarily goods and merchandise, but of everything making up one's life, such as faith, hope or charity.

One may be thinking of past errors and how to avoid their happening again, planning to settle all indebtedness of every kind, compromising differences with his neighbors, so as to start the new year right, and making new resolutions with the idea of living a better and higher life.

These are matters which are uppermost in my mind these early January days, and I have always felt these meditations

were profitable and good, for afterwards I could start fresh with a clean slate for the oncoming year. If a good plan is made, a firm resolution laid down for doing better, one is sure almost of reaching the goal.

Some seek riches; some for glory run;
Some waste their time, in idle sport and fun.
What is my work, what ought my hand to do?
Let this then be my prayer the whole year through.

January 4th.

I have been thinking today, trying to find a good and suitable name for the little farm in Lawrence Park West. It has a beautiful view, situated as it is on a high bluff along the proposed street called Kimball Avenue. I would like to live to see the hospital planted there but the time is not yet; better remain where it is a while longer, till it has grown much stronger and larger than at present. Anna has just suggested "Tenacre Farm" and (as it is supposed to contain about ten acres) I think it might be well to adopt this name.

Mrs. Elizabeth Custer spent the night with us. Arthur and I are going to the dinner given in honor of President Taft at the Hotel Astor tonight.

January 6th.

I have been thinking much today about the future of Lawrence Hospital which has not developed or is not doing the good work in its community that I had expected and hoped and I have searched deep for the cause and have concluded that the trouble is with the doctors.

We have been depending upon the local physicians whom we entrusted with the work and have allowed them to run the hospital in pretty much their own way. Our experience has shown that they have run it for their own personal benefit and advantage, and have thought very little of it as a charity as I intended it. The management must make a bold strike for independence. I feel inclined to recommend the employment of a competent house physician and surgeon who ought take charge of the wards, start an out-door department or dispensary and work up a hospital business and make it a real charitable institution. Our present buildings are too small even now, and it is quite clear to me that we have made a serious mistake at the outset. But all mistakes must be remedied and this hospital

made a success. I wish this to become in time one of the big hospitals of the country, which my children and those after them will take a pride in supporting.

January 7th.

I have been thinking for some time past that I would get up a little family party, invite my wife and all our children and their wives and husbands and go up to Montreal for a little visit, and today I have arranged it and we are all to go in a day or two. There are ten of us in all and I think it will afford them a "good time" to return to the scenes of their childhood and there meet together. I am sure, we, father and mother, will be happy to have them all with us around these old familiar haunts where our children were all born to us, and all will be with us, except our little Alice who lies in a lonely grave on the top of Mount Royal. She was a darling babe and died within a year of her birth, while we lived in a little house on Plateau Street.

January 9th.

The annual meeting of the Davis & Lawrence Co. was held today at the Company's office, 10 Christopher Street.

Being the father of this company which I founded in 1882 and of the original business out of which this company grew, which was started in June 1866, I shall, I suppose, always feel a deep interest in it, and especially in these annual meetings. This meeting today reminded me forcibly that I am getting to be a back number pretty fast. For a great many years I have been a prominent factor in the annual meetings, doing pretty much all the talking, (as I was most conversant with its affairs) but now I have, of course, lost my connection with its details and was only a listener while others talked. It was a very small business to talk about at the end of that first year in 1866 and I remember how anxious I felt when that first balance sheet was taken off. It made such a poor showing compared with the one shown today. At that time, I felt much as Robert Burns did when describing his feelings in his address to the mouse:

"But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna' see
I guess and fear!"

January 10th.

Arrangements are all made and we go to Montreal this evening on the 7:30 train. As Lawrence Davis is able to join us there will be eleven of us in all.

These early days of the year are so taken up with balancing accounts and ledgers, holding meetings, inventorying stock, preparatory to a new start at the beginning of new year, that I feel almost as if it had grown to be a bad habit, but I know it is not; and I think everybody either in business or in private life should at least once each year make a careful examination of himself, look round about over his little sphere of action or affairs and find out just where he stands in the world and what he has ahead of him to do, in order to make himself a better citizen, physically, mentally, morally and financially. Everybody then, should the first week in January *take an account of stock*.

January 11th.

We arrived safely in Montreal this morning at 8 A. M., party consisting of: Sallie and myself, Arthur and Virginia, Ferris and Louise, Anna and Pressley, Dudley and Kate and Lawrence Davis. We went immediately to the new "Ritz Carlton," a hotel just opened and superior to anything in the hotel line that Montreal has ever known before. The weather is warm and wet, but our party are all happy and bent on a good time with each other.

The first evening we all went to a hockey match at the skating or hockey rink, a curious game played on ice.

January 12th.

Being Sabbath morning, we all went to the American Presbyterian Church in a body. We were shown into a pew close by our old one, which we used to occupy when the young people were real children. It seemed strange to all of us to meet here together; great changes have taken place in the church as well as in us. When I looked about hardly a face was recognizable; another generation which knew us not filled the pews and a strange minister occupied the pulpit.

January 13th.

We left Montreal for New York this morning all but Mother (Sallie) who parted with us taking train for Toledo, Ohio, where she was going to visit her sister Nellie Taylor, then lying sick

after an apparent stroke of apoplexy, which took place in September, last. We had a pleasant return journey and it was agreed by all that our visit had been a success and that the meeting of the family in this way once a year ought to be continued.

January 14th.

Mr. Joseph S. Wood of Mt. Vernon called at my office today to explain his plan of "booming" Westchester County and Bronxville at a Grand Central Palace show, to be held soon. He expected to raise \$20,000 or more and would expend it all in pictures and plans to be shown by electric light. He wished to have a big picture of Bronxville painted on canvas and to have me give \$500. toward the movement which was under the charge of the Westchester Chamber of Commerce, the whole a sort of Grand Opera effect. I rather scoffed at the idea and told him that it would prove a failure; that they had better spend their money in the newspapers and in that way would get some response.

Alfred Stone came in also to explain a real estate deal he wished to enter into and wanted help to carry through, the purchase of several houses; I promised to aid him when he was ready.

January 15th.

The Fellows Co. of New York held their annual meeting today at their office, 26 Christopher Street. I succeeded in getting the bonus to employees continued for another year, which was started a year or two ago. This bonus is based upon the company's earnings and gives all the important employees and heads of departments a percentage of the earnings and since none of the employees hold any stock in their own right, it seems to be the only way of holding their interest and good will in the business. I am pleased that the directors have been willing to accept my view of this bonus business and I hope it will work out for the mutual advantage of both employers and employed.

January 16th.

Since the New Year arrived, it seems as if the spirit of unrest had broken loose afresh over the whole world. I suppose it will work out a better state of affairs, for when all classes, rich, poor and all, are airing their dissatisfaction with their surround-

ings something naturally will soon be done. The war in the Balkans, the Revolution in Mexico may disturb their own sections but what we hear all the time is our own local grievances. Our women demand the right to vote; in England the women are burning and destroying property to further their ends; our laboring men cry for shorter hours, more pay and, through their unions, more power. The rich complain that our present laws are making it a crime to be rich and are aimed to destroy corporations or prosperous business. The poor complain that the cost of living is such that they can scarcely eke out an existence honestly. Some one remarked at breakfast this morning: "How is it that a half-dozen financiers in the city of New York can rise above all their fellows and be recognized as rulers of finance when there are a thousand others whose names are never mentioned in New York finance, perhaps just as able." I said nothing, but could not help thinking that this was the spirit of the day, the keynote of socialism, one man is just as good as another. It may be "the elevation of the masses" is coming but men will never be equally efficient or alike. They were not created that way. Nature never made two of anything alike.

January 17th.

Attended the theatre last evening with Pressley and Anna. It was an unusually good play called "The Good Little Devil." I believe that these plays are not only a rest to the tired-out man whose mind has been overworked but are an influence in the community for good: that is, if the play is of a high moral character such as this one.

Am having an interview today with Dr. Dear in regard to his going into the Lawrence Hospital as House Physician and Surgeon. Hope he may prove to be the right man. I am very anxious to see the Hospital succeed and feel that it cannot do this as we are now managing it. We must get a House Physician and run it as an independent charity, free of our local doctors, unless they can aid us by working on broader lines.

January 18th.

Had further conversation today relative to the "employees' bonus distribution" in the Davis & Lawrence Co. with Arthur and John. It is an important question to decide whether this method of aiding our employees is in the long run beneficial or

not. If it is handed to them as a gift, it takes away from them that spirit of independence that is truly American and commendable; if not as a gift, then it is given as a sum due for services which they have a right to expect and look for, and many of our employees are paid a salary all they can justly earn now, besides which, they seem to make even less effort to improve, having this annual bonus, than formerly, when anxious for an increase of wages. I have grave doubts but still think it is worth trying out.

January 19th.

Sallie and I attended church. Dr. Jowett preached from Exodus that portion giving an account of Moses meeting with God on the mountain. It seems to me this meeting was Moses' first conception of his great scheme of leading the children of Israel out of Egypt and bondage. He was a great leader and saw that the only way to control this great horde of superstitious and ignorant people was thus to excite their religious nature. I cannot accept this interview with God as anything else than fiction, but Moses must have been inspired to take such action in order that afterward he might take the Hebrews with him out of Egypt.

January 20th.

Nothing doing.

January 21st.

I have been working today upon a scheme of forming a construction company to buy out the Alger Court property, erect a series of large suburban apartment houses to be heated, lighted, etc. from our central light, heat and power plant.

I think the scheme is quite feasible and if the apartments are planned for refined and cultured people and restricted to that class, they will prove a most profitable investment. I will have the grounds laid out and an elevation made showing the complete arrangement, etc.

Dr. Brock George Dear went out with me this afternoon and examined the hospital and we talked of an engagement, he to take the place of superintendent, house physician and surgeon. I will look further into his credentials.

January 22nd.

Spent the day examining annual reports, especially of the Lawrence Park Realty Co.

The business of this company calls for a peculiar talent to handle it successfully, as it has grown so large and I sometimes have doubts if I or my boys either have this. If handled right, I think I can see a great prosperous future for the enterprise, and the family name is so identified with it that it would be a lasting monument to us; but unless the thousands of details are followed up, unless the boys will buckle right down to it and give personal attention to them or are able to get other people who will, I feel sure the development must be slow and expensive and the final results more or less speculative. It is a business which requires close observation and a steady control.

January 23rd.

Have been further considering the Alger Apartment scheme of apartment houses and the formation of a company to handle the matter.

I feel that this needs to be made a distinct and separate business, not mixed up with the Lawrence Park Realty Co., who have already too much to look after to do it well. They can own stock and even control the Alger Construction Co., but should be willing to have it under a separate management or Board of Directors.

A meeting was held in the evening at our house of the Eastchester Association and their property divided up among the owners, a pleasant family party. The Eastchester Co. it was decided to wind up.

January 24th.

Went up to Bronxville today to talk over Hospital matters with Miss Doty and study further the addition of a maternity or other wards to the Hospital, a doctor's office and room, if we should employ Dr. Dear as proposed.

Alfred Stone called at office relative to my assistance in his buying some Cedar Street houses. Says he will need the money (\$6,000.) the first of March next, but hopes to effect sales which, if accomplished, will enable him to get along without the loan.

Talked with him about his personal affairs but do not feel that I gained much by it. He means right but is rather vacillating, something he may overcome by experience. I advised him to take sides, choose his friends and stand by them, not to try to be friends of everybody, as he seems to be now doing.

January 25th.

A beautiful bright winter day. In company with Sallie went to see Dr. Bosworth who treated us both for a slight catarrhal trouble in throat and nose. He remarked that both of us looked so young and vigorous, he could not understand us. He said it was over thirty-five years since we first visited him and yet we looked just the same. He is, he says, seventy years old today and looks full of years and trouble. It is true, we have much to be thankful for. Our lives have been along peaceful roads which for over forty-six years we have travelled together. Our children have become men and women, who are a credit to us and grace their position in society, of which we may feel proud. We started on our journey poor and with few friends and but little influence, while now we have abundance and are strong in friends and blessed with good health.

January 27th.

Yesterday, Sunday, Dr. Jowett delivered a beautiful discourse in the morning; and in the afternoon we motored out to Bronxville and attended a meeting of the Hospital Executive Committee when the matter of securing Dr. Dear as house physician and superintendent was introduced.

I think that two prominent members of the committee are afraid they will antagonize the Medical Board by doing this. They are afraid to do anything lest the doctors "strike." This lack of independence is regrettable for I fear the hospital will never succeed or amount to anything unless the management take matters in their own hands and act independently of the doctors who are consulting their individual interests and not those of the hospital. However, this is a matter that can't be decided in a moment. Better let it drift in hopes that everything will become harmonious later on. It can drift for a time at any rate.

January 28th.

When men reach the age of seventy years and over, it is a question in my mind what they ought to do with themselves, what to think of and generally occupy themselves with. I do not know how it is with men generally, but I am myself such a creature of habit that I find no pleasure in doing differently from what I have always done—that is to visit my office regularly and occupy my mind with business affairs, when at home in New York.

I do not care very much for society or for public amusements; rather prefer the quiet of my own home and fireside; I do not smoke or drink and therefore am not by nature a social or club man. I rather enjoy travel; when away from home and office I get out of this old groove of habit. I can for a short period be quite happy with golf and enjoy the excitement of the game and new friends, but my own home and fireside appeal to me strongest.

Old men and cats, the habit have, of sitting by the fire
And as the embers slowly die, they draw a little nigher.

January 29th.

A diary such as this is but a mirror of our minds and reflects what we are thinking of day by day. These winter days we are now passing through afford but little activity of mind or body. It is a time of year when all nature rests and I am only a part of the general whole, a cog in the wheel so to speak; for I feel at this time a disposition to let things drift rather than crowd them along, the feeling which I formerly experienced. Later on as spring approaches, I may think better and feel the rising sap rushing through my veins and with it, more energy and life.

January 30th.

What a great mystery our lives are, the earth on which we live and the heavens above, yes and all that in them is, what a mystery! Why has the Creator thought best to conceal from us the hand that created it and why he created it all?

Can it be He has hidden these great secrets knowing we could not comprehend, and that when we have passed over the great divide and left our earthly bodies behind we shall then understand? Will the secrets of God then be laid bare to us that we will see and understand all. That, it seems to me would be a real heaven to be able to see and grasp these things which are now such mysteries, to travel throughout the universe and understand God's creations and why they were created. Surely it would fill a "life everlasting" and be heaven indeed! Will I ever be there?

January 31st.

Today we had the annual meeting of the Lawrence Park Realty Co. at the Bronxville office. Former officers were re-elected and little else was done, except to agree to push on our

apartment house construction in the name of other corporations and keep our own company a holding company and continue a conservative policy. I am of opinion that is best. For the present, better just rest on our oars and let the present storm of unrest and troubled waters pass; surely the present continued opposition and criticism by the Bronxville minority can't last. The railroad crossing or bridge matter seems to be the base on which it is all built and Ward Leonard the sole builder. I heard today he was being attacked by the Sagamore stockholders and it was already in court.

February 1st.

Alfred Stone in today regarding an exchange of one of the houses he has purchased lately for a house on Gramatan Avenue. I advised him to beware of cheap property in houses; that I felt sure of his Maple Street houses but knew nothing of these other ones. I do not believe in trading a good horse for a poor one or even for two poor ones; they are both poor property and it is so with house property.

I am glad Alfred has started in upon this line of trading. He may get on the right track yet. I shall help him in this experiment and hope he will succeed, in that event, I will feel well repaid. To live on commissions from renting houses is a pretty slow business and that is what he has been doing all his life so far, and his father before him.

February 2nd.

(Sunday) Arthur and Virginia with their two boys came down, attended church and lunched with us making a very pleasant visit. I wish our children would do more of this bringing their little ones to see us in this manner for I do not feel sufficiently acquainted with the grandchildren since we see so little of them. These grandchildren are exceedingly interesting, each one of the nine is so like himself or herself and unlike the others. If we could only read their futures and see what the world has in store for them! I suppose it is best that we cannot know this and that their future is as a sealed book to be read only when their career is ended. I would like to know that their lives had been useful and happy ones and that they, like the rose, had budded and blossomed and that their fragrance had made them loved by everybody.

February 4th.

This is a bright sunshiny winter's day, one that makes the spirits rise within you and makes you glad that you are alive and well and happy with your station in life, with what you are doing in the world. I have no doubt but that with my income, there are many who, if they had it, could do more and get more out of it than I do, but when I look about and see so many people trying to get a great deal out of life in charitable works, in social and club life, in politics and public affairs, in sports and athletics, and the failure they make of it all, I am inclined to think it is a difficult task so to order our lives that they will be perfect, or even please the principal actor in the play—Oneself.

February 5th.

Up at Bronxville today locating and trying to find a way to erect a large café and grill room in connection with the Gramatan. I think we have solved the problem and this extension dining room may become a very attractive feature of the hotel. Have also been considering our own water supply, tank location, etc. The Gramatan is already a great property and will (well managed) grow to be a greater and better one every year. We must improve it in all its parts and constantly improve; that should be our policy.

Going to the theatre this evening with Capt. Louis Van Duzer and his wife, also Anna and Pressley, all of whom will dine with us before going.

February 7th.

Preparing to go south tomorrow for a few weeks change.

I enjoy getting away from the February and March storms and unpleasant weather, but this winter seems so exceptional. It has been so warm and pleasant that it seems hardly worth while going away. Attended the Semi-Centennial of the forming the Union League Club at the Club House last night. Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root and others spoke upon the history of the Club and country during the fifty years since it was founded. I was much pleased to be there and am pleased that I have lived during such a period of the world's existence as I have, for it seems to me as if the world has gone ahead faster, done more for civilization and the uplifting of man than a thousand years had done before. I hope we are not going ahead too fast. Sometimes I fear we are.

February 8th.

Sallie and I with our maid left for the South on the 3:34 train, going straight through to Augusta, Ga. Expect to remain there at the Hotel Bon Air for about three weeks.

February 9th.

Sunday P. M. Arrived at Augusta and Hotel Bon Air where we found many old acquaintances and friends, also that same genial warm and beautiful climate which I have learned to like so much during the past half dozen years, during which I have been coming here. Many of our friends were on hand to bid us welcome.

February 10th.

Had my first game of golf this morning. Only made eleven holes with a score of 58, which is even better than my average here. I thought it better to start this way but I will try to make the full 18 hole course tomorrow. I will play with Mr. Corelli of N. Y. at 9:30 on Wednesday, with Mr. George F. Baker of N. Y. at the same hour on Thursday, with Mr. Edsall of Wallingford, Conn. at same time or hour on Friday.

February 11th.

Played 18 holes of golf with Mr. Corelli. We came out about even, and when we finished, I found myself very tired, as I might expect, having played so little of late.

GOLF

On a level here we meet them
 Playing golf, that royal game,
 Men of letters, men of money,
 Men who're not yet known to fame
 Poets, scholars, men of fashion
 Chase the ball from green to green
 All forgetful of the morrow
 Of what they are, or what they've been.

February 12th.

MY BIRTHDAY

Three score years and eleven
 Make the days which God has given
 Generous gifts He's made to me
 But small returns is all I see.

Now if the past I should review
There're many things I would undo
There're many things I ne'er have done
Which plainly should have been begun.

At this late day what can I do?
Too late to start my work anew
There's nothing left but be forgiven
And seek another gift from heaven.

February 13th.

Out on the golf field with Mr. Geo. F. Baker, I put up an excellent game for me, and beat him badly.

February 14th.

Snow and ice again! How queer it seems down here. No golf today. It does not seem like Augusta of the past. Last year and this, if continued, will ruin the reputation the town has "for the finest climate, etc." The hotel is filled, however, with very interesting people from all parts of the United States and many of them of national reputation, prominent and popular. I enjoy seeing these people and meeting them as I do here where formality is nearly all thrown off and they are seen in the natural every-day life enjoying themselves. While men of every profession are here, some of the most prominent today are successful business men. President Taft is expected in a few days.

February 15th.

Played 18 hole game of golf today with Mr. Hermstone of New York. It was very wet and foggy and the consequence was, it took me 120 strokes to make the 18 holes.

February 16th.

(Sunday) Beautiful bright day; went to the Baptist colored church with Sallie and heard Dr. Greig preach. Very quiet nice day with a walk in the afternoon.

February 17th.

Played golf in the forenoon with J. G. Cannon of Scarsdale, N. Y., 18 holes; came in very tired; but I feel stronger I think, every day. I find so many pleasant people here that time passes very pleasantly. Had a talk with Mr. Robert Lincoln (son of the martyred president). He is getting to look old but is better

than last year. I should think him about 68 or 70 years. The hotel is now quite filled up with guests and there are many people about the corridors and on the golf links all the time.

February 18th.

Hotel life after all is rather monotonous. We have the same bill of fare for breakfast, dinner and lunch to pick over and if you pick well you will get along fairly well. It's precisely the same in our social enjoyment; if we go about and pick out only those who are congenial and interesting and steer clear of the others, we can find in a place like this a feast of reason and have a delightful time of it.

February 19th.

Played golf, 12 holes with Mr. Barnhard of Boston and Ipswich. He seems a very nice fellow and much of a gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Ball of New York, proprietors of Best & Co., whom I have met and like, are leaving for home today.

In evening, played bridge with Judge Gregory, Mr. Waterman and Mr. Esdell. I really believe that card playing is not intended for me. I never could remember the cards that have been played and therefore will never make a good player. I think too much time is wasted in card playing anyway; that we would all be more profitably employed in reading or even talking with each other than at this play. I have never felt like working to be an expert at it.

February 20th.

Played golf with Mr. Esdell. The links were wet and weather foggy or misty but warm; made very bad work of it and came home, wet through; but such is golf.

Letters from J. S. Bates upon the business prospects and plans. His long service and faithful, honest attention to the business are great arguments in his favor as a manager.

February 21st.

Nothing doing.

February 22nd.

Played 16 holes golf today with J. G. Cannon. For some reason I was nervous and unable to make a good score and think I must take it easier for a few days; have been overdoing; Cannon suggested trying a new ball on the 11th green; I did so and won the next seven holes.

February 24th.

Went to hear a negro preacher yesterday, a Dr. Walker, who is attracting a good deal of attention here. He is no ordinary man and if he lives, is going to be a great colored leader of his race. This church is certainly an attractive one. Today we read of big blizzards traveling over the north and northwestern states.

February 25th.

Played 18 hole golf this beautiful bright morning with Mr. Corelli, and came out second best. My game goes from bad to worse.

February 26th.

Awakened by the cackling of a large flock of wild geese I sprang up and looking out of my window, I should say there were a hundred, and they were passing over the hotel going north. This surely was a harbinger of spring.

Played 18 holes of golf with Mr. Humstone; came out even at end. The morning was a most perfect one and I think I never enjoyed the game more or the morning more in the open fresh air. This seems a very monotonous life here, the same things over every day; but I do not find it tiresome or the time to pass slowly for I enjoy the people I meet and these southern skies and the birds and the flowers, the running brooks, the good fresh air, everything.

February 27th.

Played 12 holes of golf today and then rested in the afternoon; took a carriage drive about the city to Hampton Terrace. The golf course, etc. which was very enjoyable, particularly to Sallie who has not had much attention from me as the morning games of golf have so fatigued me that I have been obliged to rest the remainder of the day. Have about concluded this fatigue is largely due to the hot bath after exercise and not to the game so much. I will stop the hot bath after today.

Played Bridge in the evening with Mrs. and Mr. Edsall.

February 28th.

Played golf today with Judge Gregory of Albany and Judge Stoddard of New Haven, both better players than I, but by close attention I kept up fairly well with them. Been raining this afternoon, weather hot and muggy.

"LOOKING BACKWARD"

Here I am way down in Georgia
Looking outward toward the sea
All my thoughts are backward turning
To the days of "sixty-three."

In my thoughts I see an army
Marching on with drums and fife,
Marching with proud banners flying
All around is bloody strife.

At its head heroic Sherman
Leads his host both bond and free.
He is pointing ever eastward
"They are marching to the sea."

And I see the vanquished rebels
Swept before his marching men;
See the Star of Dixie setting
Setting, not to rise again.

March 1st.

Commenced raining at midnight and has continued all day long. Never saw such continuous or more vivid lightning. It has been a very dull day for every body shut up in the house.

March 2nd.

Attended the old St. Paul's Episcopal Church (oldest in the city) this morning. I found both the church and the service very attractive. This is a building that was built and used in "old slave days" and to the visitor suggests many thoughts of those days and customs so changed now.

March 4th.

Played golf today with Mr. Humstone of N. Y. and put up the very worst game of the season. He was very lame and gouty too and did no better than I so that the play was bad enough.

Today Woodrow Wilson takes Mr. Taft's place as the President of the United States. The general impression is that Mr. Wilson will have a most uncomfortable term of office, that the outlook is stormy; that he and Congress will not get along well

together; neither he or his Cabinet will agree; and that he and W. J. Bryan will not long remain together in the Cabinet for both are headstrong and will try to dominate each other. Only time will tell as to this.

March 5th.

Ex-president Taft arrived here at our hotel from Washington this morning with his wife, daughter and others (they came as guests of the city of Augusta). He was looking very happy that his official life at Washington was over. On his alighting from the automobile, the hotel people set up a great cheer, he took off his hat, waved his hands and asked of the great crowd on the piazza: "Are there any here who play golf?" He recognized everybody with his famous smile and then went to breakfast. After breakfast, Harry Lauder of the Scotch Serenaders came, played and sang; afterwards the Taft party proceeded on foot to the golf club. The weather is simply perfect and the mocking birds show their appreciation by a charming chorus in nearly every tree.

March 6th.

Since I came down here on February 10th, a constant stream of interesting people have been coming and going; among them were the following whom I have met and conversed with:

Robert Lincoln, the son of our martyred president; it is rather sad that the son has rather few of the characteristics of his father. "He is overshadowed" so to speak.

George F. Baker, said to be America's leading banker and worth \$50,000,000; a most bashful and retiring personality.

James G. Cannon (another) but less modest.

Ex-Secretary Lacey of the U. S. Treasury under Harrison, one of the most delightful men I have met.

J. B. Forgen, the leading banker of Chicago if not of the U. S., considered the head of all U. S. banking, modest and unassuming.

Judge Stoddard of New Haven, a curious combination.

Judge Gregory of Albany, an erratic person.

H. A. Strong of Rochester, rather brusque, with a nice wife.

Minister Greig of Brooklyn, rather conceited.

Mr. Corelli of New York; Mr. Edsall of Wallingford, Conn.; Mr. Pike of Chicago; Mr. Reams of Brooklyn; Mr. Banks of Chicago; President Taft of Washington; Mrs. Mc Clintock of Washington.

March 7th.

Played golf this morning with Mr. Morse of New York; a most beautiful morning and we had a delightful play. Preparing to leave for New York this afternoon.

"I love a Georgian sunset
As it gilds the western hills,
The curling mist arising,
From the valley which it fills.
I love the singing of the birds,
Their song my bosom thrills.
I love the soft and balmy air
The peace that it instills.
I love the crystal dewdrop
When it glistens in the sun,
The game of golf, the flying ball
The field of sport and fun;
The towering pine, the little flower
That blooms beside the brook
All seem to beckon, say to me,
'Come tarry here and look.'
I love them, we are lovers
These Georgian friends of mine
And I shall always love them
Until the end of time."

March 8th.

On the cars all day; arrived at New York at 5:30 p. m. when Anna and Pressley with the auto car met us at the station and dined with us at 969, our Fifth Avenue home, as also did Dudley.

I am very glad to be at home again, as I always am after an absence of a few weeks.

March 9th.

Listened to a sermon by Dr. Jowett, which did not seem to be up to his average discourse. It may be I was tired from my trip home.

March 10th.

I begin to think Dr. Jowett is too pronounced a Presbyterian for me. He is one of the kind which requires you to cast aside your reason and rely upon faith alone in religious matters; you must believe, you must have faith and accept the word of God and his ministers or you are outside the pale. I hoped this

ancient sort of preaching has been done away with and from what I know of Dr. Jowett, he ought to see that this age needs more advanced thought.

March 11th.

Been working today drafting a new will; my old one dated December 27th, 1910 seems to have become a little out of date owing to the great changes which have taken place and are taking place among those whom I would like to aid in the world when I am gone.

I have decided to give and transfer to my four children who already own (by a previous gift) one half of Lawrence Park and the Bronxville properties, the remaining half of the stock, so that this entire property will be owned jointly by them. I feel that they have reached the age when they can discreetly own and handle this great property and it affords me very great pleasure to be able to place within their hands such a property with so good a name and such good credit. I value Lawrence Park properties and the Brooklyn real estate which is included, worth three million dollars, or near it, and it ought to continue to develop as time goes on and become of great value.

March 12th.

Today I signed transfer for my Lawrence Park stock to the children in equal shares to each so that they are now the owners of the whole property, less two shares, which I retain so that I may continue an officer of the company. Have continued work upon my new "will." Having provided liberally for my children in the Lawrence Park gifts, I intend to put the remainder of my property into a trust that a large number may be benefited, if I can accomplish it, and that the children may have an assured income in the event of the Park proving insufficient or unfortunate. This I will endeavor to extend so that the grandchildren, nephews, nieces, etc. may all come into the distribution.

March 13th.

Arthur and Dudley were in today and referred to my gift of Lawrence Park Realty Co. stock of yesterday. They signified that since they were to have the responsibility and care of this great property that some arrangement ought to be made whereby they should own more of the stock and enjoy more of the profits than the girls, who have nothing to do, or at least no responsi-

bility over it. There is much to be said on their side and I will see how this situation can be improved. Can't see just how it can be accomplished.

March 14th.

Very little unusual transpiring in office. Went to Bronxville and reviewed the work going on there. The new Gramatan apartment house on Sagamore Road is just starting. It will be heated from our central heating plant and, I trust is the beginning of a successful and prosperous line of similar operations. I feel quite sure that these country apartments in Bronxville will prove a great success in every way if the owners can take a strong businesslike position regarding them, first build high class buildings and then restrict them against all but desirable and congenial people. They must be surrounded by open gardens with flowers and playgrounds for children.

March 15th.

Lawrence Davis called this morning, as did Walter Bates. We talked over the question of girls' wages in our factory, etc., now being so widely discussed. Walter who has charge of the D. & L. factory, advises doing away with "piece work" and paying all by the week. I had to oppose this idea. I believe it discourages ambitious girls or those anxious to please and get along; I suggested that they advance piece work prices to make it more attractive; that they investigate the character and life of every girl employee and only keep and allow those of good character on the premises and those living at home or with relatives. Also, to be careful and always keep a good lady forewoman who will see that the standard of morality and excellence is kept up among her girls in this department.

March 16th.

At church in the morning. Went to Bronxville with Lawrence Davis in the afternoon.

March 17th.

These March days are not agreeable to me. I love the South and only wish I had remained there till about the 20th or 25th. I would have done so except for the fact I had so many things on my mind which I wanted to do at home and we get to thinking when down there among the birds and flowers that

those conditions must exist or soon will, at home, and so we pack up and go there.

March 18th.

Spent day in office. Took Doctor and Lawrence Davis to lunch at the Union League Club and in the afternoon Arthur and Dudley were in here discussing the Lawrence Park affairs. I feel that there is enough for all; that they ought all to be satisfied with their portions and pull together. I am doubtful if they will use this option. Would rather they would expand by doing personal work or going into other branches, outside ventures, and leave the park holdings as arranged.

March 19th.

Motored out to Bronxville with Sallie; met Heath (our new English gardener) took him over the park and engaged him to come on April 1st, and start up a garden department in connection with Lawrence Park. He is to take charge of all public and private grounds belonging to the company; extend our nursery hot beds and later on, hot houses, etc. I do hope he is big enough a man to make this work a success. I would like this garden work and farm work, two separate departments, to become lucrative and self-sustaining and at the same time prove a most important auxiliary in building up the Hotel Gramatan and making Lawrence Park the leading and most attractive suburb in New York.

March 20th.

Meeting today of the Fellows Co. but nothing of special importance before it. I cannot help but wonder what the future of this business is to be. The holders of the stock, it seems to me are getting farther and farther away every day. Originally I knew the owners and they were practical business men, and now the owners are women, boys and girls, and trust estates who never come in touch with its affairs or know anything about the business or its managers. At present we have Dr. Anger at the head and he is, I consider, a fairly able manager but without vision; if he should fall out, I suppose others would appear to fill his place even though they are not visible now. The company must devise a way that its employees who are not stockholders will be provided for liberally if they show interest in its affairs. Perhaps the bonus plan will accomplish this; if not, some other scheme must be tried.

March 21st.

Been thinking today of our summer vacation. Have about concluded to return to Carlsbad and take the "cure" again this year. I believe I was benefited last year by it and I am sure the trip there is as pleasant as any I know of. It occurred to me today that I might extend this trip through Russia, to Japan, and home by the Pacific; it would be novel and interesting and is becoming so easy to make it that I must look into it and see if it seems advisable. I can see it would be quite an undertaking and doubt if either Sallie or I are justified in making it. A few years ago I would have loved to plan and carry out such a trip but we begin to feel the weakness of old age.

March 22nd.

Smith, an old chauffeur, called in to see me today and asked for a reference. When he left my employ two or three years ago, I discharged him for permitting "new tires" to be taken off my car and old second hand ones being put on in their places. The inference was, of course, that he did it, selling the new ones and buying and putting on the old. I refused to give him a reference or certificate of character. He looks seedy and degenerate. Why is it that young men are unable to see that "character" is everything to them; that it is their only "stock in trade," and without it they will find life a terrible struggle, not worth the living. Smith I think, by his looks, has fallen to a very low level.

March 25th.

Easter Sunday. Dr. Jowett preached on David Livingstone. The day was bright and pleasant. Have been thinking today about our existence here; what it really means; what is to be the future of the human race. It would seem as if we soon should understand the source of disease and without medicine cure or prevent it. Find the cause of old age and then remove the cause. Find out the very beginning of everything, even of the universe itself. It seems to me that electricity or a spirit akin to it will yet be found. The great spirit of the ancients, the source of all life, the beginning of everything; that which appeared in the burning bush at Sinai to Moses, the "Great I Am" who plants his footsteps on the sea, who rides upon the storm; is then Electricity, or this undiscovered spirit, the Living Spirit, the Alpha and Omega of everything?

FAITH

How beautiful are the mountains
When the sunbeams die away
When the mellow shades of evening
Weep o'er the expiring day.

In faith I see tomorrow
Much brighter than today
In peaceful rest we slumber
Till the night has passed away.

When from our friends we're parted
From friends who've gone away
The faith we'll meet tomorrow
Makes light the pain today.

March 26th.

WHO AM I?

Only a unit, a waif out at sea
That drifts with the wind and the tide
I came from a country I never can know
While on to another I ride.

Why is it then, I should fain be so proud
Or boast of my high station here?
For when I look backward there's naught I can see,
If forward, an ocean so drear!

My creator has made me just as I am
His design I'm unable to know.
My faith it looks upward, in certainty rests
That I'm led as He likes me to go.

March 28th.

Held a meeting of the Executive Committee at Lawrence Hospital today at the Hospital in Bronxville. We discussed at length the employment of a house physician and surgeon to take Miss Doty's place when she leaves in the fall and it was finally decided to recommend this change to the Board of Governors at their next meeting. A case of Scarlet Fever developed in the hotel and they wished to send it to the Hospital Isolation

Ward, but this request had to be refused as we had decided at our meeting today that no more contagious cases could be received, for fear of endangering the health of all our other patients since this ward so closely adjoins the main building. I was sorry to have to do it. The patient was removed to New York.

March 29th.

Have been trying to think out a plan for a more satisfactory development of Lawrence Park. There are so many industrial and other extensions to this real estate investment, so many outside connections that ought to be made that I foresee too many complications and too many cares for its owners. It seems to me just at this junction a Napoleon of finance ought to take hold of it, that it is too big for either me or my sons. Neither they nor I can run a hotel, a farm, a big real estate speculation, a newspaper, and extensive apartment house construction business. Outside talent, people who do know these things must be got into it if they are to succeed. How is that to be accomplished? This must be studied out.

March 30th.

Heard Dr. Jowett preach today. In the afternoon Dr. Dear came up to dinner, and also Arthur. I was glad to meet the doctor in this informal way and get acquainted. He appears reserved and gentlemanly. I fear he lacks magnetism and perhaps sufficient tact to fill the position in the Lawrence Hospital which he has applied for.

April 1st.

Been trying to revise my will in accordance with the advice of the lawyer, Charles Pierson. I would like very much to have formed a trust to last for a period of forty years, but there seems no way but make the Trust dependent upon the life of some one, so I have selected the name of my youngest child, or Dudley, and at his death the Trust ends.

April 2nd.

Spent the day making a study of Lawrence Hospital situation. Called a meeting of the directors to be held at a Gramatan Hotel dinner on the 7th and intend to take definite action in regard to the installation of our own physician and surgeon and the building of a new isolation ward. I should like it in place

of our old one, which we have decided to close because it is so close to our main building and dangerous. I have written out a full statement of the case and will present it at this meeting and trust the Board will stand by me, as I doubt not they will.

April 3rd.

Been at work today studying a plan for a Hotel Gramatan Co. I wish to provide a way to get into the service and management an interested set of men as managers and believe the only way to do it is to give them a stock interest; this it seems to me can be done by giving or selling them blocks of stock which they can make valuable by close attention, etc. Besides this, I would like to find a way that the owners might take out of this hotel a part of the investment and put it in other Lawrence Park investments.

I talked today with Geo. H. Prentiss & Co. about it and they offered to examine into and aid me. Went in the evening with Sallie and Mrs. Custer to the Hiawatha moving picture show at Natural History Museum. It was a wonderful exhibition.

April 4th.

Up to Bronxville today; found Burke Stone very ill and given up by doctors. He looks unnatural; recognized me when I entered the room but could not speak so I could understand. Poor Burke! I have known him for over forty years. Life has been in his case, a disappointment; I am sure that success never favored him, but "failure" has been a constant companion. Now being old and poor, death would be, I think, a welcome guest. I visited the hospital; it was quite full. So much anxiety and suffering in one day has made me feel quite despondent myself. Added to this, is the knowledge that Nellie Taylor is now on her way from Toledo here and will add another sorrow soon to our circle of friends.

April 5th.

Nellie Taylor, Agnes and nurse arrived this morning early and we met them at the Harlem Station with car, and I sent them with Dr. Charlton out to the Hotel Gramatan; Nellie will remain there until some permanent arrangement for her future can be made. She appeared very well; for her mind is her diseased part. She therefore may live for a long time. I slept very poorly last night and regret this new condition for I have been a very good sleeper all my life.

April 6th.

Attended church this morning. Dr. Jowett was particularly interesting. Went to Bronxville with Sallie in the afternoon to see Nellie and bring Agnes down to her train for Toledo.

April 8th.

Went up to Bronxville and spent most of the day. In the evening had meeting of trustees of Lawrence Hospital at dinner in the Hotel Gramatan. There were twelve of us sat down, and the dinner was in every way a success.

After the usual proceedings I spoke to the meeting on the subject of employing Dr. Brock Dear and abandoning our present system, which has given four of our doctors a monopoly of the hospital, and through which patients have sometimes been charged beyond their means, to the injury of the hospital. Resolutions were passed as I proposed, and I believe the employment of Dr. Dear or some other good house physician and surgeon will begin a new era in the life of the hospital. I hope so.

April 10th.

Hospital questions seem to arise daily; something must be done to give room for growth and new wards provided. The idea came to me today of adding at the south end, along Palmer Avenue, a large building containing double wards and additional rooms. It is the best thought yet and I have just given it to Mr. W. A. Bates and asked him to draw plans and elevation so I can see how it will work out. Judson Titsworth of Milwaukee called today; I did not know him at first; have not seen him for at least thirty years. He married Cousin Julia Van Duzer of Horseheads; my favorite and only cousin that I ever cared about.

April 11th.

Who can foretell what this change of government at Washington means to the country. If Mr. Wilson, our new president, is able to carry through his proposed changes in tariff and banking laws and make what is now a highly protected country, a semi-free-trade one, it would seem as if he had a revolution before him. For about fifty years we have been building up the protective system. Mr. Wilson appears to be independent and fearless. He seeks no aid from anyone. Everyone hopes for the best and believes him honest and capable. Time will show what he is and what the future has in store. At the

present, the future looks stormy and uncertain for the business of the country. But I can't help but have faith in Wilson and believe that he is the right man in the right place. I hope so at any rate.

April 12th.

Burke Stone died at Bronxville at 10:30 this morning. Poor Burke, during all his life he has pursued the even tenor of his way which has been a modest retiring one. Burke has never sought a "front seat" in any of the theatres of life, always content to remain behind. I have tried at various times to help him out but to no avail, for like many a flower which was born to blush unseen, Burke was born to lead a life of inconspicuous mediocrity. He was generally liked and a good fellow but lacked the elements of success. So one by one our old friends depart.

April 13th.

Went out in auto to Bronxville with Sallie, Agnes and Bess to Burke's funeral service which was held at his residence in the afternoon at 3 o'clock.

April 14th.

Went out to Bronxville in the auto again this morning with Sallie, Agnes and Bess and from there to Kensico Cemetery where Burke Stone was finally laid to rest beside Adele, his wife, who was placed there only a year or so ago. When his body was being lowered into the open grave, I could not help but think as I thought of Burke's life of toil and trouble: "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" for death came as a messenger of peace and the grave a refuge of peace and rest—a blessed end.

April 15th.

While in the Cemetery yesterday, I went with Sallie and Agnes to view my own last resting place, or at least the one I hope to occupy when that last day has come. The thought occurred to me that this, my future house, ought to be put in order for it could not be long before it would be wanted; the surroundings were so beautiful this early spring day, the lake in front, the budding willows and singing birds all so inviting, I could not think of Death as the enemy he is pictured at all, but as in Burke's case (so with us all) a welcome visitor when one's strength has gone. I will try and make my cemetery lot,

if spared, an attractive home and then perhaps my children may wish to sleep there with father and mother when they, too, are tired and weary of life. I would like to have them there beside me,—and yet what does it matter? “Dust to Dust.”

April 16th.

Have been in the office all day; the boys came down and lunched with me at the club and we talked over Bronxville affairs. I realize the work they have before them and wonder how successful they will be in the great job I have given them to do. They want to do right and to succeed, but they have not yet learned to rely enough upon “personal effort” and to see that it is that only, which succeeds. I think when I have thrown it all upon their shoulders, all the planning and plotting which so big an enterprise needs, that they will feel the weight and bear the burden more easily. They have too long depended on me to do the important work and it has become a habit.

April 17th.

A meeting of the directors of the Fellows Co. today. Dr. Anger made a very comprehensive report of the business, which appears to be in a satisfactory condition in all the markets of the world.

April 18th.

Met Dr. Dear and went over the Hospital with him. Discussed his work there and its future extensions and developments. He seems to lack aggressiveness or push, but it is hard to tell what he is in these preliminary talks. Miss Doty had every part of the building polished and clean and I was really proud to show it.

April 19th.

My life these days is not crowded with excitement or stirring events. It has been a long time if ever, since I have taken things so easy as now. It may become monotonous or tiresome and I may have to take up some business occupation again to avoid disintegration or general good-for-nothingness. I find myself dropping into these lazy ways too naturally. I have rather admired old men who stuck to their work and at last fell down in their harness, and do not quite see why I am retiring from all active business the way I am now doing. I feel as able as ever, but I know I am not.

April 20th.

Attended church and listened to Dr. Jowett who was in his usual mood which certainly makes him a powerful speaker.

April 21st.

Out to dinner today with my old friend, Tudor Jenks, whom I took to the Union League with me. He is about the most typical representative of a good man "gone wrong" I have ever met. An honest, upright, educated and accomplished man without a practical idea in his head; a sort of waste of good material; that at least, is the way he looks to me. Perhaps I misjudge him.

April 22nd.

The idea of making the Lawrence Park Realty Co. a mother of several corporations occurred to me today. This one corporation cannot continue the development of Lawrence Park and keep apace with the demand for apartments, residences, business buildings, etc. without borrowing large sums of money and this only causes anxiety and trouble and should be avoided. The thought I have is to create a hotel company to own and run the hotel and get a practical hotel man interested in it to advise and manage it. Same with our Heat, Light & Power Co., our apartment house business, our business building business, our cottage and home building business; all to be separate corporations to be partly owned and in some cases perhaps controlled by the Lawrence Park Realty Co.

April 23rd.

In office all day working on the reorganization of Lawrence Park, getting its active business into several companies so as to remove, as far as possible, any cause of friction between my children. If I can divide it up so that the joint estate will be inactive and all the business done by sub companies, I hope in this way to preserve the unity and individuality of the Park and it will go on as heretofore and become a great family monument.

Meeting of the Executive Board of the Lawrence Hospital today at my office to decide on new extension to be built and the employment of Dr. Dear. All satisfactory.

April 24th.

The boys have expressed themselves fully today upon their relations to the Lawrence Park Co. affairs. A great joint

family ownership such as is here represented by this company may not prove practical. It may be the children would all be better off to divide up the property and each manage their own in their own way. If this is done, my dream of twenty years, it seems to me, would vanish, that of creating a big community, a sort of family monument, etc. in Bronxville. Perhaps we can find a way to hold it together through the sub-company idea and this we must try to do, for I don't wish to see the children bound together in any way if they wish to live separate, or at least separate their business affairs.

April 25th.

The Lawrence Park Country Club and golf links were started soon after we opened up Lawrence Park West. It was intended to be a "drawing card" and an attraction that would bring to the Hotel and park a class of influential, desirable people, who might become future residents. In this it has failed and is only a recreation ground for the young people about the hotel and village and is without any influence whatever.

I have taken the matter up after talking last evening with Rev. Dr. Jowett and shall try to change all this, even if the Club has to retire and we may have to make it a private golf course, a strictly Lawrence Park affair, which I now believe it ought to have been made and kept from the first.

April 26th.

My entire experience in life teaches me that he who would succeed in any walk of life, on the farm, in business, the profession or elsewhere, must do as Dr. Jowett expressed it to me the other night when I met him at dinner, "forego the pleasures and vanities of this world *and work*." He said he could not go out to dinners, to theatres, the club, etc. for the reason that he could not keep late or irregular hours and accomplish anything. To do his work properly and well, he had to keep a great deal of time by himself, and study over the problems of life. I know if I have ever accomplished anything in the world it has been done in the privacy of my own office, or room, not with the aid of society, or others. It is a great error to think we must always have amusement or pleasure; our own *success in life* is better value.

April 27th.

Sunday. Heard Dr. Jowett preach in the morning; motored

out to Bronxville in the afternoon with Sallie, visited the farm in company with Arthur, Virginia and all the grandchildren, a load of them.

April 29th.

The suit taken by the Village of Bronxville to compel the Lawrence Park Realty Co. to remove a corner of Arcade Block said to encroach on Pondfield Road was heard today and I attended. This action will doubtless work out to everybody's advantage as the question ought to be settled in order that our title to the property be made clear. This trial, however, has clearly shown to me the truth of that old proverb that "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." This action was instigated by Ward Leonard and A. E. Smith out of jealous spite and to reflect on the Realty Co. and show them up to the public as encroachers and robbers of public lands. The trial resulted in discrediting almost everybody the Village put on the stand and I trust in their defect. We shall widen the road to fifty feet anyway some day.

April 30th.

Very much occupied today considering the matter of dividing the Lawrence Park business into several companies.

A human thought, O, what a power
For good or evil end
Should we not then consider well
Each thought or word we send?

A little word is a little thing
But spoken out in time,
Might save a soul, a nation save—
Then watch those words of thine.

May 1st.

Spring has really arrived here. Today it has been warm and vegetation is springing forward with a bound. How wonderful nature is; how mysterious are her ways! These sudden changes give food for thought and make us realize how little we really know, what little "mites" we are in the great Universe of God.

May 2nd.

Attended Mrs. Titus Meigs' funeral today. She had been so long a sufferer and a care to her relatives and friends, her

departure was a blessed relief to all. Why should we then fear death, especially when we are old and ripe with years. Death then comes as a sweet refuge and relief and it was a wise dispensation of Providence that provided a way for us to drop off these human shackles and flee away from the cares and burdens that weigh so heavily upon the shoulders of the old and feeble.

May 3rd.

A ride out to Bronxville in motor car constituted the principal work of the day.

May 5th.

Visited Bronxville with Violet Oakley and discussed with her a scheme for building and establishing in Lawrence Park West a colony of artists. To build a quadrangle of apartments and a large studio; in that connection form a society or club of selected "honor artists" and if possible, create an American School of Decorative Art. The plan discussed is full of interest and I hope something may grow out of it. Violet has the genius to do it and make a success out of it, but I realize it is a big undertaking not likely to mature in my life time, but perhaps I can be instrumental in getting such an institution started. I would like it. Would like to see grow up in Bronxville a school of art like the one at Barbizon outside of Paris. Where is there a better field for it than here?

May 6th.

Had further conversation with Violet Oakley regarding the art-school plan which I brought to her notice yesterday. She is attracted to it but has such large orders and is so filled with her own personal affairs she is reluctant to take hold of anything that is going to interfere with her own efforts. I am more and more convinced that she could handle the work better than any other person that I know of and would make a success of it if anyone could. I feel sure the scheme is a feasible one and that it would become the nucleus of a school of art in this country if Violet would take it up in earnest. She feels I think, a doubt if she has the right temperament to get along with others. She may be right.

May 7th.

Went down to Seagate this morning with Anna and Sallie. Anna is going to reside there by the sea this summer; we took lunch with her in her cottage. The salt air and quiet soothed

me into a peaceful state of mind within the short time I was there (only three hours) and I am sure it will prove a good place this summer for Anna and her family. The visit makes me feel like getting out of the noisy city and into a more peaceful abode, and living there, more according to nature in my old age. We go to the Gramatan for a month on Saturday next, and will see how that change affects us.

May 8th.

This writing a few lines daily in your diary is no task if one gives it no thought or makes it no care. That is why my diary seems so insipid I suppose, to me. One of these days, I should like to go all over it and see if I can't introduce a "little ginger" into it. If I do, that might make an already light intellectual product a still more insipid affair. This thing as it is, will probably illustrate the daily wanderings of a restless mind which has for seventy-one years been grinding. The grist, judged from the standpoint of this diary, appears small and hardly worth while. Our minds like our bodies (everything considered) are wonderful creations, but they do wear out.

May 9th.

The new tariff passed the House last night and if it is approved by the Senate, it seems to me it will create a great change in our present business methods. Everyone looks ahead with doubt and fear of what the result may be. So also, with the Income Tax which is about being imposed by Congress. Doubt and fear of such legislation which is a new departure in this country pervades all circles and everyone is asking and wondering if the golden age of prosperity and peace which we have enjoyed ever since the Civil War in 1865 has ended and if we are entering a new cycle, a period of class hatred and strife. There is certainly a great unrest throughout the nation today.

May 10th.

Closing 969 Fifth Avenue for the season and going to the country. Our winter's stay in New York has been, I think about the happiest we have ever had. Sallie and I have enjoyed the best of health and Swenson, the old butler, has managed the servants, and Sallie has managed Swenson, in a most diplomatic way and all has been peaceful and enjoyable. Besides that, my business cares and responsibilities have been light and I have taken life easier than ever before.

Were it not for this constant change, what a dreary thing our lives would be.

May 11th.

Spent the Sabbath in Bronxville with Louise and her interesting family. Lawrence Park is in all the beauty of springtime and is at this season of the year, the most beautiful country place I know of about New York.

May 13th.

Sallie and I came down in our motor car and took Dr. and Mrs. Jowett to Bronxville with us as they lunched with us today. Louise invited us to bring our guests and lunch at her house, which we accepted, and after lunch took the guests in the auto all about the Park, Hotel, etc. and then sent them back to the city. They expressed themselves greatly pleased with the Park and it certainly did look its best.

A canopy of dogwood blossoms seems to spread over the major part of the Park. Dr. Jowett said it was to him "a real Paradise."

May 13th.

Spent most of the day at my office. Came down to the city in my auto with Sallie and Ferris. Prepared for the Hospital meeting on the 19th, which must be rather a tame affair as there is so little doing at present and we can't discuss our future plans very profitably at an annual meeting, as they are most likely to misunderstand and the discussion result in differences best to be avoided.

May 14th.

Stayed in the country all day and my time was pleasantly occupied going about from place to place examining the changes which go on so rapidly in Bronxville and enjoying the beauties of the season.

The dogwood this year is most wonderful; the flowers are often three inches in diameter and the trees resemble banks of snow in places. I do enjoy the flowers and birds very much; they add greatly to our lives and make the world a much better place to live in.

May 15th.

Held meetings today of both the D. & L. Co. and of the Fellows Co. directors. Both meetings were satisfactory and

the business done by both companies since January 1st has been quite up to the average and should satisfy anyone with the showings they make. Affairs at the Lawrence Hospital do not move along so smoothly. The doctors continue to clash with the superintendent and the hospital regulations and act like a lot of undisciplined colts who would like to break every rule and run everything their own way. We must in some way check this and maintain a high excellence for everything in the hospital, at whatever cost.

May 16th.

Why do we trouble ourselves with the thousand mishaps and troubles of others that occur every day? The newspapers gather them together and serve them up every morning, the very worst they can find in all the world and we read and ponder over them. I often think the race would be better off if the newspapers could be put out of existence and all the great chapters of crime and accidents left unpublished. For what advantage is it all to us?

May 17th.

We left Louise in her lovely home this morning and moved up to the Gramatan where we are likely to stay indefinitely, for we cannot seem to make any plans on account of the condition Nellie Taylor is in. Louise and her family appear to be most happily placed. They have a beautiful home and her children all promise well, bright, good-looking and in health, they ought to be a comfort to her in her old age, and will. We motored over to Miss Master's School, Dobbs Ferry, in the afternoon where we were entertained at tea. Miss Masters (there are two of them) was most kind and showed us all about the school buildings and grounds. They certainly have made a great success of their work and are exceptional women.

May 18th.

Took Mrs. Custer and Mr. Frisell, along with Sallie, and motored up to Greenwich, Conn. It was a most delightful ride at this season of year when nature is doing her best.

May 19th.

Hospital annual meeting at the Casino. Elected the regular board and everything passed off without anything of special note.

May 20th.

Started early this morning with Louise, Kate and Bess Wellington on an auto tour to the Berkshires. First stop was at Pawling for lunch at the Dutcher House. After a good lunch, I found the proprietor refused to accept pay, which was a most unusual affair. He seemed to infer that I was a "hotel man" and ought to be his guest. We continued our journey to Stockbridge after lunch and arrived there about 6 p. m. after a beautiful day.

May 21st.

Continued on auto tour; started about 10 A. M. for Pittsfield via Lenox, lunched at Lebanon and arrived at Poughkeepsie at 5:30 P. M. Went directly to the Vassar College where Louise and Bess were much at home, having spent so many years of their life in that college. Walked through the grounds and new buildings and at last to chapel at 7 p. m. where 1000 girls assembled for prayer. Dr. Taylor, then President of the College, spied us from the pulpit and soon came down and welcomed us and insisted that we spend the evening at his house, which we did, meeting all or many of the faculty and enjoyed ourselves very much for they are an earnest body of teachers and doing a great work. Over twenty-five years before this, in Dr. Taylor's first year, I called first at Vassar to introduce Louise, then about to enter college. There were three hundred students and one building only in those days. What a change has taken place!

May 22nd.

Today, like many days in my life, has not counted in the things I might have done. It has been overcast and rainy. We continued our auto tour from Poughkeepsie down to Fishkill and then across the ferry to Newburg; went up and walked over the S. R. Van Duzer place, which back in 1861 to 1865, when I was a clerk in S. R. Van Duzer & Co.'s wholesale drug store, was so familiar, for there I often went to spend my "week-ends." The place itself is now owned by Fred Van Duzer, one of the sons who lives in England and keeps it up as in the old days. But to me how sad, for those whom I knew there are all dead, except Henry and Fred and they were mere babes at that time. We motored down to Tuxedo and lunched at the club there. After lunch we ran down to Nyack and home to Bronxville, thus ending our three days' outing.

May 23rd.

Down at the office this forenoon and attended to a few things I found to do and returned to Bronxville to think and to talk over the engagement of Mr. Marvin to come in as manager of our new Residence & Housing Co. I regret I do not know his business abilities better; he seems such a fine, efficient man, but who can tell as to this until we have tried him. I sincerely hope he is industrious and will make a success of it. I like success and I hate failure, no matter what it be.

May 24th.

I enjoy the country so much that I stayed out today to walk about the Park. I went everywhere and thought of many things in my wanderings that would add to the attraction of the Park and that I would like to do, but should I continue this work? Should I not rather withdraw and leave everything in the hands of my boys? This, too, I think often of. I have had a long and practical experience in the upbuilding of the Park and it seems as if this ought to be given, with the property itself, to the next generation; yet when I think of this, I am inclined to take up the responsibilities again and put my doubts aside and keep on while I am able and strong to serve. The time is coming when I cannot. The experience and education I have on these Park lines the boys cannot purchase; perhaps they may inherit it.

May 25th.

I went to the Village Dutch Reform Church and listened to Dr. Robertson who though nearly eighty years of age, preached with considerable vigor and interest. He impressed me as a good man with a heart in the right place, but one who was not ordained by nature a preacher or leader of men. Possibly in his younger days he may have been more impressive and confident, more forceful and possessed with more magnetism. In all of these he seems to me deficient, today.

May 26th.

One of those perfect days the poets describe. I arose early feeling fresh and fine. Truly I have much to be thankful for and I am thankful for it. A good breakfast at the Gramatan, a ride by motor car to my office and back again has filled the day.

May 27th.

A great wave of reform in business efficiency is passing over the country. Everybody, from President down, is discussing present wasteful methods and how they may be improved upon. We have been accustomed in this country to waste as much as we consume, and be careless about our business affairs, trusting largely to luck, and the bountiful Providence which has never failed to supply our needs, and more. Our youth have grown up to think that the world owes them a living whether they work or not. Our workmen and servants are of the same kind.

May 28th.

Lawrence Davis writes again today that Davis & Lawrence Co. are likely to loose another important agency. I think that Lawrence has been trying to delegate to others the executive work he ought to do himself. He seeks to avoid responsibility which is "inefficiency," the disease that is destroying our young men and our big business corporations of the country today. The man who keeps a grasp upon his whole business, who attends to it, "wins out." He who leaves it to others and trusts them, fails.

May 29th.

What will the future of our country be? That is the question I often ask myself and await an answer that never comes. The change in peoples' line of thought and activities has been so great that I can only see the change but am unable to conjecture the outcome. People are not so serious, life is not so earnest, everybody old and young, is restless and anxious, but people do not wish to apply themselves or plod along but to take a short cut or road to wealth. Nothing laborious will be submitted to. All want ease and comfort.

If the boy wishes to become a carpenter, he wants to get there at one step; no real practice or experience. If a lawyer or other profession or trade, it's all the same.

May 30th.

Decoration Day, a quiet day at the Gramatan; took an auto ride in the afternoon to Briarcliff Lodge. This Memorial Day does not really mean much to the younger generation, but to me it brings up afresh those anxious times of '61 to '65 when real armies were marching up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and real earnest soldiers filled the ranks. I think

these memorial exercises are excellent and serve to keep us from forgetting what has happened here in the past and might happen again. In a country so big and varied as the United States the idea of certain sections seceding and setting up for themselves with isolated governments would often occur, were it not for this terrible experience of the Civil War. May it never be forgotten!

May 31st.

I do love the month of May, the long pleasant evenings, the joyful bright mornings. I awaken early and listen to the birds, first chirping then, as they get awake, breaking forth in such songs of joy and contentment. It is a very beautiful world and man has been appointed to an important position in it and it is evident he is no creature of chance but the wise product of nature, or of nature's God, destined to fill a niche in the great temple of God's universe, to act an important part and perhaps in the providence of God, be awarded an advance to a higher plane of work beyond the grave. Christianity is built upon this thought and it has a place, it seems to me, in every mind.

June 1st.

Dr. Dear came up and lunched with us at the Hotel. I invited Dr. Charlton to meet him at lunch, after which we went over to the Hospital, where we met Dr. J. W. Smith and discussed the matter of employing Dr. Dear after September first, next. The two Bronxville doctors opposed his coming and showed a very narrow spirit regarding all the hospital affairs. I feel more than ever that I have got to force along the expansive movement already begun, if the hospital is to shake off this doctors' yoke it now labors under.

June 2nd.

Resolved today to move the Isolation Ward over on the Alger Place, but this move is dependent on some action by the Village Board. Bought tickets to Rotterdam by the *S. S. Amsterdam* which sails the 10th instant, for a few weeks abroad. For a summer vacation an ocean voyage seems the most inviting of all the scenes before me. It is the easiest, and at my age, I am influenced largely by that fact.

I do not know but I will form a liking for keeping a diary. It gives me something to think of, and it is so easy, as I do not have to think hard, just jot down anything that happens to

pop in my head when the book is opened. Of course, no one but me will ever read it, and I don't know as I will ever care to look over its contents. I promised myself to keep it for a year (1913) only.

June 4th.

I never pass this, the 4th of June, without thinking back to 1864, the June 4th when I took passage and started for my first trip over the Atlantic, the first time on the old *Anchoria*, a 3500 ton side wheeler running to Glasgow. That was a great event, the greatest one in my life up to that time, and will therefore never be forgotten. I was dreadfully shaken up for it rolled about and pitched like a cork on the water. We were sixteen days going from New York to Glasgow. I was sent out by my employer to start a manufactory at 205 High Holborn London, for making his toilet preparations known as Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer, Zylo-Balsam, etc. This steamer carried sail and her single screw was only an assistant to the sails and side-wheels. It was out of the water half of the time at least.

June 5th.

Went down last evening by auto and spent the night with the Bislands at Seagate. Enjoyed a delightful restful sleep and a lovely ride up to the Battery on their tidy little steamer this morning.

This day is also long to be remembered. It was June 6th, 1866 that I, at Providence, signed that first agreement with the old firm of Perry Davis & Son to go to Canada, and there start that Canada business which has been my principal life's work. That Canada branch has since absorbed the original concern and also brought into existence the Fellows Medical Manufacturing Company, an offshoot which has grown out of it. I am not likely to forget therefore, June the 6th. I carried away with me when I left Providence that June 6th, the following agreement signed by Perry Davis & Son and myself. It was setting sail upon new seas, but I thought myself at the time, quite able to steer the craft.

Providence, R. I., June 6, 1866.

Mr. William V. Lawrence

Sir:

Since conversing with you respecting your going to Canada

for us to establish and take charge of a branch house there for putting up the sale of the Painkiller, we have decided to make you the following offer: We propose to furnish you with the Painkiller in bulk manufactured and shipped in bond at the cost of the article here in sufficient quantities to supply the market there; also to furnish you with sufficient capital to introduce and carry on the business to the best advantage as far as it may be practical and advisable to do so, and pay you for your services a salary of Eight Hundred Dollars per annum in gold—or give you in lieu thereof the privilege of taking a one-third interest in the Canada business at any time you may elect to do so. You to take the entire charge of putting up and preparing the Painkiller there for the market, using such means for advertising and selling it as you may deem best for all concerned, making full returns to us monthly of all money transactions, and in all things using your best endeavors to build up and extend and make the business profitable to us.

In this, it is our intention to make for your advantage to engage in the enterprise by giving you a liberal interest in the business you may be instrumental in building up in Canada; to furnish all capital for doing so and thus secure for the Painkiller all your time and talents while the connection shall continue; and in case you elect to take the interest named, it shall be for a term of not less than Five Years from this date.

(signed) Perry Davis & Son

The above proposition I hereby accept.

(Signed) Wm. V. Lawrence.

June 6, '66.

June 7th.

Held a joint meeting last night of Executive Committee of the Lawrence Hospital and the medical board at the Hospital building.

The doctors wished to protest against our employing Dr. Dear as our new superintendent. The meeting ended without our reaching a very satisfactory conclusion and I fear the doctors are going to oppose and make trouble for Dr. Dear. They are a narrow and selfish body of men, considering their own pockets rather than the welfare of the hospital or the poor at all.

I have to watch this situation closely and not let them use

the hospital for their personal ends. It must be broadened out into an institution for the poor with a high standard of excellence and with inefficiency eliminated.

June 9th.

Spent the day getting ready to sail in the morning for Europe. It really seems too bad to leave Bronxville with all its attractions behind; never before was it so beautiful, but will it last? Every year, every day, almost, new buildings and changes are taking place. The rural country landscape is fast disappearing as the modern big buildings rise up and shut off nature's kindly work from view. I suppose this must happen and that Bronxville will yet be, instead of this little Paradise which it is today, a great blustering crowded center of human activities.

June 10th.

Breakfast at the Gramatan at seven. Off by motor car for Hoboken soon after (Miss Doty accompanies Sallie and me). We had a great reception on the boat *New Amsterdam*—children, grandchildren and relatives. It was delightful to have so many take the trouble to come and see us off and as I looked at them all on the wharf together waving to us, I thought how satisfied we ought be, and were, that of the whole flock, there was not a single black sheep or lamb that could humble the family pride. The first day at sea has been delightful, the steamer glides over the still water noiselessly, and the air is invigorating and health-giving. I long already for my morning salt water bath.

June 11th.

On board the *New Amsterdam*.

Once more we plow the trackless deep
Bound for a foreign shore.
Once more we watch the glistening spray
And hear Old Ocean's roar.

There is a soothing influence which life on an ocean liner has over me I can find nowhere else. Relaxation and a general letting down till about the third day, when I begin to take notice and enjoy myself and to read and speak to fellow passengers.

Today the sea has been smooth and the sky without a cloud. I have been reading Bryce's *South America*, a most interesting description of a trip down there. I should like very much to

make this, and will try to do so when the Panama Canal is open. I do not sleep as soundly or as well as usual; am restless or nervous, don't know which. It's quite a new experience for me and calls to mind my dear old mother who was so sleepless in her later years.

SLEEP

Come gentle sleep, come fold thy wings
About my couch and me.
These wandering thoughts; these troubled dreams
I would have none but thee.

In childhood's day it was not thus,
You came to me unsought,
You took me to your bosom then
Sweet Peace to me you brought.

I would that now you'd come again,
These thoughts and cares efface,
Just as you did, when I, a child,
Slept in your dear embrace.

June 13th.

What a batch of mysteries our lives are. Our entrance into the world and our exit from it, and yet they are no more mysterious than our existence while in it. We appear each and all to have a mission to perform, a certain part to play, a niche to fill, but that is all. Can it be we are simply cogs in the great wheel of progress which Nature or Nature's God has created, which simply aid to carry to completion Nature's wonderful plan? Who can conjecture what these plans are or what our future is to be? Will this mystery ever be cleared away, will our minds ever grow to grasp it?

As my years multiply, I cannot keep my mind from constantly reverting to that thought. What is man and for what purpose does he inhabit the Earth? Is there a future life, or does death end all?

June 14th.

How like us human beings is the great ocean liner upon which I travel today from New York to Rotterdam. The steamer

throbs with life from stem to stern, childrens' happy voices, strains of sweet music and the din of massive machinery blend together in a harmonious whole which make her, as she plows along through the blue ocean, a real living thing, meeting storm and tempest, or ocean's peaceful calm in her course, as a master. But how little it avails, a little ripple as she passes, a white spray rises at the bow, a slight commotion at the stern and the waters hasten to fill the rent which the ship has left behind, and all is over; the sea is herself again and no mark is left to show where our great ship stood. So with us, we create in the world perhaps a little stir or a little commotion for a short time, then the elements obliterate every mark that shows that we ever existed.

June 16th.

I fear I have grown too pessimistic of late; have come to looking at current events too much from that standpoint. I suppose it is due to myself alone and I am sure it is a bad habit to get into. When I think of the great improvements which have taken place during the past fifty years since I have been active in the world's work, I do not see how I can be pessimistic at all. The world is better today than ever before, is much wiser, and sound thought (not brute force) rules. Brute force in localities may occasionally get the upper hand but it cannot hold on. I have just been reading Bryce's *South America*, a country where Spanish superstition and ignorance ruled so long but which has now driven them far away and let in a new light to drive out the darkness; and this is typical of the situation the world over.

June 17th.

All Nature revels in a change. The earth, the sky, the heavens above are ever changing and so with the waters, the air and everything that is. It changes. In the morning, like the grass it groweth up, it withereth and dies, and such is life. Here I am out in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean travelling to Europe, my twenty-third time over this great waste of waters. One might ask Why this waste of time and money? Why cross the pathless ocean so often? My answer is, I am a creature of nature; I seek change of scene and here the great waves, the clouds, the great ship itself, are all (like the world we live in) in motion. Here I find that which I seek—a change.

June 18th.

This question has often risen in my mind: You have travelled a great deal; in doing it you have expended a large amount of money and energy and what has it availed you? Has it paid?

My reply to the question is this: Travel has in my case been a great leveler; a steam roller as it were, which has crushed and broken down a host of imaginary obstacles, such as errors, superstition and doubt.

Travel has taken away that sense or feeling of my own infinitesimal littleness and has given me a broader view of the world and a more correct view of humanity.

For instance, my mind formerly saw kings and distinguished men in halos and pictured them as different from ourselves. Travel has brought me to see them and meet them and I have found them as ourselves—human.

Far-away Egypt with its Pyramids, its temples, its ancient Thebes and Memphis—my mind had pictured Egypt as a sort of dreamland, a picture-book not real; but after seeing it, how changed the picture became. I can see it now as the home of a superstitious and ignorant race of people; the children of Israel were a race of hirelings; Pharaoh, the king, a selfish tyrant who would have his people worship him as a god.

Before meeting President Hayes and President Taft, I had pictured them very superior men. After seeing them, I thought them only ordinary, just like ourselves and so the old proverb comes true: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

June 19th.

At about noon today we came in sight of the Scilly Islands and expect to reach Plymouth and land our English passengers this evening. Have had a long and uneventful passage, but when I look back to that first voyage over the ocean in 1864, I can only see it as a wonderful improvement over that sixteen-day voyage on a 3500 ton side wheeler which I then crossed upon.

June 20th.

Today will finish this ocean trip. Our steamer arrives at "The Hook of Holland" this evening at 8 o'clock. We stopped at Boulogne at noon today and landed passengers and with them Mr. Jacobs, our traveler friend who was met by Mr.

Lyford. I have enjoyed the trip over. It has been a delightful rest, quiet summer seas, all the way.

How many stations there are along the journey of life! How many changes and shifting of scenes! How busy we, "Life's actors" are, in keeping up with the music which never ceases to play, till the journey of life is ended; its play over and the curtain has rung down for the last time! My diary I think, will show (if anyone would read it over) that life's scenery changes like the wind. There is no stability at all.

June 21st.

Up early (5:30); breakfast on board; passed the Customs, took a carriage and carried our baggage over to the "Maas" R. R. Station and at 8:30 were off; travelled by train up the Rhine via Dusseldorf, Cologne, Bingen to Frankfort and there at 6:30 p. m.; went to the Hotel Englisherhof for the night. We were very tired and rested beautifully; up and off at 8:30 in the morning via Nuremburg and arrived here at Carlsbad at 3:30 and soon were at the Hotel Konigsvilla.

June 22nd.

Sunday. Arose late after a good, long, restful sleep and began the treatment by going down to the *Elisabeth quelle* and taking the water (3 glasses). We arrived in Carlsbad yesterday in the rain; when we left it last August, we left in the rain by our own motor car, and in it we motored to Paris and London in the rain. I hope we shall escape that extreme this year. It is a bad start however (Mercury at 54 degrees, fires in our room, etc.).

June 23rd.

Finally settled at Hotel Konigsvilla. Large parlor, bedroom and adjoining room for maid, 280 crowns per week. This morning broke bright and beautiful and I think we may enjoy our stay at Carlsbad for the hotel is certainly a lovely restful spot.

June 24th.

Up and down to the spring before seven; spent an hour walking and sipping my three glasses of water. The crowd is made up of people who do not interest me. In fact, a tiresome lot who speak every imaginary tongue except one I can understand.

These people are mostly a sad unhappy lot and I shall be glad to leave and mix with a more attractive people. The weather is now bright and the beautiful city does much to make up for the uninteresting human kind in Carlsbad where all except man is divine.

June 25th.

We have within us a force, a spirit, or it may be "a guardian angel" (good or bad) which is leading us and has led from infancy over the level spots and hilly places along the highway of life.

I suppose that this is our soul or that invisible part or portion of us that dominates the body while it lasts and when it dies the spirit or soul returns to its maker. If then our bodies are thus made, simply as an habitation for this spirit (or soul) and that for so short a time, what has our maker designed to do with the soul which lives on after the body has returned to dust? That is the question every human mind is asking; yet no response. Perhaps God in His infinite wisdom may make this matter clear to us beyond the grave when we are released from these earthly bodies and have put on immortality.

June 26th.

FAIRIES

"Believe in Fairies?" "Oh no" I hear you say.
But as to Guardian Angels no one doubts today
That they guide us in our roving, direct our steps and thought
That they make us do in some way the very things we ought.

Oh, I believe in fairies
In Guardian Angels too
I believe in everything
That's honest, straight and true.
I'd rather trust in everything
Than not believe at all
And I won't stop believing,
Until the heavens fall.

June 27th.

I am beginning to lose faith in Carlsbad weather. Last year we were here for three weeks and it rained nearly every day. This year it has rained every single day since we arrived and we have had a fire in our porcelain stove most every day

to keep warm. There is very little one can do here and time goes rather slowly. Three glasses of water in the morning, a bath perhaps in the afternoon, read the papers, eat three diabetic meals (that is a lot of stuff no one cares to eat) and then go to bed—that is a day's work at Carlsbad. One or two quiet walks if weather permits, but then you most always get caught in a shower and get wet through.

June 28th.

Having nothing else to do, I spend part of my time trying to write an epic, which generally fails. It annoys me that I can't write to suit myself. I feel I have it in me and yet I can't do it. I had similar ideas when I was a boy at Ypsilanti attending school; I felt that I could write and draw, that I would like to take up "art and poetry" and study and work on them and I used to think a great deal about it. I wish now I could have done this and that I had made these more of a "fad" during my life, for I might have enjoyed the work and profited by it. There is nothing I would rather do now than frame up little stanzas and rhymes, if I could only write them satisfactorily, I should be very happy.

June 29th.

Have just finished reading Olive Prouty's *Bobbie the General Manager* and have enjoyed it very much; it is such a natural sort of a story, I like her style. There is in this world an excess of make-believe and not enough of genuine honesty, spending one's life trying to climb into the good graces of others, generally ends in failure; it's making false pretensions; it's a counterfeit and is sure to be detected and thrown out.

June 30th.

A dull rainy day—in the house by the fire most of the day.

INHERITED FORTUNES

Are they beneficial to the recipient or not? Do they destroy his chance of usefulness in the world's competitive industries? If necessity is the mother of invention, a creed I thoroughly believe in, does wealth which comes without effort thereby remove necessity so essential to success in life? I have been often asked if I was not happy that I had been enabled to give to each of my children a liberal competence to place them above

want in this world's goods. I have invariably answered, "I do not know" or, "I am not decided whether I am or not." If in providing all this for them I have closed the door to their success, if I have taken away all necessity for them to work out their own success, if I, in placing them above want, have injured their prospects in life, how can I be happy over it? On the contrary, if they are able to use their inheritance as a stepping stone to some higher thing in life, I shall surely rejoice and be happy.

July 2nd.

Sallie and I took a long walk out as far as Kaiser Park; the walks and drives about Carlsbad are very beautiful and it's a great pleasure to be able to climb these hills and wander about the way all do. Few people of our age can do it as well and with as little fatigue. Yesterday and today the weather has been genial and some of the clouds have rolled by and we have hopes of better weather.

July 4th.

A cold disagreeable day it is. The people here, however, observe it the best they can. "Old Glory" floats from nearly every housetop and groups of people could be seen staring at the display of flags as they waved in the breeze and were talking about what it meant. It suggested to me the following lines:

OLD GLORY AT CARLSBAD

Flag of my country in this far away land
What are you saying to the people who stand
Watching you proudly unfold to the breeze
A tale of my country! A story to please?

It's a story of freedom: I know by your wave
Every star, every stripe is a symbol of praise
For they tell of a country beyond the blue sea
Where the voice of the people rules over the free.

They tell of a land where the smile of the poor
Is an emblem of joy, in a house that is pure.
Where the harvests are rich; the mines never fail
Where naught but prosperity ever's entailed.

They tell of a land where truth boldly rides;
Where error lies prostrate and tyranny hides;
Where the youth are taught wisdom rather than war;
Where virtue is golden and vice is abhorred.

Wave on then my banner in this far away land
Your message is read and all understand.
Go carry your story from Pole unto Pole
The world it will listen, to the flag of my soul.

July 5th.

It is two weeks since we arrived here in Carlsbad. To complete the so-called treatment it takes one week more, when I hope we shall be able to go on our journey homeward, braced and fixed up for another good long period at home, in health, etc.

I have never before 1913 kept a diary and I wonder if I will be persevering enough to continue this through the year. Had I done so during the busy period of my life, I think it might have been more interesting but now when I am out of the race, "in the sear and yellow leaf," I have a different view of everything; the color has mostly faded and the yellow leaf affords little to enthuse or write about. However, it is, I suppose, a picture of my life as in the year 1913.

July 6th.

Sunday. A quiet day and afternoon walk with Sallie out to Kaiser Park added to the morning stroll, the three glasses of *Market Brunen* water constitute the day's work.

July 7th.

Prince Charles Francis, heir to the Austrian throne and successor to Emperor Franz Joseph is stopping at our hotel. An amusing incident occurred today at the dinner table as one of his aides or lieutenants sat too soon and before the Prince had seated himself. The Prince stood erect and waited until the aide had discovered his plight and jumped to his feet.

WHAT ARE YOU?

A constructionist, one who goes about building up, adding to, improving and bettering things wherever he happens to be? Are you making two blades of grass grow where only one existed

before? I like such people and I wish there were more of them in the world. What would it be if we had them not?

Again, there are Obstructionists, who never accomplish anything; they always see a lion in the path and turn aside. They prefer to wait till tomorrow rather than act today. The days and years with them roll around only to find themselves in the way of others who "do things."

The worst of all, however, is the Destructionist, who is ever building or trying to build on other foundations than their own. They would corner the market, cheat or even steal their brother's inheritance if they could only obtain advantage or control. They will tear down but never build up for such is their nature. They are pessimistic and will always sell short in the market and make money out of other people's misfortunes.

July 8th.

Off early this morning by train for Marienbad. Took Sallie and Mrs. Hockinghull. Lunched at the Hotel Wiener and afterwards went up to the "Agerland Restaurant" on the top of a little mountain for afternoon tea; home for dinner after a pleasant day and change of scene.

Weather continues cold and rainy tonight, though the day was pleasant and about the first one we have had since we came. Met the Kleinbergs from Montreal, who had Montreal papers, and again proved how small the world is, as they seemed to know all our friends. They are Jews and people I never was acquainted with. Also met George R. Reed and wife of New York real estate people. They are staying at our hotel.

July 9th.

These days at Carlsbad are not at all interesting and I would rather spend the time somewhere else, but the waters are helping me as the analysis shows the sugar in my blood is disappearing gradually; when I arrived it was $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent sugar and now, ten days later, is $1/10$ of 1%. It is a sad sight, however, to me to see such crowds of people as are here, all seeking relief from some bodily ill. Some so fat that they are deformities; next to them in the line are some so thin that they have little left. Few are happy and this is depressing. The doctors too, seem to be so grasping; the profession has the commercial spirit so highly developed that we can't feel the confidence in them which we ought. It is a pity the medical profession could not serve

and lose sight of money. They must live, however, like the rest of us and I do not see how the situation can be changed unless they are regulated by law as in Germany and that does not seem right to me.

July 10th.

I have been developing for the past year what seems to be a lame back, and since I have been here, it has grown worse and makes me sleepless at night; I am so very nervous. The doctor says it is muscular rheumatism. It calls to my mind my poor old father who used to suffer, as far back as I can remember him, with his back. He carried his hands behind him much of the time for a support. Mother too, always complained in her later years of her weak back so I suppose I came by mine naturally. But, after all, how much I have to be thankful for and how thankful I am that since that great operation of mine at Johns Hopkins Hospital three years ago, I have realized such health and happiness after many years of discomfort.

THE AWAKENING

Is this the dawn of a new born day
That drives the darkness from my way?
That opens out before my view,
A scene so bright, so fresh, so new?
All seems so changed, the world so fair,
Which in the darkness I could not bear.

Yes, yes, it's morning, I feel the bliss,
Its gentle touch, its ardent kiss;
Thrice welcome morning, welcome light,
After a long and troubled night,
A night of dreams, of fear and fright,
Thrice welcome, thou the morning light!

Johns Hopkins Hospital,
Christmas, 1909.

July 12th.

I have tried to write poetry,
I've tried to write prose,
I've made a great fizzle
As this diary shows.

I have thought I would burn it,
Conceal the bare truth,
The proof that an idiot
I'd been from my youth.

But since I can't change
The facts in the case
I'll here give the proof
Though it be a disgrace.

July 14th.

Our last day in Carlsbad.

Have now been taking the cure for over three weeks. I took today both the regular carbonic acid bath and the electrical treatment, which Dr. Ganz has prescribed. Have very little faith in either, but when here the doctor wishes to do something for you, and recommends everything he can think of,—that's the way it looks to me.

July 15th.

Had a poor night's rest; couldn't sleep. Up early, saw Dr. Edgar Ganz who said I had arterial sclerosis, an old man's trouble (hardening of the arteries), and every man of my age must have it. It was the first I was ever told of this, yet I knew already that my arteries had changed under the Carlsbad treatment. We left on the 11:45 train for Paris and I am writing this on board the train just as we are entering into Germany, or crossing the Bohemian border. It is showery but the country looks lovely as the vegetation is so green and luxuriant.

July 16th.

We reached Frankfort-on-the-Main about 9 o'clock p. m. after a very pleasant though rather long-drawn-out journey. Went to the Hotel Engländerhof for the night and after a ten o'clock supper retired. I was awakened about 1 a. m. with the trouble of the night before about my heart increased, and it kept me awake the remainder of the night, not with pain but a flutter or uncomfortable sensation which made me very nervous. I decided to remain over for a day before starting on our journey for Paris and today am resting quietly at the hotel. I fear our Carlsbad life has been too strenuous and the cure too exhausting. At any rate, the rest I am taking seems very acceptable.

July 17th.

Had another bad night owing to my heart's condition which was not only uncomfortable but alarming. We finally determined to take a motor car and go up to Bad Nauheim, only twenty miles away and consult a heart specialist there, which we did after breakfast. We saw Professor Th. Schott, whom we were told was the very highest authority on diseases of the heart, and his advice was to stop here and take the Nauheim baths or treatment, that my heart was very much enlarged and badly strained and I should have immediate care. We engaged rooms at the Jesche Grand Hotel: Sallie and Kate, (the maid) then returned to Frankfurt for our luggage and returned at three o'clock. We then settled down for a long stay. Dr. Schott called again in the evening to examine me the second time. He examined Sallie also and ordered baths for us both to begin tomorrow.

July 18th.

Took my first bath this morning after a very comfortable night. Dr. Schott called after my bath, looked me over again and it was plain that my heart was getting back into a more normal condition. He ordered a daily bath and nothing more. I now feel satisfied that my heart has been too large for a year or more; that I ought to have been aware of it but was not. The doctor says I am in the right spot here and he can and will reduce it to a normal condition. Sallie has decided to take the baths also under Dr. Schott's care; he says he can help her too, but as she is in excellent physical condition, the best for years, I do not feel quite satisfied to have him experiment, thinking of the old adage "Let well enough alone." The weather is rainy, hotel bright and cheerful and people about here rather attractive.

July 19th.

Another comparatively good night's rest though my heart only permits me to sleep in short quarter or half hour periods. I go off to sleep quickly, however, which is a new procedure. Had my second bath and the doctor called again and ordered no bath, but rest for tomorrow.

We cabled home in reply to a message expressing their anxiety that "I was improving." I suppose when one has reached the age that I am they should expect these indications of a breakdown and take them philosophically as a part of our life's

expectations, as a warning of the approaching dissolution bound to come to everybody, a natural landmark along life's highway. When my end finally comes, I can wish for no better way out than a sudden quick stroke and have it over.

July 20th.

Sunday. Received letters this morning from home which are always like "oases in the desert" refreshing and satisfying when one is far away and among strangers. I slept better last night and I think I am getting rested, my strength is coming back again. The treatment may be having some effect. I hope so.

July 21st.

Waiting for our trunks which we checked from Carlsbad through to Paris, little expecting this change in our plan; very inconvenient but can't help it. Taking a bath every day and the doctor calls once or twice, listens to my heart beat and is then off on a run.

July 22nd.

Slept better last night and I see great improvement in my condition; had a second strong "Mother Lye" bath today. Dr. Schott called and as usual made examination, said nothing and ran away. Life here is quiet and refined; I like it very much. Received a cable from home with Dr. John W. Smith's London address; will try to get into communication with him and return on same steamer with him.

Received letter from Mr. Will Bates enclosed plans for new hospital wing which I like very much; unless the Village will buy the property "out and out" it now seems as if I had better proceed and erect this wing, giving it whatever funds are necessary to complete it, beyond their own building fund which now amounts to about \$30,000. I feel less and less like selling to the Village. They will not keep the place up in good shape as I would do.

July 23rd.

Doctor says no bath today. Our trunks have at last arrived, though the keys sent by post to the frontier are now lost. We must employ a locksmith to open them. I hope, however, this will end our trunk troubles. Had a good sleep again last night which encourages me to believe that this treatment here begins to count.

July 24th.

Meet a few people each day and among them some pleasant ones. I sleep and lie about nearly all the time as Dr. Schott wishes. The days pass rather slowly and both the days and nights seem long. I had little idea when I came over I was running into such scenes and such experiences as I am having. But such is life; its stream runs through a channel of ever changing scenes. Its banks and sides are not always decked with flowers, are often strewn with debris and choked with driftwood; at times are bathed with sunshine and shadow, through all of these, the stream of life must pass ere it reaches the deep sea.

July 25th.

I really enjoy Bad Nauheim; it is a lovely little town and when we think what a mecca it is to the tired out hearts we must feel thankful that man and nature have here met and done so much for suffering humanity. I wonder if it would be possible to start in Bronxville bath houses and bring there the kind of talent which could take Nature's gift, the water, and use it as a medium of cure instead of so much medicine.

July 25th.

Today like the several preceeding ones, has been quite uneventful; we take our morning bath, Dr. Schott calls, and we go out for a little walk in the afternoon, generally up to the Kurhaus where we take a cup of tea and listen to the music for an hour or so and walk home. Fair weather seems at last to have arrived and it certainly seems nice and revives one's spirits after so long a period of depressing weather.

July 27th.

Sunday. Dr. Smith from Bronxville came over from Wiesbaden this morning to see us. I took him in and introduced him to Dr. Schott who received him very cordially. They examined me carefully together and whatever conclusion they arrived at they kept to themselves. My heart continues weak but I hope I am in the right place and with the right doctor to get well.

July 28th.

Awakened this morning greatly improved; took my regular bath. Doctor examined me again and ordered me to take a long walk which I did with greater ease than I have done for

some time past. He came a second time (after the walk) when he and Dr. Smith went over me together and found an apparent change for the better.

July 29th.

Sallie asked me today what I was keeping this diary for. What good was it? It's a question I have frequently asked myself. I have never kept one before and it really seems a lot of trash. I answered her thus:

A few years ago, I wrote a little sketch of my parents' lives and also of my own with a preface stating I had often wished I knew more of my grandparents, their mode of life and more about them, how they lived, etc. It occurred to me that I would keep a diary for one year, the year 1913 and some time in the future, when I had the time, I would take this diary and use it as notes and memoranda and would write it out in a better and more complete form and incorporate it all into those memoirs for my children and grandchildren, which might be of interest to some future generations if not to those very near. This diary presents a picture of my life as it is today, as it is during the year 1913 when (nearly 72 years of age) I have withdrawn from active business life and am trying to enjoy the fruits of my toil in travel, rest and pleasure.

July 30th.

The weather has at last settled down and is well nigh perfect and we are beginning to go about drive and walk, and time passes more pleasantly.

July 31st.

Dr. Smith left us this morning going to Switzerland. Dr. Schott was in after my bath and ordered massage which adds to the day's duties. We drove up through the Hochwald and through Johannesburg this afternoon, a beautiful drive and took tea on our return at the Kurhaus with the Gardiners of New York, people we met on the steamer. Played bridge in the evening after dinner with Mrs. Frank and Mrs. May of New York. The music like everything at this hotel is excellent and first class. I never stopped at a better appointed house and hope the owners may succeed in their undertaking. They deserve to be successful.

August 1st.

Life at Nauheim is not very different from life everywhere

only it seems less active. We eat and sleep, take our bath, see our doctor, then rest and so on through the twenty-four hours. Today I had an extra, a real "masseur" sent by Dr. Schott who put me through a lot of silly motions of my hand and feet and called it exercise; he spent an hour with me and I consider it was all a farce. It was, of course, the celebrated Schott Heart Movement. I will, when he comes tomorrow, suggest that he try a bit of osteopathic treatment on my spine which I have found so beneficial in the past. We had a nice long drive today, went over the Frauenwald round to the Johannesburg and again to the Kurhaus for music and tea. Played bridge in the evening with the Gardiners of New York.

August 2nd.

Didn't rise from bed this morning till near ten o'clock; had a bad night's sleep and felt seedy. My masseur called about eleven and I told him I wanted to have him exercise my spinal column and cut short the other exercise; he made a long speech praising the Schott foot and arm movement, but acceded to my wish. He no sooner began than I found the cords between my shoulder blades and back of my neck were contracted and very sore; he rubbed and pinched them and nearly killed me but it seemed to afford instant relief and how I wished I was in N. Y. and had my old osteopath to do it. I really believe my heart trouble comes from this and he will cure it all. He promised to come tomorrow and give me another treatment and I have great hopes and expectations.

August 4th.

Dr. Schott called and said I must keep very quiet today and rest; that the bath had acted very satisfactorily but I must not overdo. He seems to think of but one organ in the body, the heart. I begin to feel doubtful about all of these cures and all of these doctors, and wonder if we just responded to Nature's own demands if we would not get along better and live just as long; that is, use our sense which nature has given us, lead quiet and decent lives and stop all of this chasing after health and happiness, going to the ends of the earth to advise with doctors who only know one of the many organs we possess and who think far more of making up good bills than they do of curing us.

August 5th.

With the Doctor, the masseur, the bath at the Sprudel, I

find myself quite busy each day which includes the usual afternoon drive to the Parks, and which ends at the Kurhaus where we stop for tea and to hear the music. The great Zeppelin airship sails over the Spa nearly every afternoon in its excursion from Frankfurt-on-Main and I am beginning to wish I could go aboard of it. It carries daily from a dozen to fifty passengers and surely is a wonder. When I think back and see what has been accomplished for humanity since I was a boy; what great labor-saving devices, what wonderful inventions, I am simply amazed and wonder what is still ahead,—after the electric current, the mastery of the air, the automobile, what next?

August 6th.

Many there are who seek fame and wealth, but few find. Why? Because they are not persistent or serious or honest in their effort; they feel that these things ought to come to them by chance. Honest work is the keystone to success; without it there is nothing. Success in life and love are only reached by *direct personal effort, not by proxy*. Again, it is not persistent work alone but work with thought and care and interest, that succeeds. The prevailing fashion of today is to work as little as possible, the prevalent idea being few hours for work and many hours for play and recreation and travel. This is an error; there is more pleasure in knowing one has done his duty, has made a success of his life and his undertakings, than all the social conquests, games and sports will give in a lifetime.

August 7th.

My heart is still weak; the rheumatism or arteries, I feel, are mainly responsible for the trouble. It seems to move about between the small of my back and the neck, first in one place and then in another. Dr. Schott says those Nauheim baths will take that all away, it only needs time. He gives no medicines, relies on the Nauheim water with implicit confidence and I am gaining faith in him. He certainly is a wonderful man and has unbounded confidence in himself. I have had for the past few years, more or less rheumatism about my left shoulder and spine, and it is no wonder that it has found its way near my heart, yes, too near to feel comfortable. How fortunate it is I have not the smoking habit or the drinking habit! I hear of men here who have to forego both on account of their hearts. What foolish habits they are anyway and how silly. There

are a few fashionable sporty women smoking cigarettes every evening in the public rooms, how vulgar it does seem! I never could endure to see a man, especially a young man, smoking or drinking during business hours. I have a similar feeling to see women smoke at any time. It is such a silly habit.

August 8th.

One redeeming feature of a long protracted stay at Nauheim is this fine big and luxurious hotel where we are stopping (Jesche's Grand Hotel). It is, taken all in all, as complete and luxurious a hostelry as I have ever stayed in. For board and lodging, I pay 64 marks per day, which includes large room and bath for Sallie and me and a small room for the maid. The table is unexcelled. To this of course, has to be added the tips and little extras, but even with them all the prices are not so high as at the "Bon Air" at Augusta and other American and foreign hotels. We visited today the great evaporation plants for recovering the Sprudel Lye and salts used in the baths and for shipment. They are expensive scientific establishments where evaporation by natural rather than by steam or artificial means is done through thornbrush constructions which the water filters through. Hundreds of invalids sit near to breathe the salt or medicated air during the day as it passes through the air and brush.

August 9th.

TO SALLIE

(With due acknowledgment to *John Anderson, My Jo*)

Sallie dear; my Sallie dear
When we became acquainted
You were a buxom country lass
With cheeks that Nature painted.

Your locks were like the ravens,
Your lips, words won't express!
The smile which then you cast at me
Has e'er my soul possessed.

But now, you have grown old dear,
Your locks are white as snow;
Your heart beats warm, as then dear,
In those days of long ago.

Sallie dear; my Sallie dear
We've climbed the hill together,
And many a happy day dear
We've had with one another.

We now are climbing down, dear
Still holding on each other;
When at the foot we'll sleep dear
Life's pilgrimage then over.

August 10th.

Sunday: All days are pretty much alike at Nauheim; everybody is here for rest, and the "cure" and there seems to be a stereotyped course to be followed and they follow it. All classes of society meet here high and low, at our hotel; we have dukes and counts and barons and their wives; just now we have a black prince, a Maharajah, of an Indian Province or state who is here with his white wife and mother-in-law. Strange that a respectable white woman as she appears, could consent to live with one so much beneath her, even though he be an Indian prince. I feel indignant to have them eat in the same dining room with us. She sold herself for money and position.

August 11th.

The cure is progressing day by day and my heart is becoming normal again, I hope. Dr. Schott says I am doing nicely but can't set a day when I can start homeward. My life has always been so occupied that these long weeks at Carlsbad and here seem a great waste of time, a new departure.

August 12th.

Even the news we get here in the papers is very old. The Balkan War is happily ended and articles of peace are at last signed. Turkey is loser of most of her European possessions and the map of Europe considerably changed. President Wilson is doing all he can to keep out of a war with Mexico. I think today war is becoming more dreaded than ever before, for with the modern inventions it has become too terrible and expensive for sane governments to entertain,—soon I hope international questions may be decided by a grand court of the nations rather than by the sword, as in the past.

August 15th.

It is pleasant to feel the glow of health return after a period of ill health and anxiety. Rheumatism near and about the heart, the heart's doubting, feeble beat and the Doctor's anxious look and care, altogether, cause no little feeling of unrest. With daily baths (I have now taken twenty-one) and regular massage treatment daily, I feel as if life had been wholly renewed and I was a new being. Dr. Schott says we may leave for home next Wednesday, the 20th inst. and we will begin our preparations to go as soon as the time arrives. My heart which was very much enlarged has contracted and is now practically normal.

August 17th and 18th.

Sunday and Monday. Weather cloudy but not rainy. Continue to improve, taking short walks. Sallie and I play bridge in the evenings with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gormley of Rochester.

August 19th.

Have decided to leave here tomorrow at one o'clock for Cologne *en route* to London. Will break the journey again at Ostend. Dr. Schott called this evening and I paid him one thousand marks for his services while here. He called to see me twice almost every day and considering he gave treatment to Sallie as well, his charge is not so unreasonable. I never was watched so closely as he has done and I consider his treatment of me has been good. He says I must return next May or June and have treatment again. He gave me instructions how to care for myself when I am away.

August 20th.

Starting for Cologne on the 1:10 train; very glad to begin our homeward journey. Day is bright and cheerful but I did not sleep well last night; took too long a walk yesterday around the lake. I do not feel as much like starting as I did yesterday.

Later: Most delightful ride on the east shore of the Rhine down to Cologne. I have been up and down the Rhine several times but this day's ride seemed to make the most pleasant impression of this magnificent river and region, I ever had. It surely is a poetic region. Arrived at Cologne about 7 p. m. Stopped at Hotel Excelsior, a fine new house.

August 21st.

Up and breakfasted at eight. Went into the cathedral for a few minutes to see again the stained glass windows which I saw last thirty-six years ago. The cathedral is very beautiful but does not appeal to me as the cathedrals of England do. Lincoln or Ely or even Canterbury, are so much more chaste and attractive. We left at 10 o'clock for Ostend via Malines and Bruges and reached our "Hotel Place" at Ostend at 4:30 p. m. The fresh sea air, walk on the magnificent esplanade and a short visit to the Kurhaus finished up a very pleasant day. Met in the evening with Mrs. Duhme and Mrs. Small from Cincinnati.

August 22nd.

Beautiful bright morning after a good night's sleep and we are starting in good spirits for the trip across the channel which promises to be fair.

Later: We arrived at London about six; went to the Carlton Hotel; met Mr. Morehead and his wife from Bronxville with latest news; received mail from home. Sallie and I discussed our wedding anniversary this date, and the forty-six years of married life as we crossed the stormy channel and we concluded that taken all in all, the stream of our lives had run as smooth and the waters had been as placid as the average, all the turmoils and troubles of life considered.

August 23rd.

After an extra good night's rest we arose at eight; took breakfast, and then a cab, and shopped around for nearly three hours; then took lunch at Princess restaurant, which we found very satisfactory and will patronize again. The Carlton table is good but prices are exorbitant. We have bought tickets for Windham's Theatre tonight for "Diplomacy." The theatres are nearly all closed or I would not have selected this old play.

August 24th.

Sunday. Took a long walk with Sallie this morning along the Thames Embankment, Cecil Park, etc. and back to Carlton Hotel. Afternoon drive in the parks and dinner at night at the Princess Restaurant where they had a picture show during dinner as well as music.

August 25th.

Tried on my new clothes at the tailor's, which I ordered while

in Nauheim and the three suits and overcoat appear quite satisfactory and will be finished tomorrow. Called on Mr. Backhouse of Roberts & Co. and talked over the Fellows business for an hour. He tried to find out my estimate value of Fellows stock, but as I suspect he wishes to buy some of Mr. Fellows' children's stock of them, I would express no opinion of its value.

August 26th.

Quiet day. Spent the forenoon shopping about town and went to the theatre in the evening. Saw the "Great Adventure" by Arnold Bennet. Find myself today weak and unable to take proper exercise; suppose it is due to the long treatment and diet at Carlsbad and Nauheim. Met Frank Paul of Montreal today on the street; also the Chalmers from Chicago who are nice people. The following was suggested to me by reading an item in a London paper saying the discovery of the birth of an "atom" had been made by a professor of Chemistry in London.

If this world has from an atom grown
So have the stars through the heavens strewn.
Who made that atom this I would know,
Whence did we come, and whither go?

If God the Father is a spirit, then,
And if His presence is in everything,
Then He's in me and I in Him—
Why should we be such slaves of sin!

August 27th.

Took a drive around London; some shopping but soon tired out and spent the afternoon in my room.

August 28th.

Left the Carlton Hotel at 11 a. m. Took the 12 m. special for Liverpool and Steamer *Adriatic* which sailed for home at 5 p. m. The steamer looks very attractive to me and I heaved a sigh of relief when I became settled and the steamer began the homeward trip. It seemed so restful and I was so happy to leave behind me all the weeks of care and troubles I have been through since I landed on this side of the ocean, June 20th, last.

August 29th.

Felt much stronger on arising this morning; took a good breakfast and begin to feel like myself again. The sea is smooth and weather fine. Met the Carstensions from Scarsdale and Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Patterson, N. J., all fine people. Ship's run, 432 miles.

August 30th.

Had a good day, the sea being calm and the day beautiful. Life at sea when the weather conditions are good is most satisfactory to me. The strong sea air seems to impart new life and spirits. My appetite is sharpened and life looks brighter. In past voyages at such times my mind was ever looking forward and planning undertakings or work to be done but now I constantly find it going backward over the past and uncertain and doubtful about the future. If a thought of that kind does come to me it is connected with the everlasting "If I am able," "If I live," etc.

Played cards in the evening with the Williams of Patterson, who also invited Charles Scribner (of *Scribner's Magazine*, New York). I am a poor card player and Mr. Scribner was disagreeable about it. I resolved never to play with him again. In fact, I do not like the man, having discovered this temper in him, before this meeting.

August 31st.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

So much is said now-a-days about a woman's right to vote that I have tried to find out where I stand on the subject. I have been unable to discover any valid reason why she should not vote if she wants to. She is (the average woman) as capable, perhaps as the average man, and her instinct to choose the right and refuse the wrong keener than the man's. But there is something in me, I cannot say what it is, that rebels at the thought. I feel that she is lowering her flag, as it were, that the cultured and refined woman is getting down to the level of the common woman, that it is a form of degeneracy. As long as woman can command the respect of man, she can control them, and though the weaker vessel, she rules as if by magic. Perhaps I am of the old school or there is a bit of the old Lawrence

aristocracy left in me which came down from the Crusaders and is opposed to these latter day ideas. At any rate, I prefer the modest retiring woman of sense, *who attends to the ways of her household, her children and her husband*, rather than the militants of London, the fish wives of Paris or those women who parade the streets of New York and make speeches to the tiresome mob on the public streets and squares, attended by the flags and drums, asking votes for women. I believe that women will accomplish much more in the world and continue to improve the human race and themselves as well, by not voting but simply by exercising the power of love.

September 1st.

Labor Day. Summer is ended and autumn is here. I can hardly realize it; nearly three months have passed since we sailed away from our native shore and a few days more (Providence permitting) we shall be in our native land again. I hope the summer has not been wasted; I felt the need of a change when I left New York but today I do not feel as well by a great deal, as when I left. I feel older and less confident in myself, but the "cures" that have so weakened me, may bring good effects later and I may yet discover that the summer has not been wasted as it now appears. I feel rather weak and discouraged today but tomorrow may be brighter. It is thus with me in these later days.

September 2nd.

Weather very warm, as we are in the gulf stream and after the continued cold weather we have had, it seems doubly oppressive. We find the people on board are agreeable and the ship itself all that can be desired.

September 3rd.

Weather continues hot and sea smooth. The steamer is slow, making about 420 miles in 24 hours. Today we are in communication by wireless with Sable Island and I sent a message home that we were all well and happy (cost 14 sh. 8d or \$3.50 which shows that ocean telegraphy is still expensive).

September 4th.

As we approach New York we grow anxious as usual to hasten ashore. The voyage has been a most agreeable one but we are always glad when it is ended.

September 5th.

Arrived at the wharf about 11 a. m. John and Ada, Agnes and Arthur, Dudley, Louise, Anna, Kate, and Virginia were all waiting for us. They had my Minerva Car in which we motored to Bronxville and stopped there with Dudley and Kate for a few days' visit.

September 6th.

Found myself pretty tired this morning and have not felt like making much of an effort today. Took an auto ride in the afternoon round about the Park, Mt. Vernon, etc.; decided to go up to the Adirondacks with Louise tomorrow night and spend a few days resting in the mountains at her camp near "Tupper Lake," do a little fishing and perhaps run up to Montreal and look over our Montreal business affairs, if able. I will do this if I recover sufficient strength or ambition. I do not know which it is I am in need of.

September 7th.

Sunday. Quiet day. Louise and I started for the Adirondacks this afternoon; motored over to Yonkers and took the evening train there.

September 9th.

Arrived at Tupper Lake at 6:30 a. m. We took breakfast at the Altamont Hotel and drove out to the camp where we found Louise's family all on the dock waiting and cheering us.

September 10th.

Weather cold and rainy; found camp cold at night when the fires go down and the bed damp. Had a bad night; poor sleep. Louise, poor girl, worried about my comfort. I fished in the afternoon with Dan; caught a 10 lb. pike who fought over a half hour before we got him into the boat.

September 11th.

Had a severe bilious attack last night brought on by cold, I think. Had severe pains all night and got up this morning feeling "rocky." Spent a quiet day but the weather has been unusually cold and even frosty.

September 12th.

Went out today with both rod and gun; found a flock of ducks feeding in the lake and after a little maneuvering about,

I was fortunate enough to shoot a pair of them (red heads); bad luck fishing today; only caught one bass.

September 13th.

Chased about a good part of the day after duck but got none for I had no decoys and it was difficult to get near them.

September 16th.

Left the camp at 11 a. m. with Louise and we picked up John Bates at Tupper Lake, who arrived there this morning and we left for Montreal. We arrived there about five o'clock. Weather was fine, cold and clear. Before leaving camp, Lucia asked me to write in her visitor's book so I wrote the following:

FOLLENSBY

If the first man Adam had lived today,
Expelled from Eden and had come this way,
Here he'd have found an Eden to his mind
Better perhaps than the one he left behind.

Here he could fish or walk the pathless wood,
Hunt the wild buck or chase the duckling brood,
No flaming swords about this lovely lake
To warn away when he would merry make.

Here Mother Eve a quiet life might live,
Might ne'er a trouble to her helpmate give;
Might prove herself a more deserving wife
With Adam live a less tempestuous life.

September 17th.

Stopped at the "Ritz Carlton Hotel" which is rather advanced for this city of Montreal and I fear its future success.

September 18th.

Spent day in Montreal with Lawrence Davis and John Bates. Inspected our Montreal factory and regret I did not find things there in as perfect condition as I would like. Lawrence Davis is rather careless, for the factory I found in disorder. Hope he will establish a better system, and better order hereafter. Bought a diamond bracelet for Louise, which she selected herself. I want her to have it in remembrance of the lovely visit I have had at her camp.

September 19th.

Arrived home from Montreal this morning; found Sallie there with her servants, and the house nearly ready to go in. I will be glad to feel settled for I will be satisfied to rest now after a summer abroad with all its disappointments and excitements.

September 20th.

Sallie and I spent the day with Agnes in Bronxville. Visited the hospital; found the superintendent, Miss Berry, tired out nervously; said she could not stand the strain any longer and must give up her position, so I must look up a successor and let her assume her old place as operating room nurse.

September 21st.

Sunday. Remaining with Agnes at Bronxville for a few days. Motor ride with Dudley in the afternoon.

September 23rd.

Visited today the Bronxville office and Hotel; found myself very nervous and the night found me quite exhausted. I think I must get settled at home soon where I can be away from Bronxville where I have been and am still, so deeply interested in everything that is going on I cannot separate myself from it all now. All the improvements and changes fascinate me as no other business I was ever interested in has done. I have had much enjoyment in the Lawrence Park development and find it hard to turn my back on it all.

September 24th.

In town attending to little business matters, accumulated during my absence. Sallie is still getting the house to rights preparatory to our going in next week.

September 25th.

In town again today. Ordered a new Victor Victrola for the Gramatan and arranged with the management to hold once each week a musicale with refreshments, which I hope will awaken a little social life. The Hotel Gramatan appears quite prosperous, but more entertainment is needed to make and retain its popularity.

September 26th.

The weather is superb and I enjoy going about Bronxville and watching all the improvements going on; was in town again

today; the automobile ride is the chief attraction; took Kate and her southern girl friend, also Bess Wellington, and brought Sallie back with me to the hotel, she having given the house over to Louise and her family who have just arrived from camp (the Adirondacks). Had another talk with the hotel management about a better service, the musicale, etc. and they seem anxious to go ahead and try it out. In the evening we had in Virginia's rooms (she is at present stopping at the hotel) a little rehearsal of some of the Victrola pieces which were perfectly fine.

September 27th.

I am quite resigned and contented now to be back again among my relatives and friends after a summer abroad with all its perplexities and anxieties. Almost everybody I meet expresses his happiness to see me back looking so well and expresses the anxiety which he felt about me when the report was circulated of my illness at Bad Nauheim. It is very pleasant to feel that one has friends and I am sure I have a great many in Bronxville who are anxious for my welfare and happiness.

September 28th.

Sunday. This is the most perfect Sabbath morning I ever knew. The earliest breath of autumn seems to be in the silent air which, like the water falling in the fountain on the hotel terrace, sparkles and dances in the sunshine with the first frost of the season. This is a beautiful world and I thank my Creator for bringing me into it and permitting me for a season to enjoy its beauties; for a good constitution and a well formed body and mind; for permitting me to live the full period allotted to men (three score and ten) in the full possession of my faculties and ability to enjoy the continual feast he has provided.

September 30th.

Have been quite active today getting my books and accounts arranged, but am unable to accomplish much without fatigue.

October 1st.

We moved down from the Hotel Gramatan into our town house today. Louise already there had her servants and all in fair running condition and it did as it always does, seems nice to get back into our own home once more after a summer abroad with all the changes and excitement which that means.

October 2nd.

I suppose everybody likes their own home best after an absence of about five months' roaming about the world. Mine seems very luxurious and satisfying, so restful. My present home, at 969 Fifth Avenue, corner of 78th St., New York City, I built in the year 1891. It was built according to my wife's and my own taste, and we have found but little in it that we would change. It may seem to the stranger unnecessarily large and costly, being on a Fifth Avenue corner, but to me it seems the embodiment of comfort and just what a home should be. I love my home.

October 3rd.

Went up to Bronxville by motor with Sallie today; the weather was perfect and I enjoyed the outing very much. In the forenoon I was down town and visited both the office of the Fellows Company and the Davis & Lawrence Company and talked over their respective businesses with their managers, Dr. Anger and Mr. Bates. Both offices report business up and ahead of former years.

October 4th.

Took a motor car ride to Bronxville. Visited the hospital and arranged for Dr. Dear's accommodation as he comes to begin work on the 15th. Called on Miss Nutting at the Teachers' College who has promised to get a new superintendent at the hospital to succeed Miss Doty.

October 5th.

Attended church this morning. Ferris and Louise who are staying with us, accompanied. Dr. Jowett preached.

October 6th.

Had a return of my heart trouble last night and was kept awake a good portion of the night. It seemed to be more nervous than otherwise and hope it will pass away. We hold a meeting of the Lawrence Park Realty Co. at the house this afternoon.

October 7th.

The present year has been an eventful one. Since President Wilson went into office last March he certainly has done much and ought to accomplish much more before the year ends. I

have been a Republican nearly all my life and have stood up for Republican principles but I like Mr. Wilson's administration so far, whether his principles are Democratic or what not. I think he is going to satisfy the public's wishes and if he does we shall have increased prosperity and less fault finding than we have been accustomed to for the past year or two.

October 8th.

Since I came back from Europe I have neglected my diary. There have been so many other things to think about and to distract the mind, I haven't been able to get my mind down to diary, poetry, or anything else; this, too, has advantages the reader may think, if he doesn't say it.

October 11th.

Motored out to Bronxville today with Sallie. Visited the Hospital, arranged for Dr. Dear's arrival, his office and room.

October 12th.

Sunday. Attended church and heard Dr. Jowett preach. He did not speak with his old force and has not got into the spirit of his work, at least it seemed to me less impressive than it did last May.

October 13th.

Texie Bates arrived this morning with her two little children. She seems very happy over her approaching marriage with Mr. Brooke who also arrived shortly after herself. He seems rather a slowgoing fellow, for so active and lovely a lady as Texie is; but he may be much better than he looks at first sight. Offhand I should say he was not good enough for her.

October 14th.

Texie is leaving for Europe in the morning with the two children. She is going to marry Mr. Brooke in January next, in Lausanne, Switzerland. Sallie and I concluded to anticipate the event and give her a marriage present now, thinking she would have use for money, and gave her \$250. each, which will prove the most useful and convenient present she could have; we gave her our checks today for which she was very appreciative. Texie seems very poor in this world's goods.

Had a meeting of the Hospital Board today and discussed the affairs of the Hospital. I presided as usual. The meeting was at the hospital.

October 15th.

Went down early this morning with Texie Mc Kee and children to see them off on the Red Star Steamer *Faderland* for Europe. The children, Bates and Frances are very lovely little things and I am very fond of them.

Dr. Dear has arrived and begins his work at the Lawrence Hospital today. I hope he may be the right man in the right place, but in some way I have certain misgivings and fears that he won't succeed; a trial at least will solve these doubts.

October 16th.

Meeting of Fellows Co. today at the Christopher St. office. At opera in the evening with Sallie, Mollie Taylor Rathbun and Bess Wellington, where we had *The Jewels of the Madonna*, a very artistic and beautiful production.

October 17th.

Worked in my office all the forenoon and went out to Bronxville after lunch for a motor ride. My office now removed to 969 Fifth Avenue is yet so new, it does not seem natural or convenient; but I hope to get used to it and be able to work in it to advantage.

October 18th.

Forenoon at office work; afternoon motored over to Brooklyn to visit Sister Sarah who has just arrived home from Horseheads where she has bought a house and garden of three acres for her summer home. Considering she is over 77 years old, this move seems rather ambitious but since she acquired the place for \$3500. I think it shows good sense if it will afford her any pleasure; she has but a few years left and if country life will afford what the city declines to give, quiet and retirement, she has chosen well. Sarah has saved up this purchase money out of the pension I have been paying her and it is all her own money and if she chooses to spend it in this way, I approve, though I would preferred having her use it more exclusively for personal comfort.

October 19th.

Sunday: Attended church in the morning; in the afternoon motored out to Bronxville with Minnie Davis. Evening spent at home with the Misses Little from Monroe, Michigan, who happened in.

October 20th.

Meeting of the Fellows Co. this afternoon at their office in Christopher St. Nothing of special interest came up. Very heavy rain this forenoon, so I remained indoors up to 1:30.

October 21st.

Went up to Bronxville on the 10:35 train and returned by motor in the evening. In company with Arthur, visited the farm and consulted with Mr. Wilson, the manager, and also went over the new park road proposition suggested by Arthur. I advised temporizing with these roads rather than building new macadam ones at big expense, for the reason that the Realty Company cannot spare the money that would be necessary.

October 22nd.

Went down town today with Anna. Examined the Coin Counter machines and her new business, which I think promises well. I hate to see her part with even half of her interest in them, which she talks of selling, for she has worked hard and long on these patents.

October 23rd.

Was in office all day working on a plan to take over the Lawrence Hospital property, give the Hospital my ten acre farm and start, or rebuild, on a larger scale there. I believe, today the Hospital should do this. They would then have land on which to grow or to develop economically or properly; besides this, it is noisy owing to its position near the railroad and center of everything. We made a mistake in a way, locating here, and another in the style of building we put up, but it is not too late to move and correct it. Financially it was no mistake, the property has advanced in value greatly.

Going to the opera tonight with Dud, Kate, Pressley and Anna. On our return from opera, were shocked to hear of Mrs. J. T. Murray's sudden death; she has long been a very dear friend. And so they go!

October 24th.

Went up to Bronxville today and took Dr. Smith out over the "Tenacre Farm" and asked him to consider it the future site for the Lawrence Hospital and criticise it as he saw fit, for, I said, I had decided it would be wise to move the institution over there as soon as possible and that I would bring the sugges-

tion before the Board soon and wanted him to know about it. I also went through the Nurses' quarters. I was pleased to find this house in such nice condition throughout and its inmates so happy and contented and showing so much pride in the care of the place.

October 25th.

This has been one of those tiresome October days when it rains and rains without ceasing. Have hardly been out of the house today. It has given me an opportunity to do some of my office work which is very much neglected of late. Since bringing my office up to the house I do not find it easy to think or do the same work I did when down at 542 Fifth Avenue, but it may be just as well.

October 26th.

Sunday. To church this morning with Anna and Pressley. Sallie suffering with a bad cold thought it best to stay at home and in bed.

Mexico in a long protracted revolution has attracted much attention; is holding her election today and everyone is interested in knowing what will happen next.

October 28th.

Quiet day at home writing letters; and a motor car ride in the afternoon. The elections are now on and the campaign is unusually disagreeable; one would think every candidate was a liar or a thief. What a pity it is that our political affairs have to create so much ill feeling.

October 29th.

Motored out to Bronxville and back this afternoon bringing Dr. Charlton and wife back with us to dinner; a beautiful ride it was.

Sent letters to Executive Committee, proposing that I purchase the present Lawrence Hospital property and that we begin over again (all new) on the Tenacre Farm which I offer to give the Hospital free, I ask them to consider the proposal, and we will act on the matter at the next meeting. Saw Miss Berry today and she promised to accept the position of superintendent of the Hospital in place of Miss Doty.

October 30th.

Spent good portion of today at my office work. Went to the

opera in the evening and took as guests Dr. and Mrs. Charlton from Bronxville. "Tosca" was the opera (most too dramatic for me) at same time it was beautifully done.

October 31st.

Called on both the Davis & Lawrence Co. and Fellows Co. this morning. Several unpleasant subjects are before these companies. First the income tax; nobody seems quite to understand the new law which appears very vexatious. And again the French Government appears to be beginning a campaign against all private formulas containing poison (as Fellows Syrup does). Roberts & Co. of Paris have made a suggestion that we get around the laws by signing a paper apparently making the syrup over to them "as owners." As I look upon this concern with a feeling of great distrust, I can only treat their suggestion with contempt.

November 1st.

Motored out to Dobbs Ferry (Miss Masters' School) to see Lucia Meigs. After a pleasant call and tea with Miss Sallie Masters and the girls, we motored over to Bronxville and thence home to dinner. Anna and Sallie accompanied us.

Pressley took dinner with us and left for Washington, in reference to his coin counter patent, on midnight train.

November 2nd.

Sunday. Motored out to Bronxville. Meeting today at the Hospital of the Executive Committee to decide on future of Hospital; shall we give up present site and building and go over to the Tenacre Farm? Took Mr. Geller over the farm; meeting passed pleasantly and the committee thought the move desirable. The exposure of H. C. Merritt's defalcation made a stir in Bronxville last night when it came out and it was learned that Merritt had run away. Arthur and Virginia returned with us and dined at 969.

November 3rd.

In office all forenoon. Afternoon motored about the city and through the Park with Sallie. Lunched at the Union League with John Bates.

November 4th.

The elections today will end a long drawn out era of strife and ill feeling, mud slinging, and bitterness. It is hoped it will

be the death of Tammany Hall which has so long stood for corruption and everything that is bad in New York city's politics. But Tammany Hall has survived a great many defeats.

We motored out to Bronxville and, after lunch with Anna, went to Kensico Cemetery. I had drawn a design for our lot there, a sort of screen or pergola effect which I wished to study on the ground. I feel that if something of this kind was erected and covered with vines and flowers, that it would be less chilling and cold than these mausoleums and statuary effects, and according to my taste, much simpler. I like the scheme and will try to have it elaborated.

November 5th.

The elections yesterday turned out to be a complete overthrow of Tammany. I do hope we may now get a better city government and hold on to it for a long time to come. This has been often thought before when the new government proved no better than the old.

Dr. Dear phones in that he is having trouble with Dr. Austin who seeks to overrule and put him in an inferior position. I see trouble ahead over the question and it remains to be found out if the doctors have it in their power to overrule the directors and run the hospital or not. They seek to make the hospital a luxury to the poor by charging big fees and thereby cutting out the charity features. Unless I can make the hospital a sort of harbor for the sick poor to run into and there be cared for, the hospital will be a failure in my estimation.

November 6th.

In office all the morning; Dudley phones decision in Sagamore Road question has been decided against us. I am surprised at this and can only see it as a socialistic movement. If we have any case for an appeal, I feel inclined to carry it up higher, but I fear our best course is to avoid further legal complications with the Village.

I was down at Pressley's office last night to meet the parties there who have been infringing his coin counter patents. I found them a pair of characterless Irishmen perfectly devoid of principle and I fear that Pressley has a lot of trouble ahead with his patents; it looks now as if he had been deceived and really had no basic patents which the courts will protect. Going

to opera this evening. Louise arrived from Adirondacks this morning.

November 7th.

Returned from opera last night with a very bad cold though Dr. Bosworth treated me for it in the afternoon. This morning I was so hoarse that I decided to remain in bed all day and see if that would not break it up.

All nature at this season appears to grow old and die. Late autumn on that account never seems a joyful season but rather sad and sorrowful.

November 8th.

Old men I think are all pessimistic. I think I am and it has come on me in the last year or two. It seems to me before that I always saw the bright side and would not look at the other, but now I wonder what we were born for, why brought into this world to fight a long drawn out battle which continues with most of us from the cradle to the grave. It is a curious and interesting subject to consider, added to that is the still greater question, "The Hereafter," which is filled with such mystery and curiosity. Are we filling the mission we were sent to do as God intended us to do and has he other work beyond the grave, rewards or otherwise?

November 12th.

Went out to Bronxville, met Dr. Smith and advised him to quit following the leadership of Dr. Austin for it would get him into trouble; that Austin was trying to get Dr. Dear out of the Hospital and he, Smith, was backing up this effort. I assured him it would be wiser for him to fall into line with the Hospital board and work with them and not against them as Austin was doing. I also assured him that Dr. Austin would soon be dropped from the Medical Staff if he did not change his tactics and stop his constant opposition.

Smith did not like it but could see my advice was well intended.

November 13th.

Held meeting today of the Executive Committee of the Lawrence Hospital. Dr. Dear was elected to the medical board and new rules were promulgated for the guidance of Dr. Dear and the other physicians. I hope they will work out a

better state of affairs. One thing is certain; this crude unscientific surgery being practiced there, which we have had to endure for the past four years, has got to be eliminated from the Lawrence Hospital, and if our country doctors will not aid in this movement, the management must discard them all rather than permit this condition of affairs to go on.

November 14th.

Saw Dr. Frank Bosworth again today who treated my cold; but his treatment seems to lack the power it used to have on me years ago. I expect it is the difference in years; it is one thing to work on good solid new material, and another, to work on that which is worn and old.

Lunched with Arthur and Dud at the Club. They are considering plans of adjustment with the Village of Bronxville in the Sagamore Road case lately decided in court against us. The boys are gaining new and varied experience daily. Their position in life is so different from mine at their age that I wonder how I would have met the problems that confront them daily.

November 15th.

Consulted with Tayntor & Co. (34th Street) in regard to the erection of some suitable monument or other memorial on my lot in Kensico Cemetery. The one they designed I had to condemn as it was too elaborate and pretentious. I would like to have a simple natural looking resting place to rest in when life's fitful fever is over. Where flowers and shrubs and vines shut out to a certain extent the curiosity hunter or vulgar crowd. Perhaps I will find something to suit me.

November 16th.

Sunday. Rained continuously all day and we did not leave the house. Ferris and Lucia spent the day with us.

November 17th.

Visited Christopher Street offices; considered the new income tax and its effects on our company; we concluded it best to operate our whole Fellows business in name and for account of the old Montreal Co., a foreign corporation; we will have a company meeting this week to decide.

November 18th.

Went up to Bronxville today; Sallie came out on the car in the evening and I returned with her. I told Dudley I would

buy in the future, Lawrence Park mortgages in preference to all other investments and had so worded my will that my estate would continue to invest all its surplus in these mortgages, thus helping the children along with their development and I think it means very much. Went over to the farm and feel rather discouraged over conditions there. The farmer, Mr. Wilson, is an honest fellow but has no correct conception of business. His ideas are so contracted he can never prosper.

November 19th.

Considering today the purchase of a big factory property on Christopher Street, now occupied by John Wanamaker, for account of Davis & Lawrence Co. It offers about three times the room they now use and can be bought for \$100,000, the agents say. I will look at it.

November 20th.

A quiet day; went to opera tonight. Had Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Chambers at dinner and afterwards at opera.

November 21st.

Spent the day in Bronxville. It has been a summerlike day, so warm and bright.

Received from Tayntor & Co. a revised drawing for the cemetery monument, copied from my original drawing, which I like, it being a colonnade or screen effect going half way round the lot. This I think enables the vines and flowers to eventually cover the construction and with care, will make a very natural and pleasing appearance. In the course of time, it will appear like an old ruin which is what I desire it to be. I acquired the idea from a visit to Sir Walter Scott's grave at Dryburg Abbey.

Motored out to Bronxville with Sallie and Miss Doty. Visited the Hospital and called on Miss Harrison and also on Nellie Taylor, both suffering from similar troubles and both incurables. Both have been in bed for over a year past and are quite helpless. I should dread such an end to my career. When I go I should prefer a shorter path, but who can decide in this matter? Certainly not ourselves.

November 24th.

Sunday. I am still suffering from a severe cold, which refuses to give up. I went to church and heard Dr. Jowett but did not feel well and almost wished I had remained at home.

Spent most of the day with Arthur considering the Wanamaker stables for a large factory building, but owing to the unsettled condition of affairs, after going carefully over the property, we decided to abandon the project and incur no debts at present. Went in the evening with Sallie to the Gardiner's home on West 71st Street and played bridge till 10:30.

November 25th.

Feeling badly with my bronchial cold today. Went down and had Dr. Buster give me an osteopathic treatment and will continue this for a while and see if I can't get up a little more vitality and throw off the cold in that way.

November 26th.

Not feeling up to par by a good deal today; went down and took lunch at the club with the boys, Arthur and Dudley. When I go over the many things they have on hand I can see ahead for them busy lives if they manage the great business they have as it should be done. I feel that they are a great aid to each other and I hope they will always pull together as well as they do now.

November 27th.

Thanksgiving Day. Ill in bed all day. Dr. Louis Conner came in to see me. He prescribed for my grippy cold. I was very sorry I could not go down to take my thanksgiving dinner with the family. Arthur and Dudley with their wives were here and so were Anna and her husband. We cannot expect to enjoy many more Thanksgiving dinners together and it seems too bad that I should be so near but yet unable to join in it. I really do feel thankful, not only on this day but every day of the year, for all the blessings that have been given me to enjoy. I sometimes think that I have more than my share or more than I deserve and I thank the Giver of all mercies for His many kindnesses to me.

November 28th.

In bed today; Dr. Conner called and said I was getting better and he hoped I would soon get rid of my cold. So distressing!

November 29th.

Forty-eight years ago today I arrived in Montreal in company with J. W. Curtis to represent S. R. Van Duzer and Co. in that city, with a promised salary of \$800 per year out of which I had to pay for my living expenses; it does not now seem as if my

future looked very bright. But then it looked different to me.

It really was breaking away; burning all ships behind me and starting off on a voyage alone. Ever since that day I have thought and acted as my own judgment indicated; have steered my own craft through all sorts of water.

November 30th.

Sunday: Ill in bed all day, but my cold is no better. I begin to think a change to the sea or south would be the best thing to cure it.

December 1st.

Dr. Conner was in today and advised me to go down to Atlantic City for a few days, a change may break my cold when medicines and care do nothing; I will get off as soon as possible.

December 2nd.

Came down to Atlantic City on the 3:04 this afternoon; found delightful room on the sea and the air quite warm and balmy and hope it will soon afford relief to both Sallie and me, from our present bronchial troubles. This place never appealed to me very strongly. I never liked the boardwalk show, the mob of humanity which infects every hole and corner of the town, and when here I always feel a desire to fly away from it all. This time few people are here; the Hotel Marlborough Blenheim is empty as it is out of season, and I hope the salt air will act as a cure and my visit may turn out better.

December 3rd.

Travelled up and down the Board walk; rode in the wicker chair and sat on the Esplanade listening to the sea and so this, my first day at Atlantic City has passed.

It was four years ago today I had to undergo that serious operation in Johns Hopkins Hospital which has proved such a boon to me.

December 4th.

Was taken quite ill today, my bronchial cold seems to have taken a turn for the worse. I sent for a trained masseur to come in and rub me over; thinking that might aid my circulation and help me.

December 5th.

Stayed in bed nearly all day; the masseur treated me again

but I felt no better. He found I had a little temperature and advised me to call in a doctor.

December 6th.

Since my temperature had risen to 101, I sent for Dr. Marshall who after examination reported I had bronchial pneumonia and must remain in bed.

December 7th.

Quite ill today. Dr. Marshall located the trouble in my lung today. Ordered treatment which seemed to take immediate effect. I coughed a great deal and raised a great deal of frothy matter. Doctor sent a nurse this morning, Miss Hunsecker.

December 8th.

Dr. Marshall called this morning and reported me doing well and said I responded well to treatment; I found myself greatly exhausted.

December 9th.

I do not experience any trouble or difficulty in my breathing. In fact, I do not realize that I am ill other than the bad cold and cough which I am having, so I can lie and think *ad libitum* and what a pleasure it is to think and thus while the time away. I regret that my thoughts run too much to the past. I would rather think of the future, plan for the future, but how can I do this when my vision only reaches to the horizon and that is so nigh or, at least, it seems so when I think of my age and my reason tells me not to embark in new enterprises now.

December 10th.

I do not feel today like writing in my diary. Do not feel ill or if I am do not realize it.

December 11th.

This little fever of mine drags along slowly. I can scarcely realize I have one but the doctor appears anxious and cautions everybody to be on their guard that I take no cold or fresh infection.

December 12th.

If this is pneumonia which I have it is not so awfully bad after all. I have always heard this disease was the old man's friend for it comes and carries them out of the world with the least possible trouble or inconvenience. I do not feel that my time

has come or will come for a long while yet; but old age as I see it and know it does not appeal very strongly to me; I would rather go now than live to become helpless or a burden to any one.

December 13th.

It certainly seems as if the family are determined we shall not be sick down here in Atlantic City by ourselves for some of the children are with us constantly; no sooner does one set leave than another one arrives.

December 15th.

I can see no real change from day to day; my temperature continues rising and falling but the watchful care which Sallie gives, and the help of the doctor and nurse, keeps me comfortable and happy, almost willing to be sick to have so much attention given me. It really pays to be ill.

December 16th.

When sick it is pleasant to feel that you have friends who love you and minister to you and remain by your side.

December 17th.

LAWRENCE PARK

When I decided to buy the old Prescott Farm of 86 acres at Bronxville, I had no thought of turning it into a suburban development or park. This was an afterthought which was suggested by my inability to retire from business as I had started out to do. At this time, I had a strong yearning or desire to be busy but not confined to office, as I had been for the twenty-five years previously. Then the desire came to build up an artistic and exclusive community, a home for my children and their children after them, one that would absorb my surplus capital and give me an outdoor life and afford me a chance to work along independent lines and exercise a certain genius for constructive work of which ever since my boyhood days I have felt I possessed a little.

Now, after twenty-three years' work on Lawrence Park, during which time it has prospered and become a large development of about 500 acres, I feel safe in saying that the early conception I had of it was a happy one and has been beneficial to me in many ways. Has made me more widely and favorably

known as a constructionist than I was before, which is a reputation I prefer, as a business man, to any other. It has also, by giving me employment of a congenial nature, added I believe, years to my life.

December 19th.

As we pass through life how often we are halted by the way by sickness such as I now suffer from. Are these attacks sent in order to chasten us and make us more patient and thoughtful beings, make us remember that our bodies are not made to last forever but just frail and delicate organisms that we can't neglect or abuse? Make us remember that soon they will disappear from earth—and what then?

December 20, 21, 22nd.

I still remain weak and unable to sit up but think for all that, I am gradually mending; the doctor says so and that the progress toward recovery is slow but sure. Agnes and Bess arrived here today and I was very glad to see them; they both have been such good friends for so many years that I feel I have few like them whom I can depend on for sympathy when sick, and for good congenial company when well.

Ordered Geo. H. Prentiss & Co. to buy a list of stocks today for investment.

December 23rd.

Sat up today for over an hour; found myself weak and tired and glad to get into bed again.

December 24th.

Sat up today both morning and afternoon. The Doctor called and said I was doing well and nothing but time was wanted to cure. This illness certainly has taught me patience and I suppose must work toward other benefits but I find it hard to discover them.

It being Christmas Eve, my thoughts turn back to that lonely manger in the Church at Bethlehem and I wonder that throughout Christendom tonight so much happiness could have flowed from this forsaken spot, as it appeared to me when I visited it a few years ago. I think the story of the birth of Christ the most beautiful ever written and that Christ was the greatest of all living men, but as to his divinity, the Son of God—his only Son, I cannot believe that.

December 25th.

We have had today a most unexpected Christmas. Sallie and the nurse, Miss Hunsecker, decorated the room with ever-green wreathes and ropes and afterwards Bess Wellington came in all gotten up as Santa Claus and distributed presents and flowers, a great basketful in all, among us. The day is rather dismal with the great surf beating heavily on the sandy shore beneath our window.

At the age of seven, what a wonder Christmas seemed
With its toys and joys; "old Santa" and his team
Made young blood tingle and youthful spirits rise.
If only youth could last and ne'er be wise!
By seventy, alas, How different Christmas looks!
Instead of fairy tales, are papers, friends and books.

December 26th.

Agnes and Bess departed for New York this afternoon. My progress toward recovery appears slow; I find myself very weak and despondent but my temperature left me today and I hope now to make better headway. The pure fresh air off the rolling surf below my window ought surely aid my recovery, and besides, the weather keeps bright and sunny.

December 27th.

The year is quickly coming to an end. It has been quite an eventful one and yet I cannot see that I am much better off than I was last January. I do not feel quite satisfied with the results as I see them and I wonder if anybody ever is when they look back over the past. We all might have done better and done more. The year is quite symbolic of our lives; it comes in with ringing of bells and joy; it goes out a melancholy picture, old, decrepit and unloved.

December 28th.

Sunday. Improving more rapidly and now hope my illness is near an end and we soon can return home.

December 30th.

The day came in bright and beautiful and my trouble, though still very tenacious seemed to let up enough to make me feel that danger had passed and the doctor said I could safely return to my New York home. We arrived there about 6 p. m., tired

but happy to get back among those I love and in my own quiet and congenial dwelling. After four weeks in a great hotel by the sea, with the waves pounding the sands below my window night and day, my own house never seemed so welcome and cheerful.

December 31st.

Today the old year which I have followed day by day passes away and when I look back over the field, when I think of its trials and all the experiences I have gone through since the first day of January last, I can hardly wish to repeat these experiences and yet there has been mingled with the pain, cups overflowing with pleasure and satisfaction to more than offset these periods of adversity, proving to me that

There is more joy than sorrow
In this lovely world of ours;
More smiles and hours of pleasure
Than of mourning or of tears.

MY THEOLOGY

IN THE beginning, before the heavens or earth were brought forth, God then as now, was the great "I Am" the Great Spirit, "the Omnipresent," "the Eternal," whose presence was life itself and without which there never was, and cannot be life.

"GOD IS LOVE"

The universe proclaims this truth, and out of His love the universe has grown to what it is today.

At first an atom appeared within the realms of space, conceived of God, for God was in that atom. In love He cared for it, and in due time plowed it, harrowed it and it brought forth of its kind; of His love other atoms were also born and He plowed them and harrowed them and watered and they brought forth of their kind; and thus did they multiply until the heavens and the earth and all that in them is were created and He pronounced them good.

And God was in every living thing in earth or heaven and without Him there was no life.

The Spirit that is within us which we call life, is God who abideth in us and has created us in His own image and when we pass from life to death, the Spirit within us returns from whence it came to a life everlasting.

If, then, we are one with God, that is, created in His image, and God is our life, and abides within us (and God is love) why are we the sinners that we are; why do we not take on more the character and attributes of God?

The answer might be—God has, through nature, made certain natural laws for the government of our natural bodies which we, His created children, are expected to follow and obey. If we fail to follow or obey, we are punished while in the body by those laws in accordance with our disobedience. Hence it follows that we are punished on earth for sins committed while we are in the

flesh, and when we die and our spirits are set free, we go back from whence we came to the Father, to life everlasting.

The foregoing illustrates as near as I can express it, my idea of the creation of the universe and man. This plan of creation is not, I am sure, in accordance with the teachings of the Old Testament, nor is it perhaps altogether in harmony with the teachings of the New.

The Old Testament appears to me to have been written by Moses and the prophets in a way best to captivate and interest a superstitious and idolatrous people, to prey upon their imaginations and enable these leaders of thought of their day to lead their followers up out of darkness into the light of civilization.

The story of the creation as well as the story of Jonah and the whale symbolise the entire Old Testament writings as practised by these ancient writers. It had great power and effect in controlling these superstitious and idolatrous people such as the Children of Israel were at the time Moses led them up out of Egypt.

The Old Testament religion appears to me to have been built upon or to have grown out of that still older religion of the Egyptians which preceeded it and which is even to this day clearly set forth in pictures and words in the temple of Osiris and the tombs in Memphis. Moses was learned in the ways of the Egyptians and it is only natural that he should, in giving to the Israelites a new religion, have introduced into it all that seemed to him good in the old. He doubtless also thought that the "end justified the means," else he would not have resorted so often to the miraculous and superhuman in order to keep his followers in the faith he was teaching. Holding these views, it would seem to me better for the cause of religion in our day if the Old Testament could be obliterated as a sacred book (a part of our Bible) and become a part of history which it really is.

After this discussion of the creation of the world and of the Old Testament, I feel it necessary to express my feeling toward that new and later religion. That religion of "Love thy neighbor as thyself," conceived and taught by Jesus of Nazareth, the greatest

teacher and the most sublime and perfect character that the world has ever produced.

The Creator has planted in every human creature of every race and color, a strong desire or craving for something beyond the grave, some word or message from those who have gone before, from that undiscovered country from which no traveler has e'er returned.

Jesus of Nazareth brought to humanity perhaps the most gratifying message and did more to satisfy this craving of humanity than any other man. While recognizing Christ as the greatest teacher, the most perfect and lovable man, the wisest leader that was ever born among men, his Divinity my intelligence refuses to admit. The many miracles he is accredited with such as: The loaves and fishes—The turning water into wine, and many others I believe to be the inventions of his followers, who, clinging to the teachings of the Old Testament, sought in these unnatural and miraculous conceptions to magnify and introduce the great religious system that Christ had formulated in a pure form, free from every kind of hypocrisy as well as of every form and ceremony. A religion so simple that infants and primitive man could understand and embrace and be the better for it.

My conclusions then are that the apostles and followers of Jesus have in a large degree failed in their writings to give a true and simple story of the life and teachings of Christ and in so doing have weakened rather than strengthened the cause for which they worked. It has often occurred to me that the apostles and followers of Christ who have written the books of the New Testament had misconceived their master's true conception of socialism. It does not seem to me right or in accord with his real character that he should say "Give unto Caesar the things that belong to Caesar and to God the things that belong to God," if He were, as is claimed by so many to-day, the source from which our modern socialism flows.

